POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JANUARY 18 · 1964 20c

Exclusive:

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Mystery of Madame de Gaulle / **Richard M. Nixon** / **New novel by Peter De Vries**

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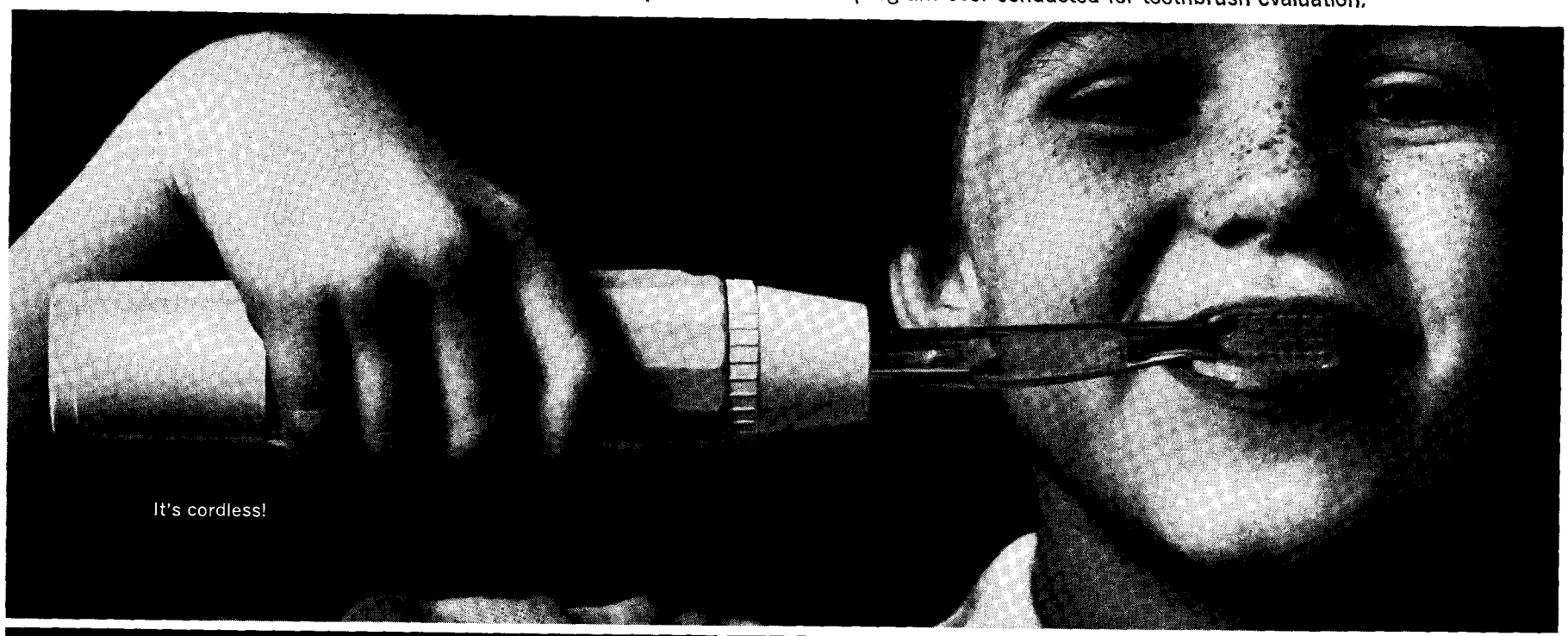

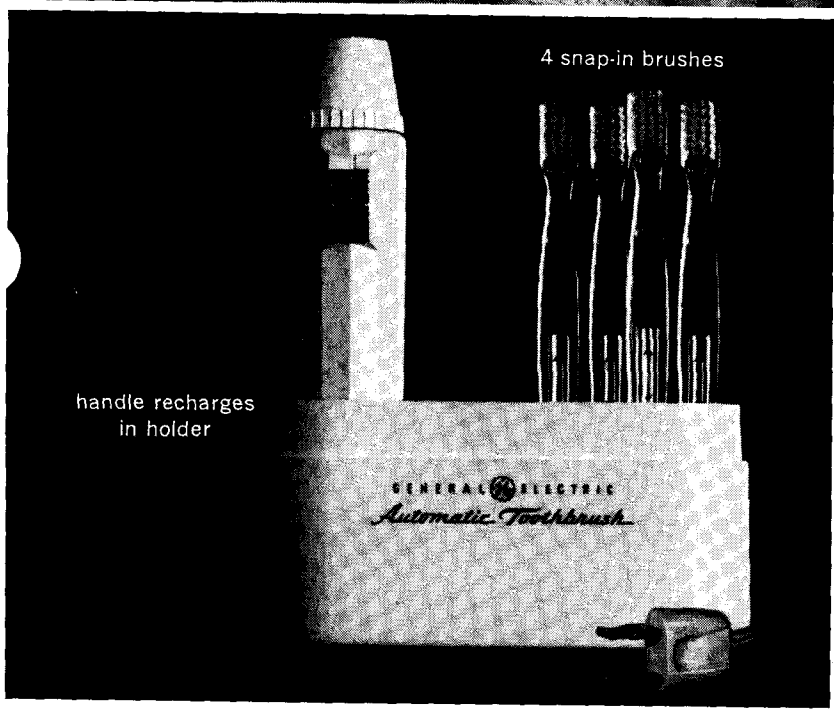

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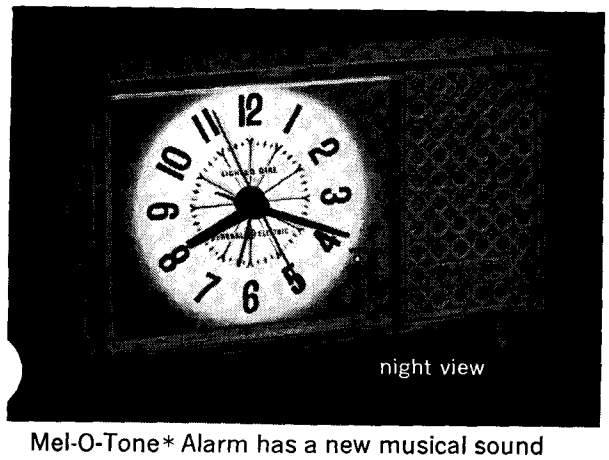

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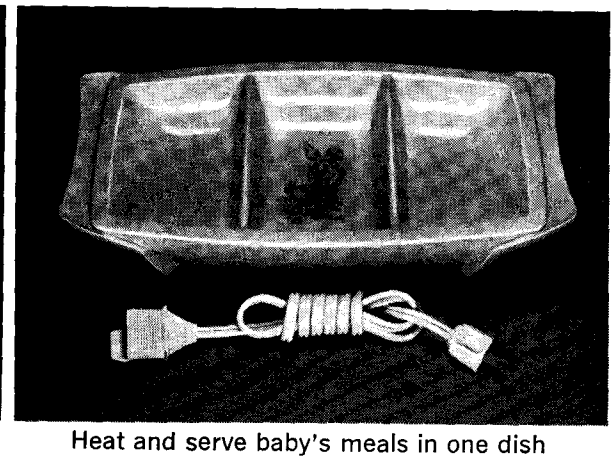

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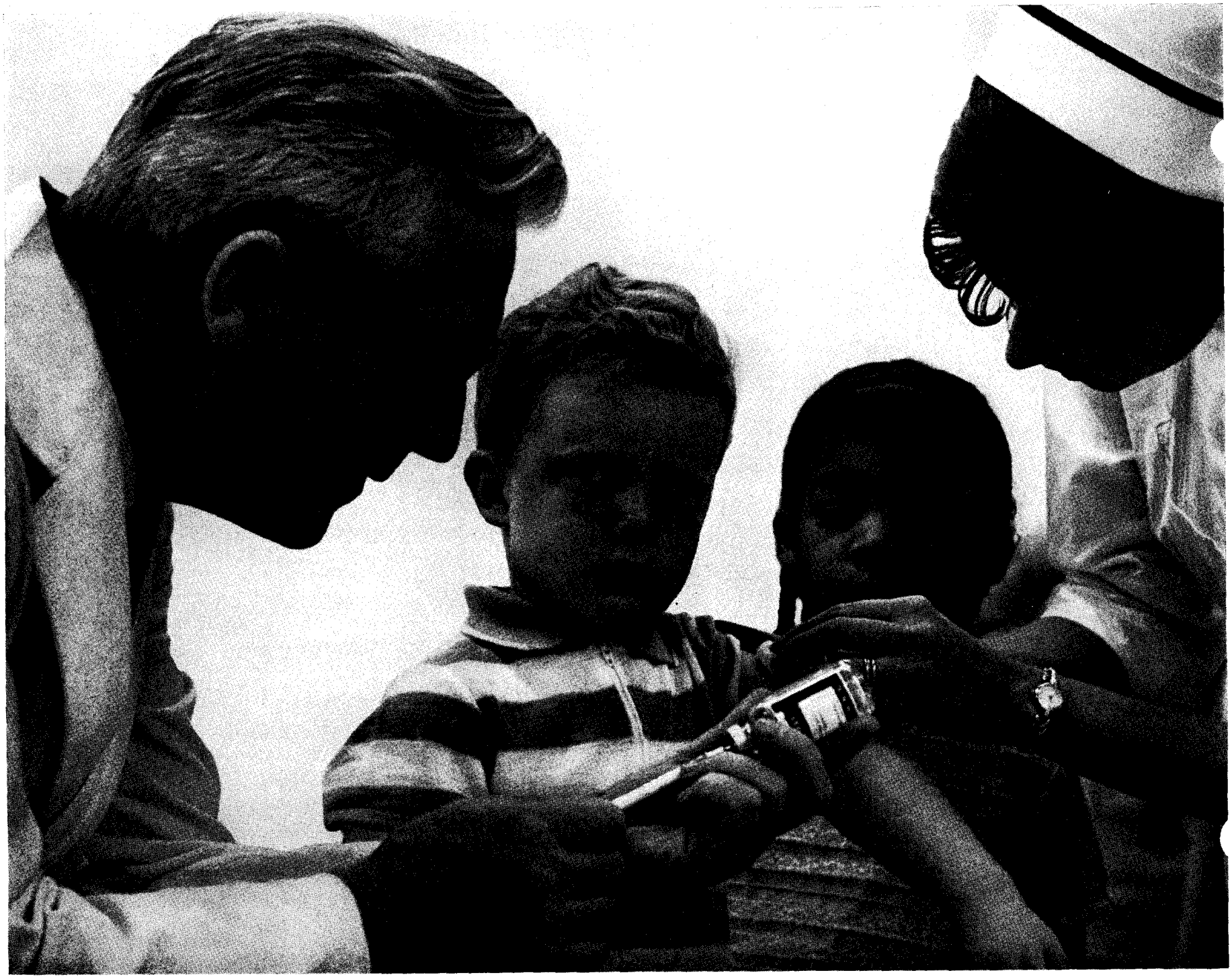

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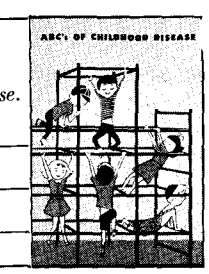

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POST

JANUARY 18, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 2

Articles

We need a Vice President now *(Speaking Out)* . . . *by Richard M. Nixon* 6
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I do not feel like a famous man . . . . . *by Efrén Lubín Prieto Nava* 24

In early September—a week before the now famous Fischer quintuplets were born—a young Venezuelan couple also became proud parents of a set of five children. Now for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Efrén Prieto relate the warm and dramatic story of that rare birth and how it has changed their life. The Post's Harold H. Martin, who wrote their story, was himself waiting expectantly at the time of his first interview with them. He learned the next day that his daughter Marian (Mrs. Charles Bell) had given birth to his first grandchild.

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The authors. **Martin Mayer,** author of *Wall Street: Men and Money,* analyzes the current balance-of-payments problem and our efforts to "defend the dollar." . . . Contributing writer **John Skow** explores the gloomy world of celebrated young playwright Edward Albee. . . . Sportswriter **Edward Linn** tells of the impatience of Negro athletes as typified by basketball star Bill Russell. . . . *The Post's* Paris-based **Edward Behr** reports on the lonely life of France's first lady, Yvonne de Gaulle. . . . Prize-winning ex-newspaperman **Lewis H. Lapham,** who writes of music composed for machines, is also a pianist who prefers music composed for people. . . . **John Bird,** a long-time resident of Pennsylvania, examines the political prospects of the state's favorite son, Gov. William Scranton.

The cover picture of the Prieto quintuplets was taken in their room at University Hospital in Maracaibo by contributing photographer Lynn Pelham.

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COMING...in next week's Post

Can diet save you from HEART ATTACK?

How the G.O.P. can win in 1964
by Arthur Larson

HONG KONG FASHIONS
Exotic new styles sweep America

The Mystery Quints of Argentina

A writer's memory of Dylan Thomas
By William Saroyan

LETTERS

JFK

I have been around for quite a while (since 1888). I've been through tragedies, both national and international. But this one, the destruction of our beloved President, whom I personally believe to be one of the great men of our century, is the worst.

T. G. BRIDGES
Corning, Ark.

• I have never in my whole life felt so upset as at the death of your wonderful President Kennedy. All others here feel the same. Someday I hope to visit your country and the President's last resting place.

MRS. NORA CARROLL
Manchester, England

• I wonder if you have any idea how very badly a great many of your Canadian neighbors feel about this event? That such a gifted man with great ideals and such a truly remarkable sense of humor, which so endeared him to us, should be so uselessly slaughtered is almost beyond belief.

MRS. MARGARET PORTER
London, Canada

• This, also, can be said of John Fitzgerald Kennedy: We are better for having known him.

MARGARET HAMROCK
Youngstown, Ohio

Memorial issue

I have just had the blessed and reassuring good fortune to receive a copy of your December 14 issue about our late President. My wife and I applaud you, your staff, your writers and photographers and your publisher. You have brought reason and sense to our violent grief.

NORBERT R. DARGA
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

• Never have I been more stirred nor touched than I was following perusal of your December 14 issue. The crass wickedness of the assassination, the majestic self-control of his widow, the iron self-control of his close relatives and the utter devastation brought to the entire world by a maniac's marksmanship were between its pages.

MRS. NAN M. COMSTOCK
Seal Beach, Calif.

• Thank you for your moving tribute to President Kennedy. It is gratifying that you understand our need of sharing our common loss and mourning together.

MARYNA KASTON
New York, N.Y.

• I would like to thank you for republishing Norman Rockwell's portrait of our late President Kennedy. I have now framed this wonderful likeness, so that my family and all who come to my home will always be reminded of this great man who lived—and died—for freedom and peace in our world.

MRS. LINDA CHANEY
Augusta, Me.

• I am overwhelmed by your breathtaking cover of our late, beloved President.

MARGARET C. CORIO
Woodbury, N.J.

• Your cover portrait of John F. Kennedy was only fitting and proper. Your pages of text depict so graphically and vividly the chain of events surrounding his death and the sadness of the tragedy itself.

ELMO S. MENETRE
Hot Springs, N. Mex.

• What you give us on your cover is something to remember. Being a Republican, as I am, does not keep back the tears.

R. J. HUGHES
Shreveport, La.

Hatred

With reference to Ralph Emerson McGill's wonderful piece [HATE KNOWS NO DIRECTION, Dec. 14], I am reminded of Edmund Burke's words, "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing." For too long too many of us have sat by while the Negro and Mexican minorities suffered injustices which should have been eliminated long ago.

GEORGE R. DODERLEIN
Sylmar, Calif.

• Mr. McGill is trying to assassinate the good character of the American people. Are we all killers? What is to be gained by saying we are all bad?

MARGARET HOWE
Ypsilanti, Mich.

• Mr. McGill could have added, quoting the Bible: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. . . ." I John 3:15.

M. J. SMITH
Lowville, N.Y.

• So many of us here in the South have been, with the help of shortsighted leaders, kidding ourselves since 1954. The clock is *not* going to be turned back. Chief Justice Warren is *not* going to be impeached, nor is the Supreme Court decision of 1954 going to be reversed! Furthermore, *any* President we may elect in the future is going to place his hand on the Bible and swear before God and man to uphold the Constitution—as the Constitution is interpreted by the Supreme Court.

MRS. DOROTHY E. DOUGHERTY
Aiken, S.C.

• Mr. McGill particularly pinpoints Dallas as a focus of hatred directed toward the Kennedy Administration, and cites Adlai Stevenson's unpleasant experience there as an example. He might have mentioned the receptions tendered the governors of Mississippi and Alabama at certain eastern universities. Both of these gentlemen were allegedly spat upon there. Or is it not hate but only righteous indignation when this happens within the sacred precincts of your liberal universities?

MRS. MARIE M. GRANT
Virginia Beach, Va.

• It is time to call foul to those writers who persist in placing guilt for the assassination of President Kennedy on those who were in honest opposition and disagreement with measures which would involve additional government

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LETTERS

ontrol over our citizens. Let's get back some good common sense in our thinking and writing.

MRS. JESSIE B. COE
Phoenix, Ariz.

• Mr. McGill places the blame for the killing of our President upon the extreme right. The entire world knows that it was one with extreme leftist sympathies who killed our President.

J. C. CUTRELL
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

(Mr. McGill does not place the blame anywhere but with hatred, whether it be of the right or the left or the middle. He dwells at some length on the hatred of the right, as that is the most flagrantly apparent hatred in our country at this time.—Ed.)

Eulogy

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s A EULOGY: JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY [December 14] is nothing less than magnificent. His description of President Kennedy's qualities could serve as an outline of ideals for all men.

J. B. DONOVAN
Washington, D.C.

• In my humble opinion, Mr. Schlesinger's eulogy ranks first among the hundreds of splendid pieces which have been written about our President since his tragic death.

MRS. ANN ROSE
Bradford, Pa.

• I appreciated Arthur Schlesinger's presentation of President Kennedy as a man who had a feeling for history and a vision of what America could mean toward the advancement of civilization. Your entire memorial issue certainly reinforced my growing respect for your magazine.

CAROLE BANKEY
Glendale, Calif.

• Mr. Schlesinger correctly assessed the greatness we sensed in John F. Kennedy. The sad thing is that the world did not say to him what it is now saying of him.

GARY L. KLINE
2nd Lt., USAF
Shaw AFB, S.C.

• Many beautiful words have been written about President Kennedy, but none have surpassed the deep insight and moving eloquence of Mr. Schlesinger's. They should be included in every history book in the land so that future generations may have the deep understanding and inspiration of this great President.

MARIE L. MORGAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• I want to offer my congratulations to *The Post* and to Mr. Schlesinger for the most poignant and illuminating eulogy of our late beloved President. In a few words Mr. Schlesinger caught the noble spirit of this great man as nobody else has been able to do.

JIM WALBERT
Birmingham, Ala.

Epitaph

By remarkable coincidence the Biblical text quoted in Muriel Spark's THE GIRLS OF SLENDER MEANS in your memorial issue is that with which President Kennedy was to have ended his Dallas address the afternoon of November 22. What more fitting epitaph and a lesson for us all:

"*Except the Lord build the house;*
their labour is but lost that build it:
Except the Lord keep the city, the
watchman waketh but in vain."
Psalm 127:1

W. J. BOTTOMLEY
Kansas City, Mo.

Jacqueline

Your full-page photograph of Jacqueline Kennedy is another Mona Lisa. It will become a classic. As the centuries pass this picture will portray charm, dignity and beauty. It has already answered the 500-year-old controversy of the Mona Lisa. She was sad.

CHANDLER P. WORLEY
Indianola, Miss.

• Many Americans may not realize the great debt we owe to Jacqueline Kennedy. Her moving example of stalwart courage and bravery set the pattern for a mourning nation to carry on even in the shock and disbelief of deep grief.

MRS. GEORGE W. MURPHY
Overland Park, Kans.

• I think it is time that men and women alike take the lesson in courage that Mrs. Kennedy displayed in her time of trial.

MRS. JACK YAEGER
Fayette, Mo.

Courage

Yet another "hero" comes of this tragedy, Dr. Malcolm Perry of Dallas. Think of the courage and the coolness he displayed, his determination in trying to get that still heart to beat. He could not allow himself any expression of grief, but continued to work frantically, trying and still trying. The anguish this man must have known!

JERI WILSON
Yorba Linda, Calif.

Valediction

Just a note to thank you for the very fine editorial page in your Dec. 14 issue. I have always read this page, the last, first; and this one is truly a work of art. You are probably deluged with compliments on it, and deservedly so.

LAURA H. BURKHARDT
Kane, Pa.

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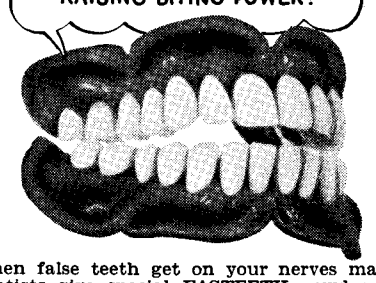

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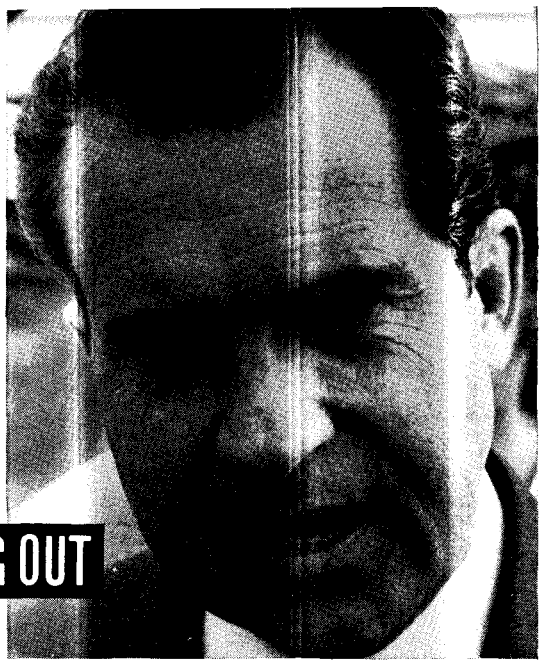
SPEAKING OUT



With eminent qualifications, Mr. Nixon presents a bold solution to the problem of presidential succession. He is now a partner of Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie and Alexander, a recently renamed New York City law firm.

WE NEED A VICE PRESIDENT NOW

BY RICHARD M. NIXON

We must fill the office of Vice President immediately, says a man who held the job eight years. Here is his compelling proposal.

The eight weeks that have passed since the assassination of President Kennedy have been a period of great soul searching for the American people. We have asked ourselves how this tragic act of violence could have happened in our country. We have urged that steps be taken to provide better protection for our Presidents in the future.

We have also taken a new, hard look at the question of presidential succession. And we have concluded that there is a serious deficiency in an otherwise remarkable constitutional process.

While everyone knows that eight Vice Presidents have succeeded to the presidency upon the death of an incumbent, it is not so well known that another seven Vice Presidents of the United States have died in office, and one has even resigned. The Office of the Vice President has been vacant 16 times. In other words, during over 40 years of our history, this nation has not had a Vice President and there has been no constitutionally elected successor to the President.

Three times the Congress has dealt with this problem.

The first law, passed in 1792, made the President *pro tempore* of the Senate and then the Speaker of the House of Representatives the next in the line of presidential succession after the Vice President. These congressional officers were put ahead of the President's Cabinet because Hamilton, the Federalist Party leader, wished to block the path of Secretary of State Jefferson.

This law was changed in 1886, during the Democratic Administration of Grover Cleveland. His Vice President had died the year before, and the Senate was controlled by the Republicans. To prevent the possible elevation of a member of the opposition party to the White House, the line of succession was given to the Cabinet, starting with the Secretary of State.

The last change was proposed by President Truman in 1945. He requested Congress to make the Speaker of the House his successor. Some observers at the time suggested that he was motivated by the belief that Speaker Rayburn would make a better President than Secretary of State Stettinius. And so, since 1947, when this law was enacted, the line of succession to the presidency has run: Vice President, Speaker of the House of Representatives, President *pro tempore* of the Senate, the Secretary of State, and finally the other members of the Cabinet.

Assuming that a law should be written for all time and not just to deal with a temporary situation, the conclusion is inescapable that the laws of presidential succession have in the past been enacted for the wrong reasons.

Now is the time to make a change for the *right* reason.

The right reason is not that a Speaker of the House is always less qualified to be President than a Secretary of State. Sam Rayburn, for example, would have been a better President than Edward Stettinius. And the present Speaker, John W. McCormack, is a man with a distinguished record of 40 years' service to our nation, who has always stood in the forefront of the fight against Communism both at home and abroad.

Yet as recent Presidents have rightly given more and more responsibilities to their Vice Presidents, the present system now raises to what has truly become the second office in the land a man who already holds one of the most burdensome offices of government—the Speaker of the House. Moreover, it is not unlikely that a Speaker could be of a different party from the President's. This was the case during the 80th Congress when President Truman would have been succeeded by Republican Speaker Joseph Martin.

So, putting present personalities aside, we must write a new law of presidential succession. And as did the framers of our Constitution, we must write for posterity, not merely for the moment.

There have been three serious proposals recently made for changing the law of presidential succession.

First. It has been proposed that we go back to the old system of putting the Secretary of State and the Cabinet ahead of the Speaker of the House in the line of succession. But a good Secretary of State doesn't necessarily make a good President. While a particular Secretary of State might be an excellent choice, just as a particular Speaker might be, this proposal offers us no such guarantee. It is significant to note that no one who has held the office of Secretary of State has been elected to the presidency since James Buchanan. And, as President Truman suggested in 1945, I believe there are advantages in elevating a man to the presidency through the elective, rather than the appointive, office.

Second. It has been proposed that the Congress elect a new Vice President. A similar plan would have the President appoint a Vice President with the consent of the Congress. Both of these proposals, however, could create grave difficulties if the Congress happened to be controlled by the opposition party, which has been the case during the terms of 16 Presidents.

Third. Senator Kenneth Keating of New York has introduced a constitutional amendment to provide for the election of two Vice Presidents. First in the line of succession would be an Executive Vice President who would have no other constitutional duties. The second Vice President, or Legislative Vice President, would then follow in the line of succession, and would have the constitutional duties of presiding over the Senate and breaking tie votes. The major disadvantage of this novel proposal is that by dividing the already limited functions of the office, we would be downgrading the vice presidency at a time when it is imperative that we add to its prestige and importance.

How can we best design a new law which will not have these objections? I believe the trouble in the past was that changes in the law of succession have been made to deal with an immediate, personal situation. Because it was thought that a particular individual should not be President, the plan was changed to block that man. Instead of trying to devise a plan which will promote or block a particular man, what we need to do is to direct our thoughts generally to the question of the kind of man who would be best fitted to succeed to the presidency of the United States and then design a plan which will find that man.

What qualifications should a Vice President have?

He should be a man qualified to be President.

He should be a full-time Vice President with no other official duties.

He should be a member of the same political party as the President.

He should have a political philosophy which is close to that of the President, particularly in the field of foreign affairs.

He should be personally acceptable to the President, but since he may potentially hold the highest office in the land, his selection should reflect the elective, rather than the appointive, process.

What kind of plan will allow the selection of such a man?

I believe there is one proposal that has not been given adequate consideration to date and that would best accomplish this purpose. It would take the form of an amendment to Article II, Section 1, of the Constitution and would read as follows:

> *Within thirty days after a vacancy occurs in the Office of Vice President, either because of death, removal, or the elevation of the incumbent to the presidency, the President shall reconvene the Electoral College for the purpose of electing a Vice President of the United States.*

This proposal, as is the case with Senator Keating's, recognizes that merely changing the law of succession does not necessarily fill the Office of the Vice President. And the Office of Vice President itself, apart from the question of succession, has become necessary to the country.

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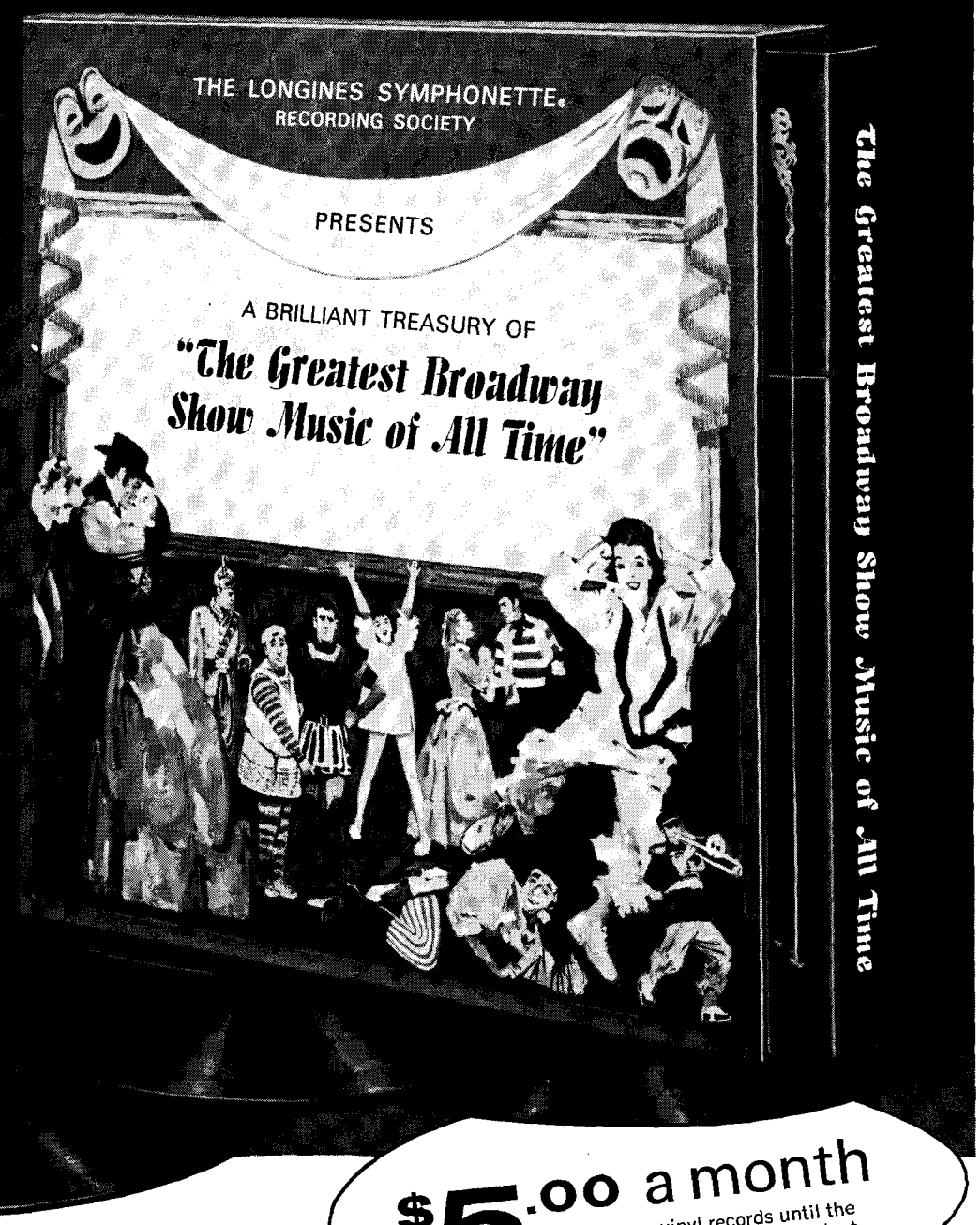
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The Lady is a Tramp
The Way You Look Tonight
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
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The Last Time I Saw Paris
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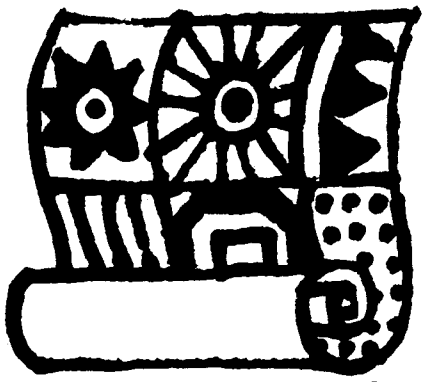
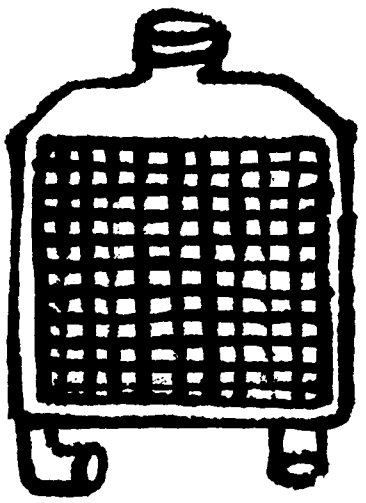


Decorators?



Radiators?

Exterminators?

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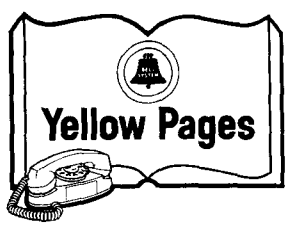

SPEAKING OUT

By using the Electoral College as the instrument for selecting a new Vice President, we would be relying on a popularly elected constitutional body which in contrast to the Congress always reflects the will of the people as of the last presidential election. While it is true that the Electoral College is now a constitutional anachronism, this important new function would upgrade the body and would bring about the selection of more responsible persons to serve on it.

Besides filling the vice presidency and reflecting the will of the electorate, this plan assures continuity of programs and the selection of a Vice President who can work with the President. For, as in the case of the nominating conventions, where the presidential candidate has the greatest voice in selecting his running mate, so too could we expect the President to have the greatest influence in the deliberations of the Electoral College. He would probably recommend the man most acceptable to him as the new Vice President.

But the fact that the Electoral College would have the final authority to make the decision would be a safeguard against arbitrary action on his part. Most important, it would mean that whoever held the Office of President or Vice President would always be a man selected by the people directly or by their elected representatives, rather than a man who gained the office by appointment.

We now come to the most critical question of all—how do we get action on this or one of the other proposals which have been made to deal with the problem of presidential succession?

The failure of the Congress to act on the equally important question of presidential disability is a case in point. The Constitution does not set forth a procedure as to how and when the Vice President shall assume the duties of President when the President is unable to serve because of illness. Fifty years ago the country could afford to "muddle along" until the disabled President either got well or died. But today when only the President can make the decision to use atomic weapons in the defense of the nation, there could be a critical period when "no finger is on the trigger" because of the illness of the Chief Executive.

After his heart attack in 1955, President Eisenhower asked the Congress to correct this situation. When the Congress failed to act, he took matters in his own hands and in 1958 wrote me a letter the key paragraphs of which follow:

"The President and the Vice President have agreed that the following procedures are in accord with the purposes and provisions of Article 2, Section 1, of the Constitution, dealing with presidential inability. They believe that these procedures, which are intended to apply to themselves only, are in no sense outside or contrary to the Constitution but are consistent with its present provisions and implement its clear intent.

"1. In the event of inability the President would—if possible—so inform the Vice President, and the Vice President would serve as acting President, exercising the powers and duties of the office until the inability had ended.

"2. In the event of an inability which would prevent the President from so communicating with the Vice President, the Vice President, after such consultation as seems to him appropriate under the circumstances, would decide upon the devolution of the powers and duties of the Office and would serve as Acting President until the inability had ended.

"3. The President, in either event, would determine when the inability had ended and at that time would resume the full exercise of the powers and duties of the Office."

This historic document was later adopted by President Kennedy, and most recently by President Johnson. But it must be remembered that this procedure is merely a stopgap. It does not have the force of law. I strongly believe that either legislation or a constitutional amendment should be enacted to solve this problem on a permanent basis.

The time has come to give top priority to the consideration of proposals to deal with both presidential succession and presidential disability. The most effective way to get action is to set up a bipartisan Presidential Commission, such as the famed Hoover Commission on the Reorganization of the Executive Branch of Government. President Johnson might appoint to the commission to serve as public members our three former Presidents, Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower. The Speaker and the President *pro tempore* of the Senate would appoint the six other members from the House and Senate. The recommendations of such a distinguished, blue-ribbon panel would not only be of great merit; they would, with the backing of the President, be almost sure to become the law of the land.

It is a tragic fact that it took a terrible crime in Dallas to remind us of a serious defect in our constitutional process. The murder of our President has forced us to reassess our law of succession and the Office of the Vice President.

Both Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy recognized the importance of the vice presidency as no other Presidents had done before them. The extensive duties assigned to Vice President Johnson and myself, at home and abroad, were unprecedented in our history. The country now feels safer and more confident because of the experience that Mr. Johnson gained while serving under President Kennedy. Clearly there can be no reversal of this trend toward greater duties and responsibilities for the Vice President.

When a President dies in office, the man in his party who has been best trained for the presidency should succeed him. The vice presidency today, as a result of the way both President Eisenhower and President Kennedy upgraded the position, is the only office which provides complete on-the-job training for the duties of the presidency.

We have swiftly and dramatically been reminded again that when we choose a man for Vice President we may also be choosing a man who will become President. This means that our presidential nominating conventions can no longer fall back on the politically cynical formulas of "balancing the ticket"—of choosing a Westerner for Vice President only because the presidential candidate is an Easterner, or a conservative because the standard-bearer is a liberal.

From now on it is absolutely essential that both political-party conventions nominate two Presidents—candidates for both national offices, President *and* Vice President—who have the ability and experience to lead the United States of America in these perilous times. THE END

NEXT WEEK

In a companion article, the noted political scientist James MacGregor Burns details the perils of presidential disability.

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1 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon finely chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped onion

Combine ingredients. Chill. Makes 1-1/2 cups. Serve over vegetable or gelatin salad, seafood or tomatoes.

2. CRANBERRY BLUSH

1/3 cup cranberry juice cocktail OR 1/4 cup cranberry sauce
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
2 to 3 tablespoons chopped pecans or walnuts

Fold cranberry juice OR sauce into Real Mayonnaise. Chill. Add nuts just before serving. Makes 1-1/4 cups. Serve over fruit salad.

3. GINGER CRUNCH

3 tablespoons milk
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup slivered candied ginger
1/4 cup slivered toasted almonds

Blend milk into Real Mayonnaise; fold in slivered ginger. Chill. Add almonds just before serving. Makes 1-1/2 cups. Serve over fruit salad.

4. CHEESY FRENCH

1/2 cup BEST FOODS French Dressing
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup cottage cheese

Fold French Dressing into Real Mayonnaise. Lightly fold in cottage cheese. Chill. Makes 1-1/4 cups. Serve over tomatoes, hearts of Western iceberg lettuce or vegetable salad.

QUICKIES:

Blend 1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise and 1/4 cup of any of the following: fruit juice (canned, fresh or frozen), maraschino cherry juice, tomato juice, milk, light cream, pickle juice, French Dressing or prepared mustard.

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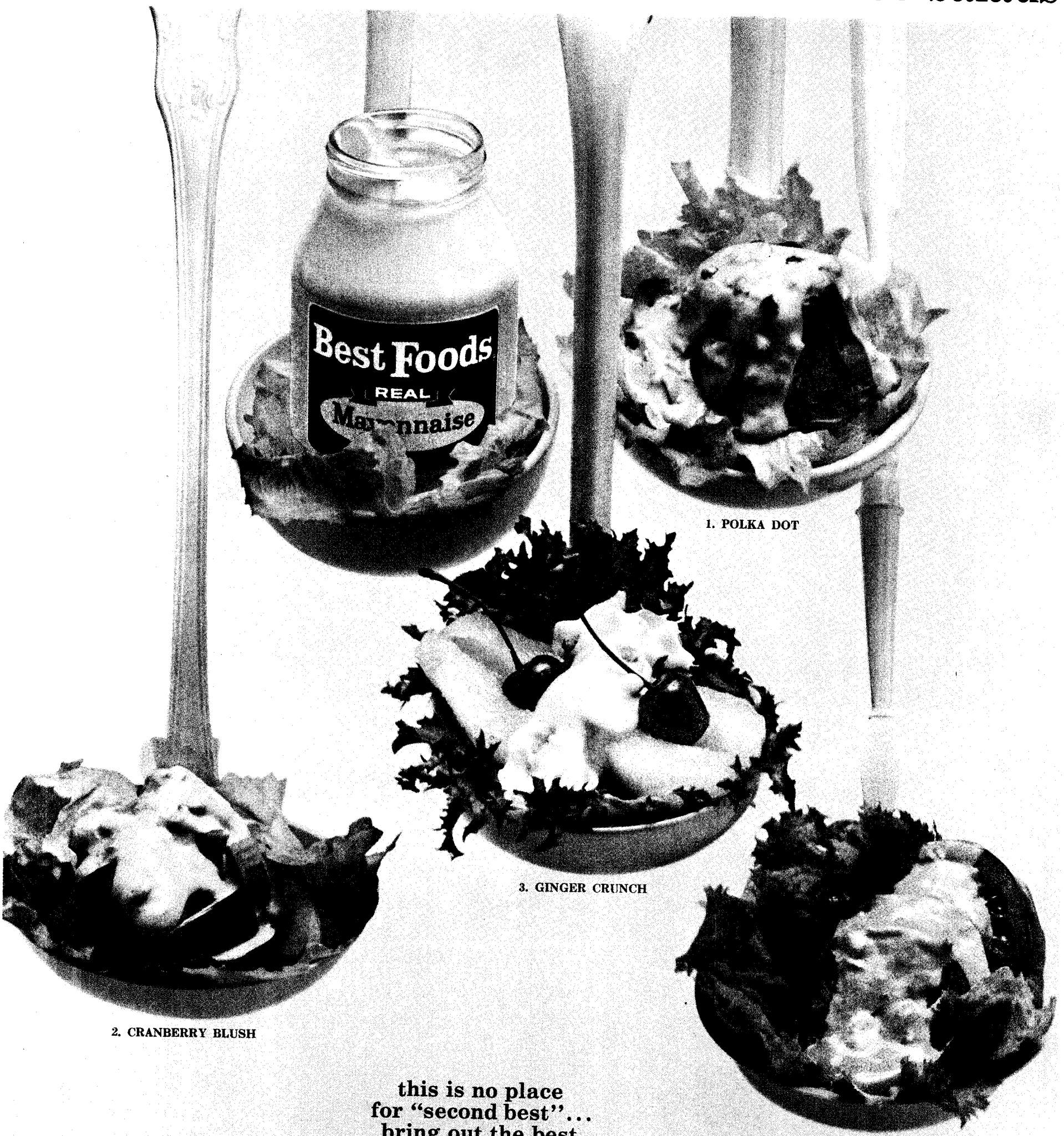

1. POLKA DOT

2. CRANBERRY BLUSH

3. GINGER CRUNCH

4. CHEESY FRENCH

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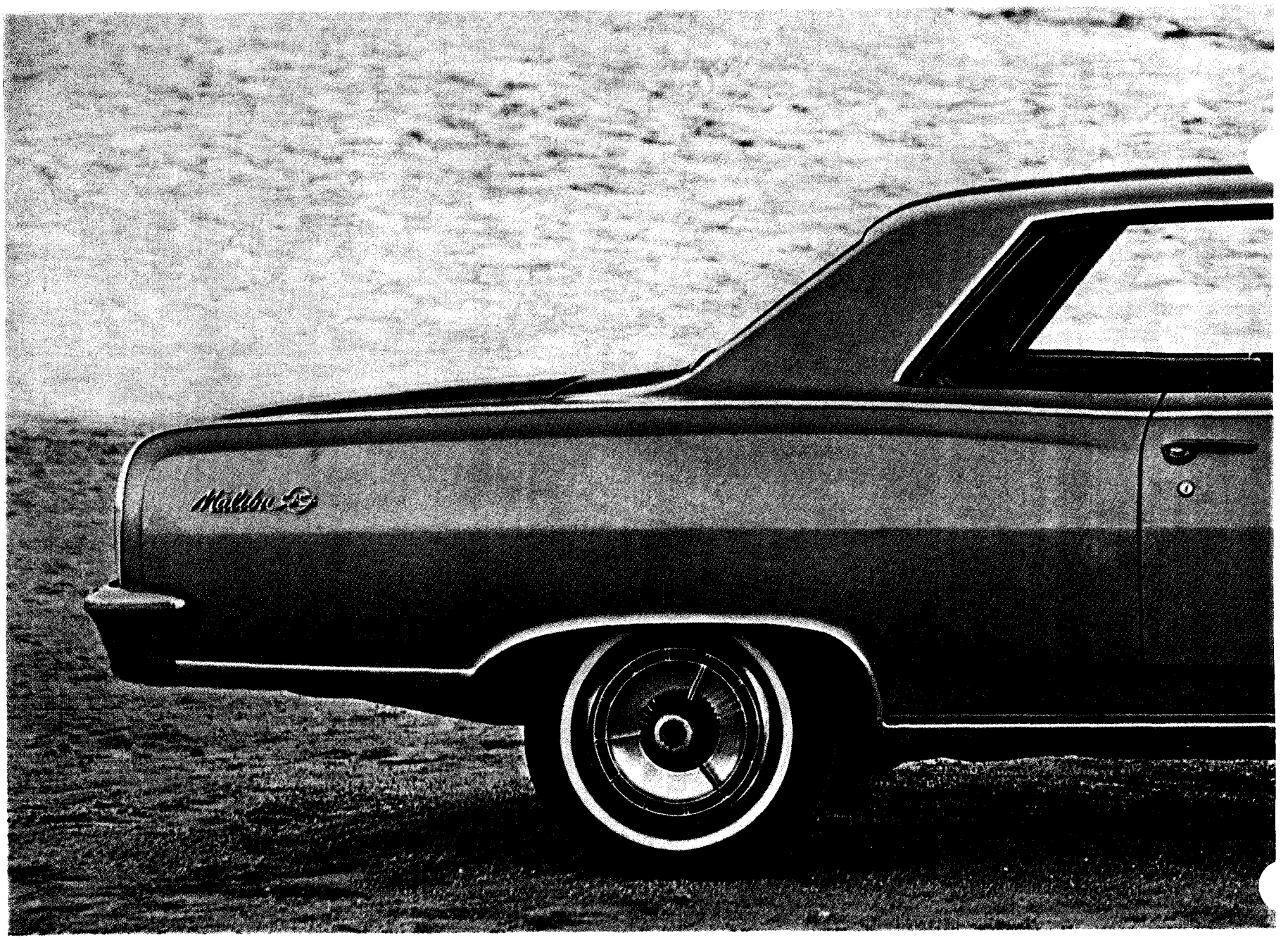

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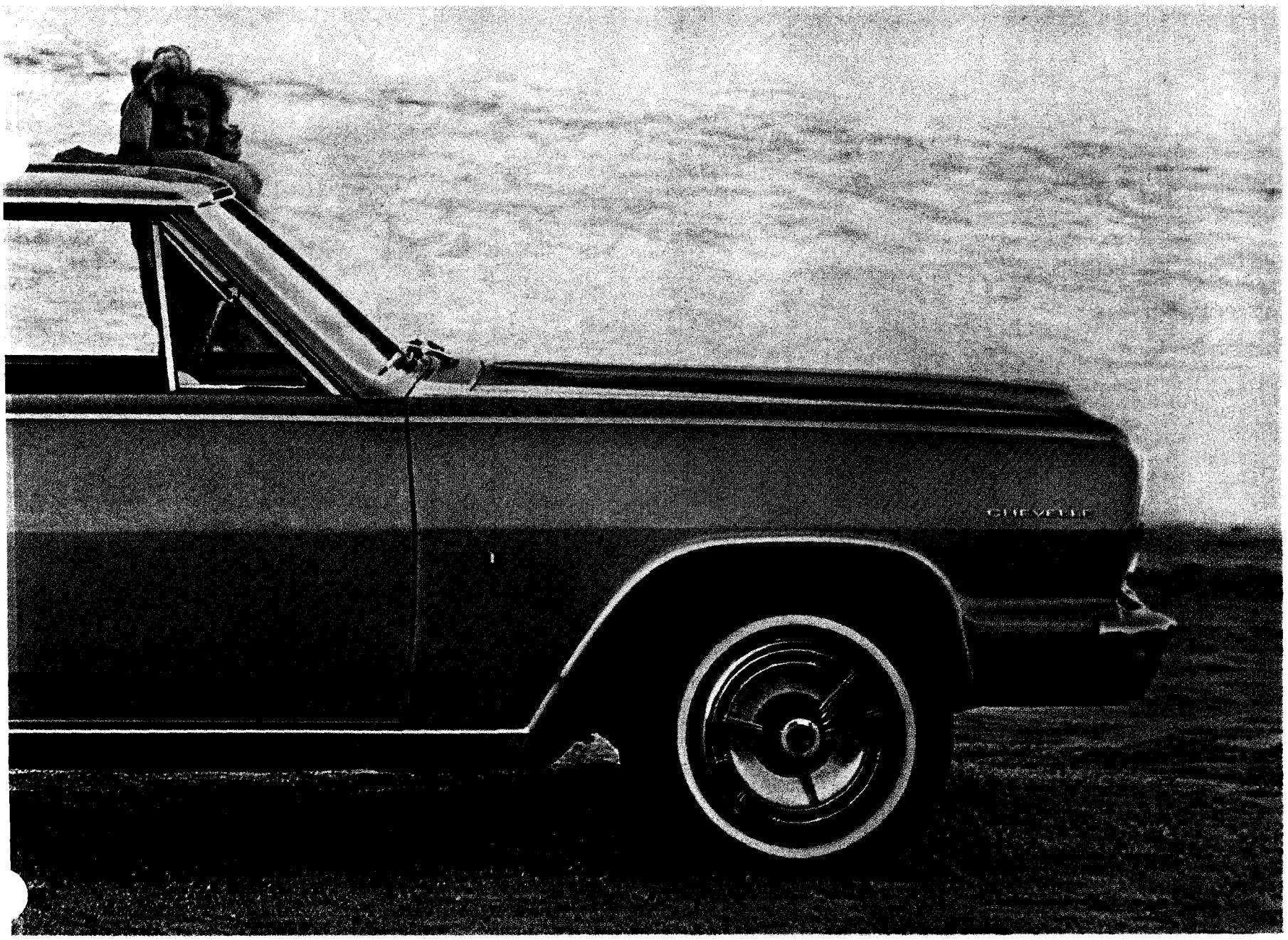

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The logical candidate

WASHINGTON: If politics were a matter of pure logic, like chess, or algebra, the Republican nominee for President would be a likable fellow with the face of an intelligent and rather handsome frog—Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania. A simple exercise in arithmetic—subtracting five from six—leaves Bill Scranton as the logical candidate.

Consider, in ascending order of the likelihood of their nomination, the five alternatives.

Michigan's Governor George Romney has not lit a fire in the land. He is now hard at work on a speech for a national Republican rally on January 29. Romney's supporters expect the speech to be a humdinger which will light that fire. But the Republican professionals, who distrust the nonprofessional Romney, count him out.

Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge looks like a President, and he is also a very able man. But the pros have never cottoned to him either, and Saigon is no place to run for President from.

Nelson Rockefeller might do better against President Johnson than any other candidate in the crucial industrial north. But the majority view still is that his divorce and remarriage bar his nomination.

Although it is too soon to count Barry Goldwater out, the Goldwater strategy has obviously been undermined by President Kennedy's death. It is not impossible that Goldwater, who has never really been bitten hard by the presidential bug, might count himself out.

So now we come to Richard Nixon. The Nixon candidacy is a remarkable phenomenon. Less than a year ago, everybody supposed that Nixon had no more political future than Chester A. Arthur. Then a few months ago, after a bit of judicious fertilizing by Nixon himself, the Nixon candidacy suddenly bloomed like the rose. Only a few days before his death, the late President, no mean judge of political form, flatly predicted to an old friend that his opponent would again be Nixon.

Nixon's miraculous revival resulted in part from the fact that there seemed to be no other alternative to Goldwater, then the front runner. Another reason was that the Republican professionals knew in their bones that Kennedy was unbeatable—some of them said so privately. When a nomination is worthless, the pros will sometimes turn to a familiar face to hold the party together, as the Democratic pros turned first to old Alben Barkley in 1952, to make the hopeless race against Dwight Eisenhower.

In the same way, before the President's death, the Republican pros were turning to Nixon to prevent the party from being needlessly torn apart between its Goldwater and Eastern Establishment wings. But the President's death changed everything. The pros no longer feel that the Republican nomination is worthless. On the contrary, they feel that President Johnson may be highly vulnerable in the big industrial states, notably the big five: New York, California, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Illinois.

Is Nixon the logical candidate to carry these states against Johnson? He lost New York in 1960 by 400,000 votes. The only one of the big five he carried was California. He has since made a vast collection of enemies there, partly by deserting his native state for New York's greener financial pastures, partly by his performance in his losing race for governor in 1962, culminating in the famous anti-press press conference.

Scranton, by contrast, won a smashing upset victory in 1962 to become governor of the third biggest of the big five states. As governor of Pennsylvania he has done a remarkable job, as John Bird reports on page 73 of this issue, of reducing unemployment and otherwise halting Pennsylvania's galloping industrial decay.

There are other ways in which Scranton is the logical man to take on Johnson. His urbane and calmly intelligent manner makes a striking contrast to Johnson's overwhelming ebullience. Scranton is, moreover, a master of political jujitsu, jujitsu being the art of making an opponent defeat himself. As recently pointed out in this space, the only man with a really good chance of defeating Lyndon Johnson next November is Lyndon Johnson. Scranton successfully practiced jujitsu on his able opponent in the 1962 gubernatorial campaign, by infuriating him in a television debate. President Johnson is unlikely to take on Scranton or anyone else in a television debate. But he is easily riled, and Scranton might succeed in practicing jujitsu on him at long range.

It would be silly to try to predict how Scranton might get the nomination. He certainly will not take the primary route, but it is worth recalling that before John Kennedy took it, the primary route was regarded as the road to political extinction. The candidate with the best chance to win has usually been chosen before the convention was called to order, by a process of consensus among the party's Grand Panjandrums.

If by early summer President Johnson looks unbeatable, Nixon may still be picked. "It's between you and Nixon," former President Eisenhower told Scranton recently. He added that "You will have to make up your mind soon," and he left the impression that he would not be at all displeased if Scranton made up his mind to beat out Nixon for the nomination. Scranton responded noncommittally that he would give the matter "deep thought."

Scranton is going to have to give more than deep thought if he is to become the candidate. He is going to have to give at least an unspoken blessing to an organized and well-financed movement to nominate him. This is where the would-be political prognosticator runs into trouble. For politics, alas, is not a logical business. It is an intensely human business, and thus highly unpredictable. Scranton is a lot more unpredictable than most politicians, who tend to be uncomplicated extroverts.

Scranton has been foolishly dubbed a "Republican Kennedy." If he really were a Republican Kennedy he would have the nomination in the bag already. Scranton is more nearly a Republican Stevenson—a reflective man, oddly reserved, highly intelligent, but seemingly without great ambition or deep political passion. Given these qualities, although he is clearly the logical candidate, some illogical candidate may well get the nod in the end.

Stewart Alsop

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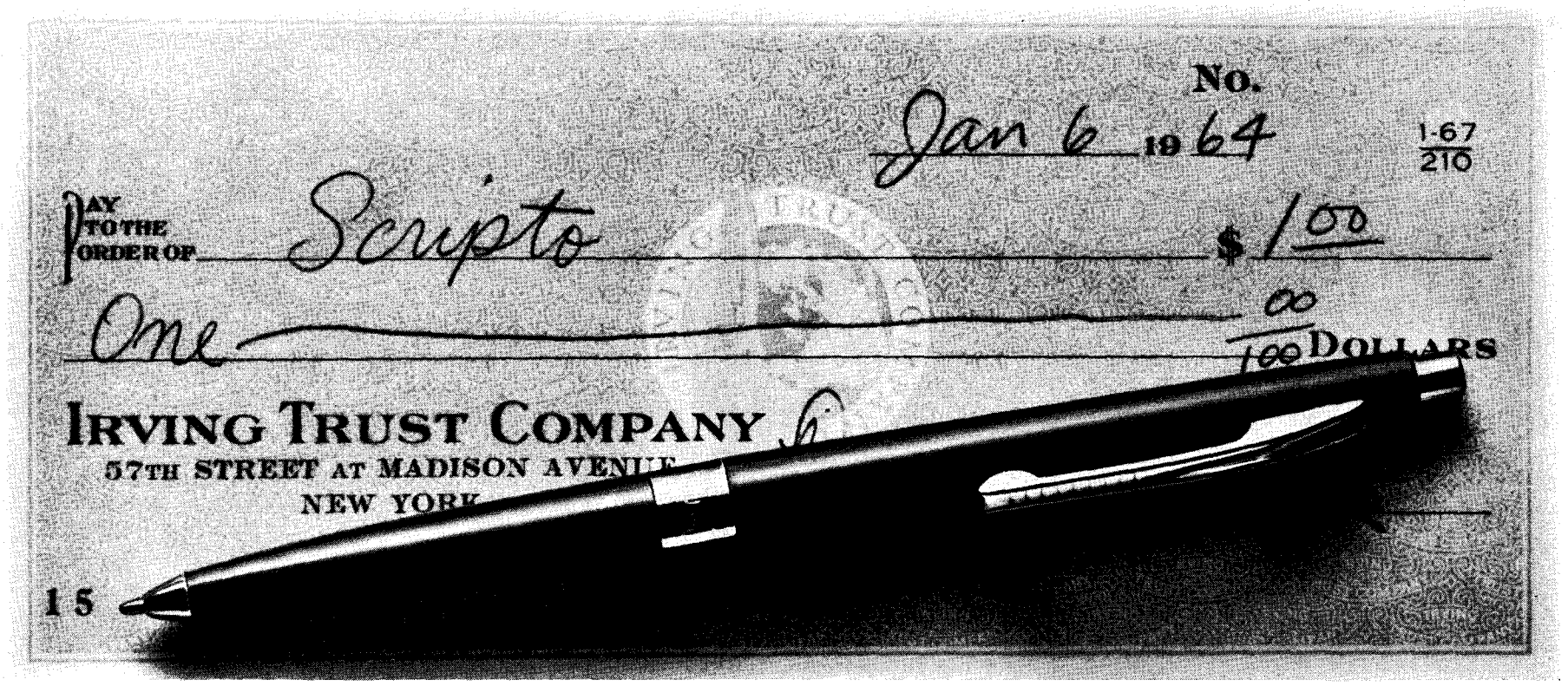

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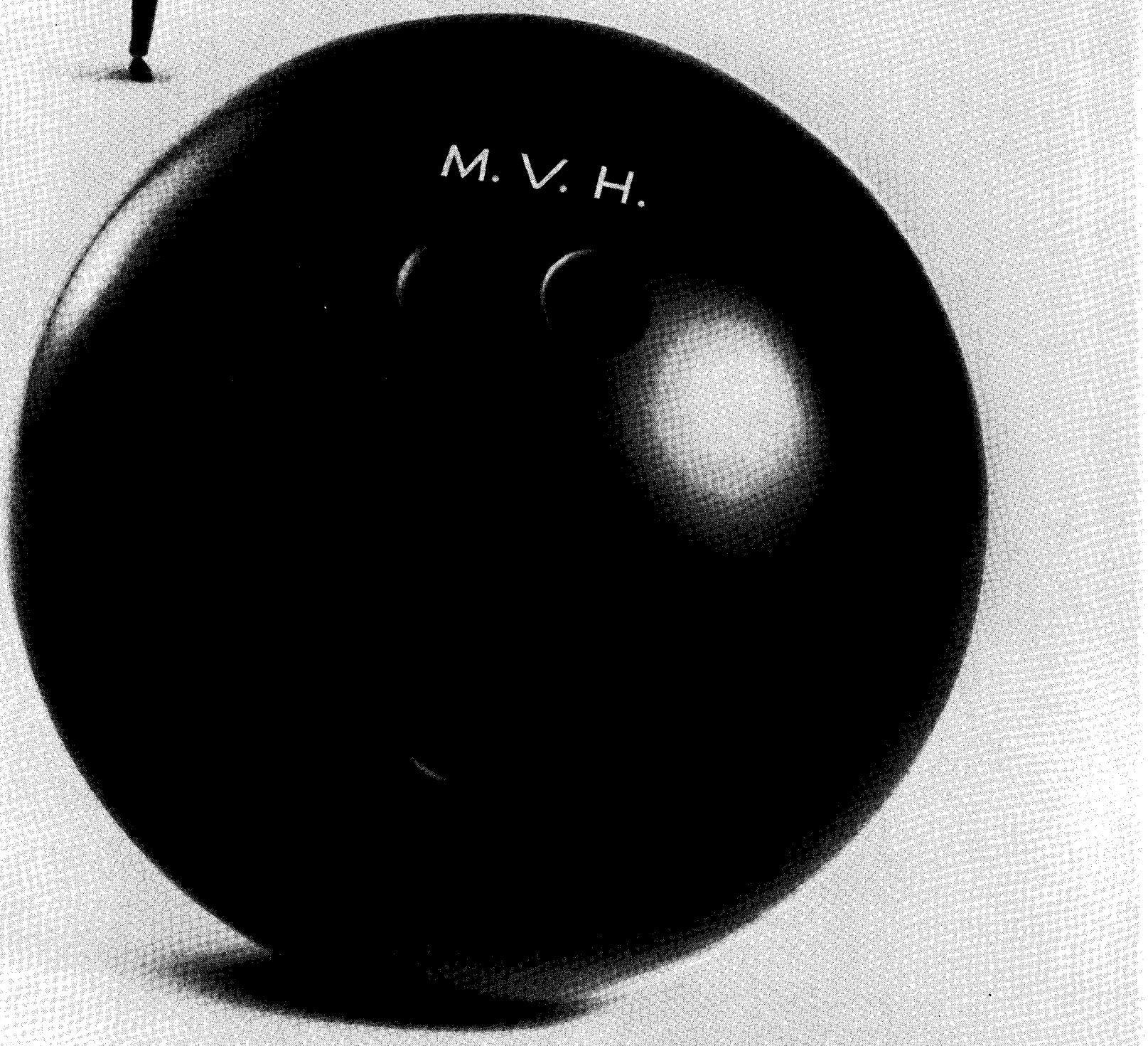

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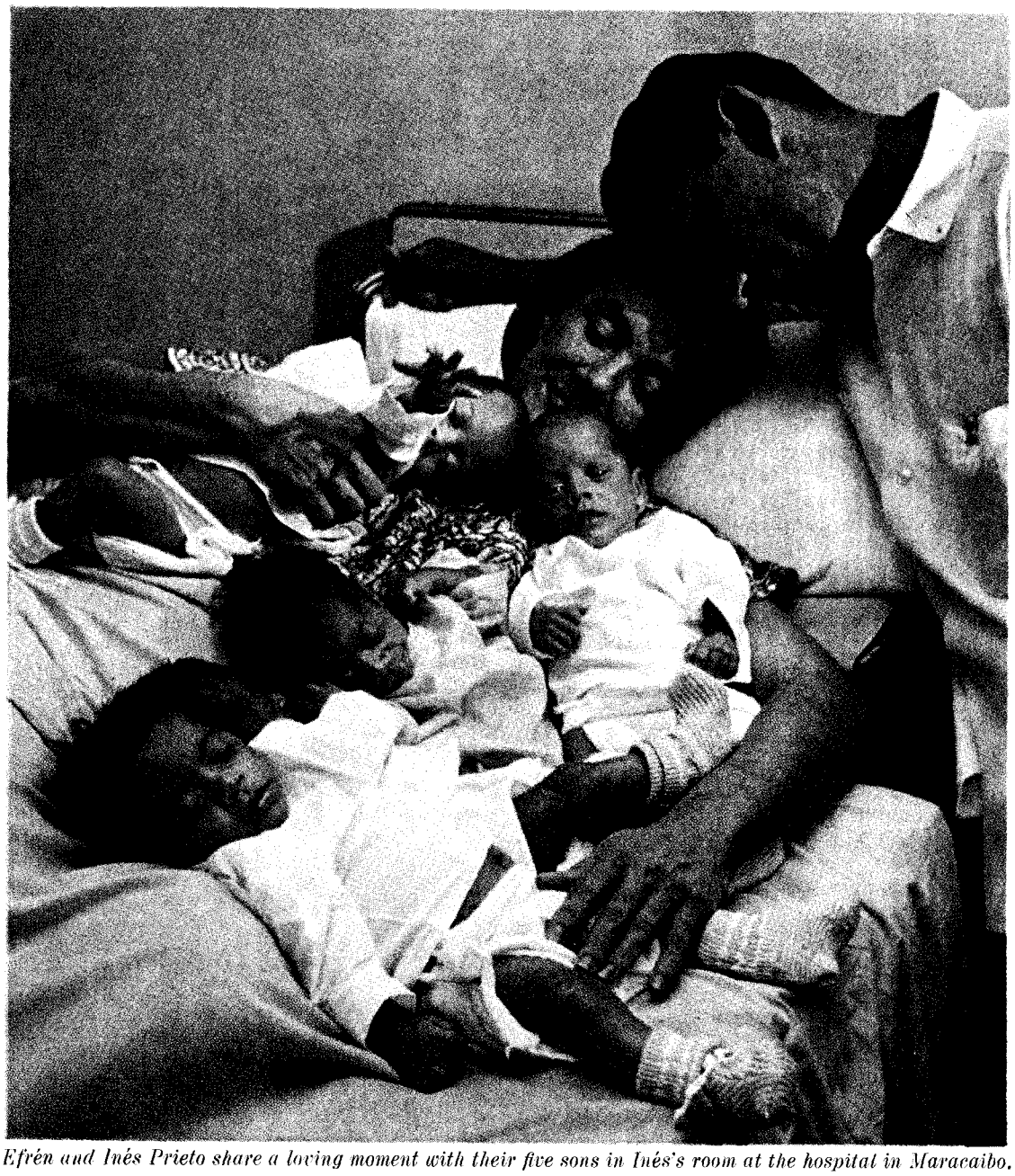
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben Franklin

THE OTHER BABIES WHO BROKE THE ODDS

VENEZUELA HAS ITS OWN QUINTUPLETS. HERE IS THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF THE FAMILY AND THE BIRTH, AS TOLD BY THE PARENTS THEMSELVES TO THE POST'S HAROLD H. MARTIN.

Photographs by Lynn Pelham



Efrén and Inés Prieto share a loving moment with their five sons in Inés's room at the hospital in Maracaibo.

On the hot September morning when word came over the Venezuelan radio that a woman of Zulia state had given birth to five sons at once, the citizens of Maracaibo began, in the joyous Spanish phrase, to throw the house out the window. In the vast waterfront market, where battered *piraguas* bring their cargoes of fruit and fish, and dusty trucks from the foothills of the Andes unload, the air rang with shouts of jubilation. Porters trundling great loads of cassava and bananas laid them down. Vendors ran from their stalls. All clustered around men with transistor radios, who shouted the news as each bulletin came from University Hospital.

"The quintuplets are actually here, at this moment. It is no joke. . . . The mother, a woman of Lagunillas, is doing well. . . . All are boys." (Cheers and shouts: "But naturally. Nothing else is possible. They are *Maracuchos*.") "It was," an observer of the joyful confusion said later, "as if every man in the market had himself fathered the quintuplets."

The newspapers were ecstatic. "ANOTHER ZULIA RECORD," blared the headline in *Panorama*. The paper exulted: "At the moment they arrived it was as if the star of Bethlehem paused above her bed."

While the citizens were romping in the streets, a more restrained group was meeting at the University Hospital. Present were the governor of Zulia, the director of the state department of health, and civic leaders. Also on hand was Dr. Robinson Suarez Herrera, who had attended Mrs. Inés María Cuervo through the last days of her pregnancy and supervised the delivery. Beside him was the man on whom the burden now rested. Dr. Régulo Pachano Añes, chief of pediatrics at University Hospital, bore the responsibility for five babies who had come two months early. And in Venezuela, one out of four premature babies dies before its first birthday; in this multiple birth, the danger was multiplied by five.

Presiding was Dr. Pedro Calles Pulgar, director of the hospital, nervously fingering his small moustache. "Gentlemen," Dr. Calles Pulgar said quietly, "the question is simply this: 'What are we going to do?'"

There was silence. The laymen present foresaw few problems, but the medical men soon shook their calm. The doctors outlined the complexities that would surround the rearing of the world's only all-male quintuplets, and gradually a plan evolved to set up a foundation for their care and support.

The Fundación Quíntuples Venezolanos—F5V for short—was formed to raise funds. (It will gratefully accept contributions for the support of the Prieto children sent to them at Edificio Icuma, Local #8, Avenida 5 de Julio, Maracaibo, Venezuela.) Money would be provided to house the family and see to their medical and educational needs. By raising additional funds, the foundation would support Venezuela's poor or neglected children.

But a severe shock to national pride came a week after the quintuplets' birth. On September 14 the Fischer quintuplets were born in Aberdeen, S. Dak. "The North Americans, who do not like to stay behind in anything, have had quintuplets too," moaned the magazine *Para Ellas*. "We Venezuelans were not given time fully to savor the fruits of our colossal success. But one great distinction still remains ours alone: The Venezuelan quintuplets are all boys."

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I GAVE MY HUSBAND FIVE SONS

By Inés Cuervo de Prieto

I first met Efrén Prieto, the man who was to become the father of my five sons, at a family get-together about three years ago. He was, in a sense, a kinsman of mine, but not by blood. It came about in this way: His father, after having Efrén by another woman, became the first husband of my mother, by whom he had two daughters. Thus my older half sisters, Ida and Iria, were also half sisters of the man who became my husband.

It would be romantic to say that we felt love for each other at the very moment we met, but this was not the case. I did not love him then, though I saw him as a most handsome man, with the strong hands and arms and shoulders that men develop when they work for many years with heavy tools around the oil derricks. He also was quick to smile, and his teeth were very white, and he had many friends.

He also had many children, and money troubles with his wife. He had had two children by his first woman, and he was giving money for their support. He had eight more children by the wife he had when I met him, whom he had recently married after their sixth child was born.

I, too, had five children of my own, though at the time I met Efrén, I had no man. I had left school at 16 to be married to Marcel Duarte, a transporter of merchandise between the little oil towns on the eastern shore of Lake Maracaibo. This marriage had not been a happy one for me, for Marcel formed the habit of drinking *aguardiente*, and in 1955 it ended in divorce. I began to support my three daughters, Josefina, Edalina and Iris, by working as an I.B.M. card puncher in the offices of the Shell Oil Company. It was here that I met Candelario Farfa. He was a contractor, a welder of pipelines and a man of some wealth. We formed an association which lasted four years, and when our first son, Alexis, was born, Candelario bought me a little house where we lived until 1959. In this year, when I was pregnant with our son Irwin, Candelario left me. He was, I discovered, not devoted seriously to me.

It was not necessary for me to work while living with Candelario, but when he left me, I went back to work as a part-time schoolteacher—though I myself had only six years of school—and as a seller of cosmetics from house to house.

Late in 1962, while living alone and working to support my children, I resumed my acquaintance with Efrén, whom I had met at the family party. He told me that he was very sad—he had no woman since the breakup of his marriage with Teodósila. I told him I, too, was unhappy, for I had no man. I began to cook for him and to give him consolation, but at first we did not live together, for he did not wish to live with me in the house that Candelario had given me.

In January of this year, therefore, we moved together into a little house on Q Road, outside the town of Ciudad Ojeda. It was a small house with only three rooms, but it had lights and running water and an inside toilet. We were not crowded there, for my children now were only four in number: Iris, Edalina, Alexis and Irwin. My oldest daughter, Josefina, had married at 16 and was living with her man, and Efrén's own 10 children remained at home with their mothers.

Two months after we had moved into the little house, I realized that I myself again was to become a mother. The discovery did not upset me, though I by now was 34 and myself a grandmother. A month before, Josefina had borne a daughter whom she named Jeanette.

I had always had my babies easily, for I come of strong and healthy stock. My grandmother Abigail had 11 children, and today at 97 she is merry and bright and in good health of mind and body, except for her near-blindness. My mother, Concepción, had 12 children, 10 of whom are still alive, and she today is healthy and strong. The coming of my own babies had caused me no distress. The *comadrona*, the midwife, came when the hour was at hand, and in my own bed, with no other help but hers, the babies were born. The pain was great, but it was quickly over, and soon I was back washing and cooking and keeping house for my man.

Beginnings of worry

Almost from the first, however, I knew there was something wrong this time, that this birth would not be easy as were those before. I was always hungry, but it did little good to eat, for every morning brought terrible nausea. This had never been the case before. Also my belly began to swell at a rate that was unnatural. By the third month I was as big as a woman who is ready to give light to her baby. The neighbors would see me on the street and tease me. "Inés," they would say, "you should have a little t oy cart to carry your big belly around in."

By the end of April I knew in my heart that this great swelling was no normal thing, that something was very wrong and strange. My energy was gone; I had no strength to cook, to wash, to iron, to keep house. My feet and legs were swollen and painful, and my daughter Edalina kept the house while I stayed in my bed.

After a while I could no longer bear the weariness and discomfort. I had to know what was happening to me. I went first to the doctor in Ciudad Ojeda. He examined me and asked me many questions. When I told him the date of my last period, he shook his head. "Madam, you are mistaken." But how can a woman be mistaken about such things? I remember very well the date; it was January 27. Still he would not believe me. "No, it cannot be your third month. You are now in your sixth. Your baby will be born in July."

I went home, and for three months I grew more huge, more sick, more miserable, more afraid.

Finally, gathering all my strength, I went to the house of a *comadrona* named Señora Araujo. She was a wise and experienced woman. She had had many children, and she had helped other women to have hundreds of babies.

She did not examine me as doctors do, with instruments that cause pain. She merely felt my stomach with her fingers.

"Ah, little daughter," she said when she had finished. "There is something miraculous here. I can feel much movement, like the fluttering of many wings. You have more than one baby in your belly. Perhaps even more than two. I can-

Dressing a bedful of babies, Inés gets help from her husband (left), a nephew and a nurse. She will have nursing care for the boys when they go home.

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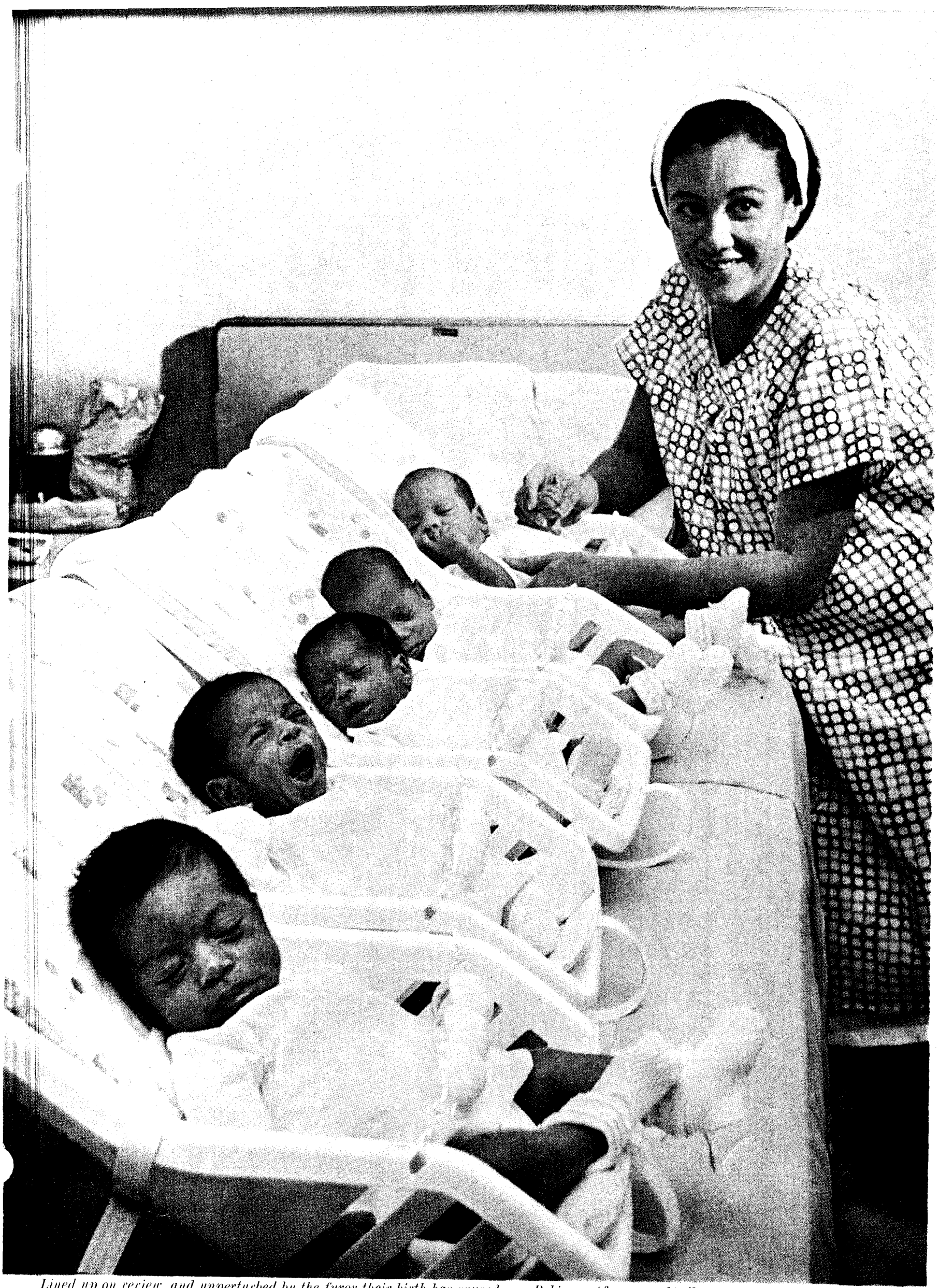

Lined up on review, and unperturbed by the furor their birth has caused, are Robinson (foreground), Fernando, Juan José, Otto and Mario.

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"ALL FIVE BABIES INSIDE ME SEEMED TO BE KICKING AT ONCE."

not help you. You must go to the clinic in Cabimas. There Dr. Juan José Pérez Riera will take care of you."

I went home feeling the beginning of a great fear. Efrén was at his job at an oil well far out in the lake. I said nothing to the children. The next morning, early, before Efrén had come from his night of work, the *comadrona* came for me.

There were many people waiting to see the doctors, for Cabimas is the biggest of the oil towns on the eastern shore, and the clinic is always busy. But I did not have to wait. The *comadrona* took me at once to Doctor Pérez. Immediately he ordered an X ray.

When the pictures were developed, a wave of great excitement ran through the clinic. Clearly, the doctor said, there could be seen five babies in my womb. Nurses and others had seen the pictures also, and they ran into the waiting room to tell the people there. And the people in the waiting room, forgetting they were sick, ran into the streets to tell others. Soon a great crowd had come to see the woman who was to give light to five babies.

And this was the beginning of all that has happened since—the reporters and the photographers and the curious people trying to enter the hospital to see me and my babies, and the letters and the telegrams coming from all over the world.

When the doctor told me the news, I thought that I must faint. My body began to tremble, and I started to cry. The doctor was very gentle. He told me that the road back to my house was rough and would shake the babies. I must stay at the clinic from that moment, until further provision could be made for me.

But I could not do this. My man, Efrén, did not know that I had come to the clinic. He would come from his work and find me gone, and he would be disturbed. And for such news as this, I wanted to be the one to tell him.

That night, when Efrén came home, he was very hungry. But when he sat down to eat, and I told him, he could not eat. He looked at me bewildered, as a man stunned by a blow.

"Yes," I told him. "It is true."

He jumped up from the table. He began to strike his head with his hands.

"*No es posible, no es posible,*" he said, beating his head. "*No lo creo.*" [It is not possible. I don't believe it.]

He rushed from the house, leaving his dinner uneaten. He went to the house of the *comadrona* to hear from her lips that I was making a joke. He came back, still looking stunned, but reconciled.

"It is true," he said. "When I went into her house, she congratulated me. Ah, well. What is to be will be." He went to bed.

The next morning he drove me to the clinic in Cabimas in his little Fiat station wagon. He drove very carefully, "so as not to disturb the little birds in their nest." He left me and went to his work.

I remained in the clinic three days, while the arrangements were being made to receive me at the University Hospital in Maracaibo, and here were to begin all the happy events that were to follow—the gentleness of the nurses, the attention of the doctors, the good food, the rest and the quietness.

There was one moment of unquietness. After the X rays had been developed, the news had been spread among the people of Cabimas. The newspaper *Panorama* in Maracaibo had a little story saying, "Zulia mother to give light to quintuplets" (Zulia is a state lying along both sides of the northern shores of Lake Maracaibo). A television station in Caracas heard this news and demanded that I be brought there to have my babies in the big maternity hospital there. But I did not wish to go so far from home, where Efrén and my children could not visit me. And I was glad when the doctors of Zulia said, "No, we are as well equipped to conduct this *alumbramiento* [childbirth] as are the doctors of Caracas."

On the third day the ambulance took me from the little clinic in Cabimas to the hospital in Maracaibo. It was a long trip of three hours, for the ambulance went very slowly. It was also a beautiful trip, for it led over the great new bridge that crosses the lake high above the water, where birds fly past the windows of the ambulance, and you can see the city far away and the big ships coming in from the sea to take on oil at the terminal at La Salina. I did not realize then that soon I and my children would be like the great bridge, a matter of pride and wonder to all Zulianos.

It was only when the ambulance turned in at the hospital that I began to be frightened again. I had never been in so great a hospital before. I had had my babies at home in my own bed. With each there had been a moment of great pain. Could I bear the pain if it were multiplied five times, if it lasted five times as long?

Soon my fear began to diminish, for at the hospital all was gentleness and tranquillity. They took me up on the elevator on a stretcher to my room on the ninth floor. It was a beautiful room, airy, light and cool, and the high bed was soft beneath my heavy body. Through the open window I could see far away to the residential area called Las Delicias, where there were many flowering trees, and on the streets the Guajiro women, the Indians, walked in their long, bright-colored dresses, like tiny dolls.

In one corner of my room was a television, and by my bed was a telephone, and by my pillow a long cord with a button to push, so I could call a nurse if I was in pain. I arrived in the hospital on the second of August, and the button was to be pushed many times before my babies were to come on September 7.

With the rest, the good food, the kindness, the assurance of the doctors and nurses that all would be well with me, I soon began to feel greatly tranquil in my mind. But the burden I was bearing in my body often seemed more than I could endure. My belly was so huge that it seemed to extend around the sides to the backbone. I could not turn on my left side or my right. I could only lie on my back, looking up at the great mountain which rose just beyond my breasts.

Within a week my swollen legs were normal. I began to feel strong again. But the babies were now kicking so hard I could not sleep. Sometimes they all seemed to kick at once in all directions—to the left, to the right, straight up and down. They never seemed to sleep all at once. Always while the others slept, two or three remained awake to kick. The nights were worst, and sometimes I could not keep from crying out in pain.

The hospital was very kind. They put a bed in my room for my daughter Edalina, so that I would not become lonely and frightened in the night, and when the pain became too great, I would push the button, and the nurse would bring me medicine to make me sleep.

Sometimes, too, the old fears would return, that at the moment of birth I would fail, that the children themselves might in some way be hurt. Then I would say a prayer to San Ramón, the patron saint of pregnant women. And San Ramón would comfort me.

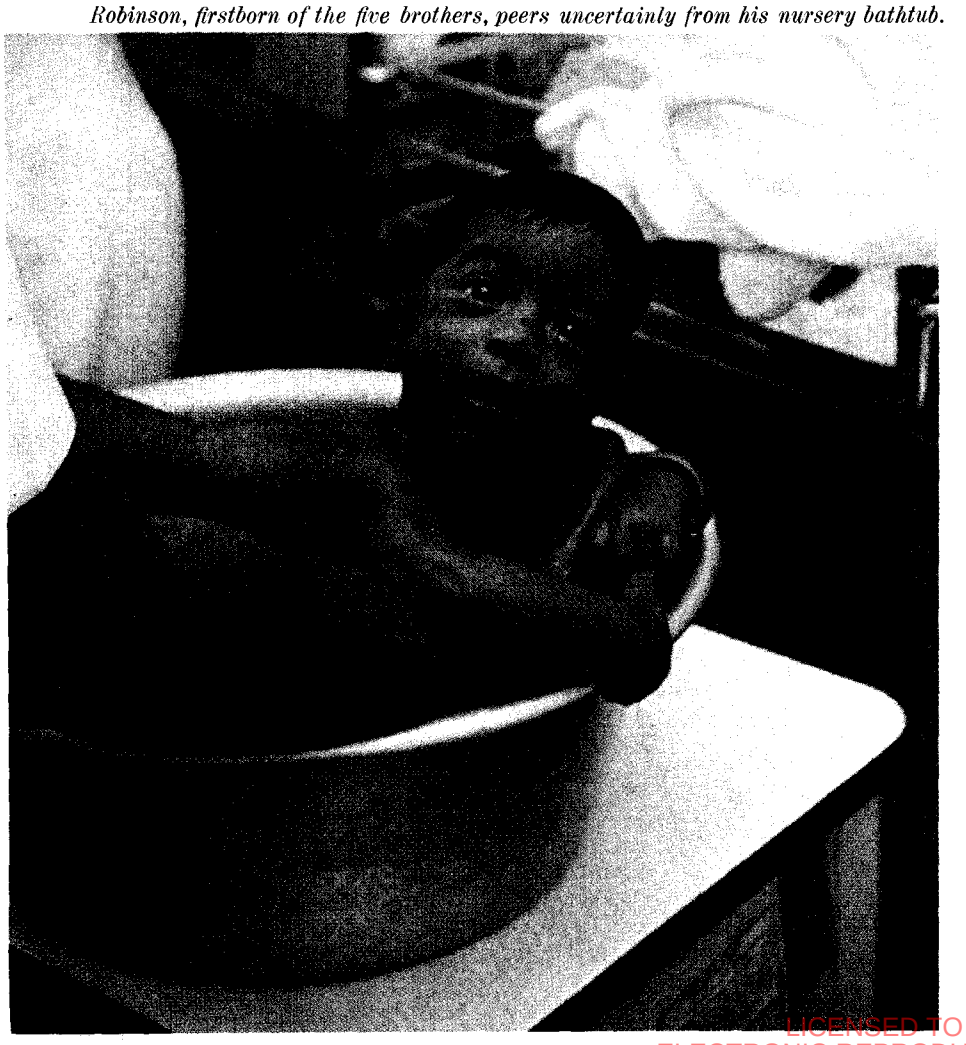
So the days passed in pain and the easing of pain; in fear and the soothing of fear. The Friday before the giving of light was a perfect day. I was calm. Even the babies seemed more quiet than usual. As night came, I talked a while with Edalina, and then went to sleep.

At eleven o'clock I waked up, feeling no discomfort other than the need to go to the bathroom. With Edalina helping me, I lifted my heavy body from the bed. I had gone perhaps three steps, when all at once I felt the breaking of the fountains. I turned at once back to my bed.

"Quickly, Edalina," I told my daughter. "Call Dr. Suarez Herrera at his home. The number is there by the telephone."

At the hospital nursery, Efrén and Inés ga.

Robinson, firstborn of the five brothers, peers uncertainly from his nursery bathtub.



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otedly at their sons. "I watch them," says Mrs. Prieto, "and I long to nurse them as I nursed my other children. This the doctors will not permit, and I, of course, am a little sad."

As she gave the number, I lay back on my bed. Faintly at first, then stronger but not yet strong, I felt the first contractions. There was but little pain.

When Doctor Suarez answered, Edalina told him of the breaking of the waters and the beginning of my labor.

"But that is not possible," I heard him say. "It is too early yet." Then there was a pause. "I will be over at once."

As I lay waiting, I felt again the contractions and the first pains. I thought of the doctors and all their well-laid plans. From what I had overheard, I knew they had wanted me to carry the babies as long as possible. Then they would take them by cesarean. But the babies did not know of the doctors' plans. They had chosen their own time to come. And the time was now.

"Blessed San Ramón," I prayed. "May this be a happy event for me and my babies. May they all be born alive and perfect in form."

I had hardly finished the prayer when Doctor Suarez came into the room. Quickly he examined me, patted me on the shoulder, and went out to see that the delivery room was made ready.

Soon they came with the rolling bed, lifted me on it, and started down the hall to the elevator which would take me to the delivery room on the floor below. I looked up at the wall clock. It was 20 minutes to twelve. Soon it would be Saturday, the day of the Virgin of the Valley.

They were rolling me very slowly, and as we approached the elevator, I felt a stronger contraction, a sharper pain. Low down in my body I felt a great pressure, a great fullness.

"Doctor," I said, "I think the first one is coming now. It is ready to be born."

"*Aguántese, aguántese*," he said gently. [Hold it, hold it.]

The phenomenal birth

Once I was in the operating room with everything in readiness, this first hasty little one seemed content to take his time. It seemed many minutes later when the hard contraction came, yet still with little pain. And then I saw the doctor lift him and heard his cry.

Then there was another baby, and another very quickly without much pain, and the woman doctor who was there bent over me.

"Please cry out," she said, "so that we can know when another is coming."

But I felt no need to cry out, for there was not more pain than I could bear, even though I had received no anesthesia.

The fourth baby was a little slow in coming, and one of the doctors seemed impatient. "Do not become impatient," I told him. "It is there, and it will come."

It did, and I heard them say, "Another boy." And finally the last one came, and I heard his cry, as I heard all the others, and it was all over. I was alive, and my five babies were alive. God and San Ramón had been good to me.

I felt great happiness, great tranquillity. I felt like making a little joke. One of the doctors, who had been taking pictures of each birth, said, "Let's wait a moment—there may be a sixth one."

"Perhaps there may be even seven," I told him.

They took me back to my room then, where Edalina had been waiting at the door, watching each of her little brothers as he went by in a nurse's arms on his way to the incubator where he would live until he grew strong. As I passed the clock, I looked again at the time. It was 20 minutes until two.

Soon I was asleep, while down the hall in the nursery, with salt and oil and holy water, a priest baptised my babies in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, while the doctors and their wives stood up as godparents for my boys. Their christening names were Robinson, Fernando, Juan José, Otto, Mario—for the doctors who had been good to me. But to each was given the second name of Ramón, for the saint who cares for pregnant mothers and gives them happy births.

The next day at three o'clock my man Efrén arrived. He had worked all night on an oil well far in the lake, and he had heard the news only a few hours before by radio when he came ashore. He came in looking proud and leaned over me and took me in his arms and congratulated me. And two hours later, with two nurses standing as witnesses, we were married in my room by the civil judge of Coquivacoa.

Now Edalina has gone to stay with my sister, and on Friday nights Efrén comes to sleep in a bed beside me until Monday morning, when he must start back to the oil fields. And every so often we go down to the room where the babies are and look at them through the window. I watch them kick and push blindly with their arms, as they used to kick and push me before they came into the light. And I long to hold them in my arms and nurse them at my breasts, as I had nursed all my other children.

This the doctors will not permit, and I, of course, am a little sad. But I do not complain. For I have given my husband five sons at once, which no woman in the world has ever done before, and they are all alive and well. And that for me is happiness enough. THE END

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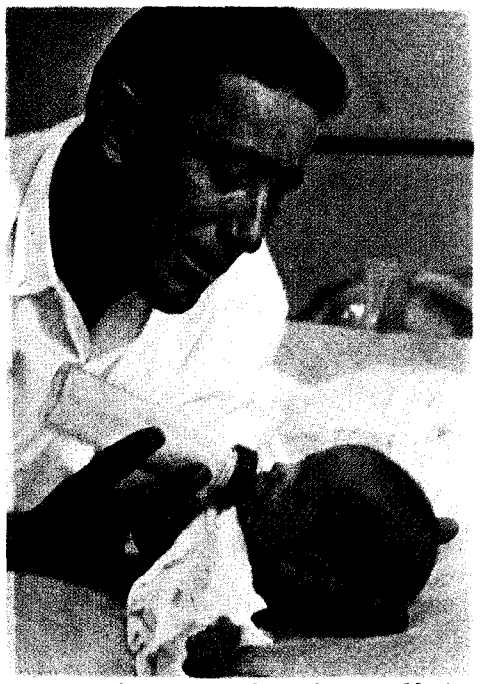
I DO NOT FEEL LIKE A FAMOUS MAN

By Efrén Lubín Prieto Nava



Efrén tenderly feeds his son Mario.

The night my five sons were born in the University Hospital at Maracaibo, I was far away, working at an oil well in the lake, an hour's ride by fast launch from the shore.

It was a night of misery for me. Two nights earlier while at work I had felt a trembling of the heart, a premonition that something serious was soon to occur. I had gone to my *jefe* to ask him if I could work the day shift on Friday, from seven to three o'clock, so that I could leave early in the afternoon for the hospital, to be with my woman during the night. The *jefe* had refused.

So I had taken the boat for my night of work with a heavy heart, a sense of dread. I do not know what told me that my woman, Inés, would give birth before the morning, after only seven months of pregnancy. Perhaps a man who 10 times before has experienced fatherhood develops a special sense about these things.

At any rate, on that Friday night my mind was on Inés, and my uneasiness seemed to spread around me. Usually, the crew that works on the oil rigs, cleaning sand from old wells to step up their flow, moves as smoothly as the machinery itself. This night we seemed all thumbs. Things went wrong, and it was long after our quitting hour of 11 o'clock when we climbed into the launch to go ashore. And it was three o'clock in the morning of Saturday before I reached my home, a little house set off by itself on Q Road. Here Inés and I and her children had lived before her hugely swollen belly revealed that she was to have quintuplets and the doctors had ordered her to the hospital to await their coming.

Here now I lived alone, except on weekends, when I went to her in the hospital across the lake. This night only my watchdogs were there to greet me—Bear, Champion and Queen, the German shepherds, and the little brown-and-white mutt, Louise—though perhaps I should not mention that I gave a girl's name to a dog, for people might criticize.

With my worry still upon me, I fed the dogs and washed the oil from my body and lay down to sleep. But my sleep was full of troubled dreams, and at six o'clock I was awake. I went then to Ciudad Ojeda, the little oil town 10 kilometers away, where my sister, Elena Prieto de Rosena, gave me breakfast. And then I took a *por puesto*, a taxi that runs on a route like a bus, to carry me to Cabimas, where the launches leave for Maracaibo.

We were almost to Cabimas when the music on the taxi radio was interrupted and the announcer said with excitement, "We have tremendous news today. A woman of Zulia state has given birth to five boys in the University Hospital."

At these words I felt electric shock. I became very emotional and began to cry.

"What in the hell is the matter with you?" the other passengers asked.

"That woman who has given birth to five babies is my woman," I said.

At this they began to congratulate me.

"But how can I feed so many mouths?" I said. "I am an oil worker. I make forty-five *bolívares* a day. And I am feeding fourteen children now."

"Ah, *amigo*," said a man in the taxi, "you need not worry yourself. If you are truly the father of quintuplets, the government will feed them, and you and your woman too."

In Cabimas I jumped from the taxi and ran to the house of Concepción Cuervo, mother of Inés. She had heard the news already and had left for the hospital. It was 11:25. In five minutes the 11:30 boat would leave. I ran through the streets to the terminal many blocks away. Panting and soaked with sweat, I leaped aboard the boat just as it was pulling away. It was the hydrofoil, the fast boat that walks on the water like a spider.

On the boat were several men from Caracas, and they began telling tall tales, and making jokes, and teasing other people, in the manner of the *Caraqueños*. Nobody seemed to have heard of the birth, and I resolved to say nothing, but as the boat pulled in at the landing at Maracaibo, I could hold in my news no longer. I stood in the passageway and shouted to the *Caraqueños*.

"I have a tale to tell you and it is no joke. This morning I became the father of five sons at once."

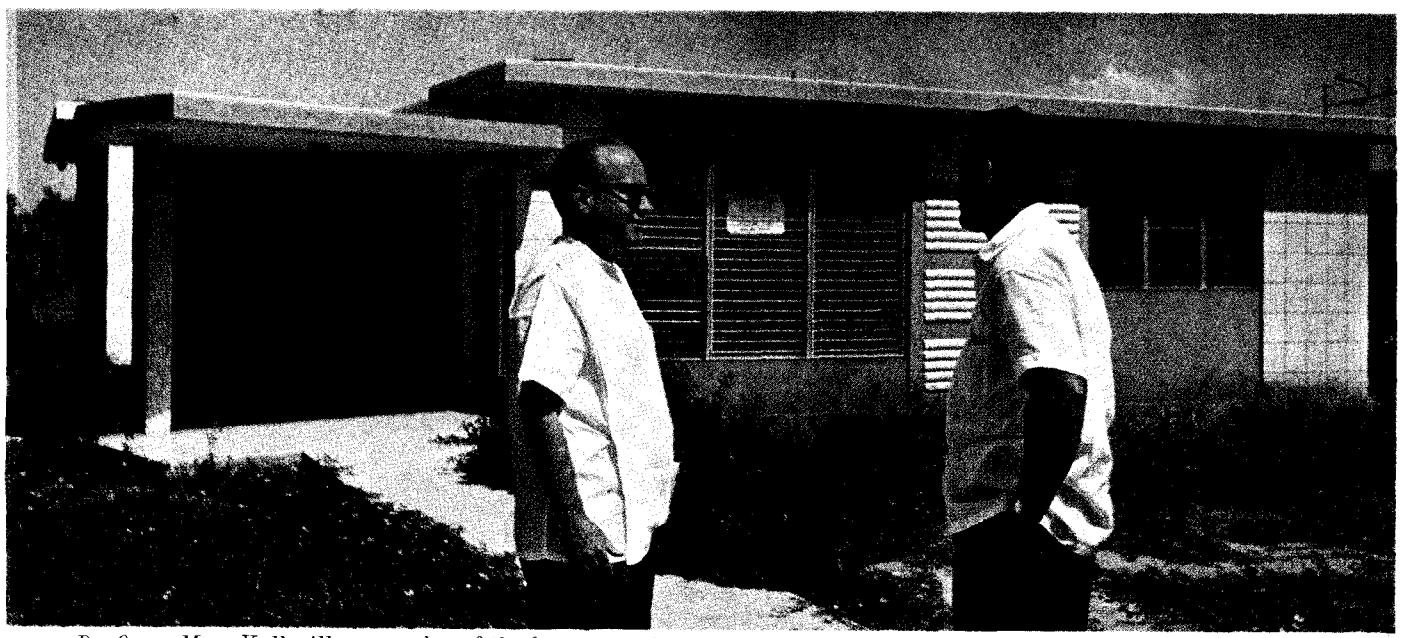
"No!" the *Caraqueños* said. "You lie." "Who is this man who says these things?" they asked each other.

I did not wait to argue. I leaped from the boat, and pushed my way through the crowded public market where vendors clutched at me, trying to sell me fruit, or sunglasses, or lottery tickets. I did not stop. I found a taxi—not a *por puesto*, which is cheap, but a taxi which will take a single person to his destination, and charges as much as four *bolívares* for a short trip. I did not mind the cost.

"Quick," I said, "to the Hospital Universitario."

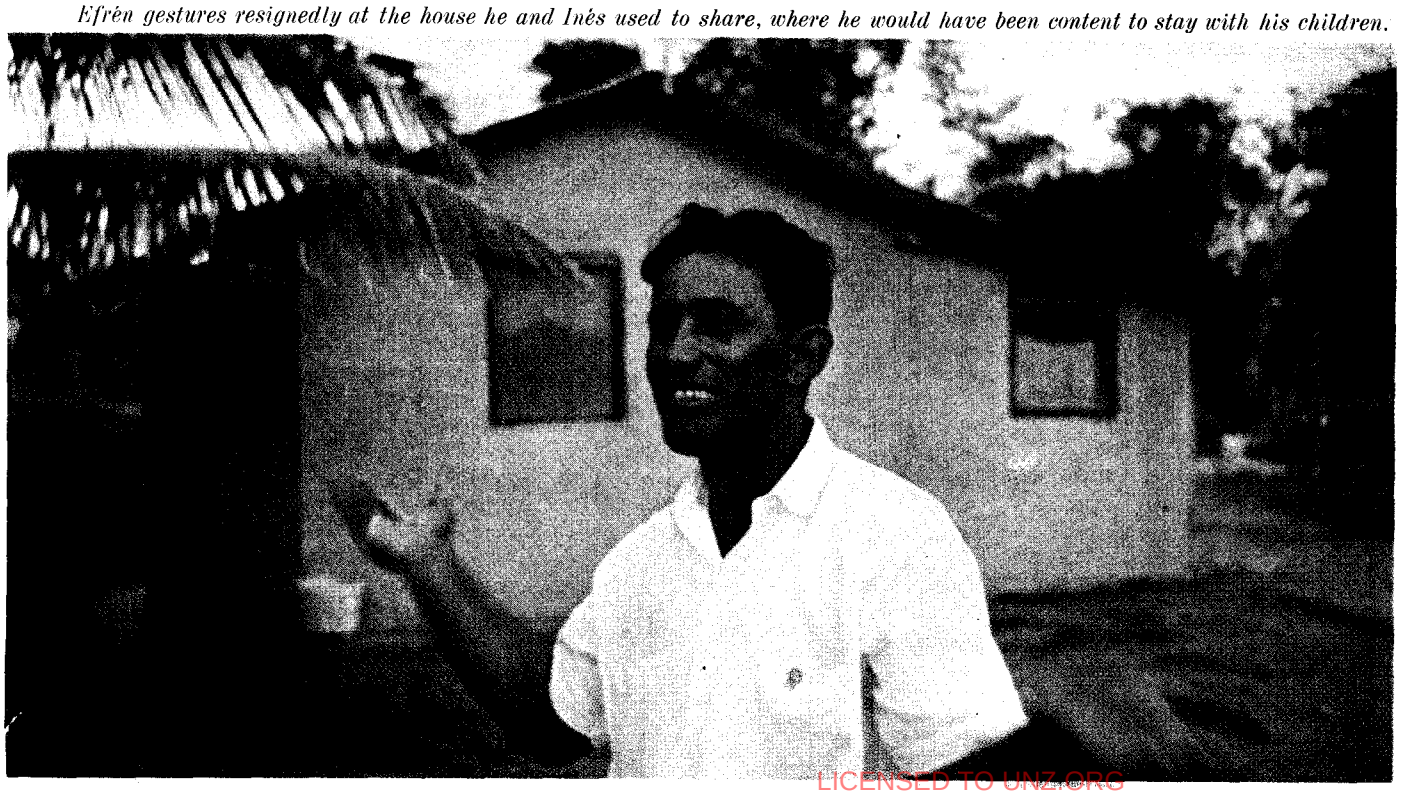
As I arrived at the hospital, a great crowd was already there—photographers, newspapermen, curious people from the streets. At the door, Edalina, second daughter of Inés, was talking to them. They were asking her, "Who is the father? Where is he?" She saw me and started to speak, but with my eyes and hands I told her to keep silent. She caught my signal.

"He is not here," she said. "He is at



Dr. Oscar Mayz Vallenilla, a member of the foundation formed to support the quintuplets, shows their father family's new home.

Efrén gestures resignedly at the house he and Inés used to share, where he would have been content to stay with his children.



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At the controls of the oil derrick where he works, Efrén operates drilling rig. He was on the job here, miles from shore on Lake Maracaibo, when the quintuplets were born.

work. Perhaps he will come tomorrow."

So I slipped unseen past the reporters and photographers and went on the elevator to the ninth floor, and the room of Inés. Her mother, Concepción, was guarding the door, a big woman, strong, with a high temper but warm of heart. She let me in.

"Well," said Inés, as if it were nothing, but with great pride within. "They have come. And they are all boys."

I found myself crying. I went to her and embraced her, and kissed her, and thanked her for what she had done. She told me that the births had been easy, that the babies had come in the normal way, and that the doctors had not cut her stomach, as they had planned. And again I cried for happiness, for I had feared that they would cut her.

And then, as we were talking, the judge came, and read the civil ceremony and made us man and wife.

Then began my great ordeal, which has not ended yet. The reporters and photographers had learned that I was there, and they were clamoring for me to come into the hall to talk to them. I went with great reluctance, and they asked me many silly questions, which made me angry and annoyed. I began to answer whatever came into my head.

"What do you eat," one asked me, "that makes you get five babies at once?"

"I eat only fish," I told him. He wrote this down. Later, another asked me the same question.

"I eat only oxtail soup," I told him, though I don't particularly like oxtail soup. He wrote this down, and the next day it was in the paper, and I was told that by the afternoon the butchers of Zulia had sold all their oxtails.

The photographers then asked me to go into the room with Inés, and re-create the scene in which I held her in my arms and kissed her. And I did this. But it was not the same. For a man does not embrace his wife with fullness of heart while cameras are pointing at him.

Becoming a celebrity

When the photographers were gone, my brother Haraldo, who had come to be with us, was severe with me. "You must be more polite," he said. "You are a famous man now. The governor of Zulia has come in person to pay his respects. President Betancourt has sent a telegram of congratulations."

I did not feel like a famous man. I felt like a simple oil-well worker who, for merely doing that which all men do, had suddenly been pushed out on a balcony for all the world to stare at. But there was reason in what my brother had said, and in the days that followed, when journalists from all over the world were coming, I tried to act with courtesy. When they joked with me, I joked with them, and their questions no longer offended me. They rolled off my back.

"Efrén," said one, "what is your recipe for quintuplets?"

"My recipe is a professional secret," I said. But that is ridiculous. No man has a secret recipe for making five babies. Such things are in the hands of God.

Now, as the weeks have passed, I have grown more relaxed. I will tell my story seriously, as honestly as I can. It is not a complicated story. My name is Efrén Lubín Prieto Nava. I was born in Santa Rita 38 years ago, the son of Régulo Augusto Prieto, who owned a sailboat and carried cargoes between all the little port towns on Lake Maracaibo. My grandmother, Candelaria, was a remarkable woman. She lived to be 115 years old. My mother, Ana Segundo Nava, is also remarkable. She is 83 now, though her mind and body are like that of a woman of 70. She had 16 pregnancies in her lifetime, and of them, 10 children were born alive. All are alive today, except my brother Emilio, who went to Caracas to become a policeman, and later a *político*. He blew himself up in 1951, while making a homemade bomb to protest the government of Pérez Jiménez.

I am a simple man of little education. I did not see the inside of a schoolhouse until I was 16 years old, and I remained a student only four years, though I can read and write very well. I have worked very hard since I was small. When I was eight, my father took me to my uncle, José Trinidad Nava, the brother of my mother, who owned a hacienda where he kept many cows and sold much milk.

"José Trinidad," said my father to my uncle, "I give you now my son. Teach him to work."

My uncle did not fail in this. My workday began at midnight, when I arose to make coffee for the men who milked the cows. Then I would catch the calves and take them to their mothers, and let them start to suck so that the milk would begin to flow. Then I would pull them away, and this was hard work, for a hungry calf is strong-minded, and his hooves are very sharp, and they can be very painful on a bare foot. At about three in the morning, when the milking had been finished, I would load the cans of milk on the backs of donkeys, and drive these donkeys for three hours, over a narrow trail through the woods. By daylight I would be in the little town of Tasajeras, where my mother lived. Here I would leave the donkeys and load the milk cans in a truck which would carry them to the distributor at Lagunillas. I would then return to my mother's home, and she would feed me, and I would gather my donkeys and return to the hacienda. I would ride the leading donkey and go to sleep in the saddle, for he knew the trail

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"MY RECIPE IS A PROFESSIONAL SECRET."

to his corral as well as I. I would arrive at the hacienda about four in the afternoon and cut feed for the donkeys until dark, and then I would eat and go to sleep until midnight, when I was again to start another day. I did this for eight years, until I was 16. I received no pay except a bed, and food and clothes.

At 16 I left my uncle and went to live with my sister at the Red Camp of the Creole Petroleum Corp., where for four years I went to school. I then went to Maracaibo, where I worked in a brewery for 75 cents a day, but this was tiring work, so I returned to Red Camp, where my sister's husband, José Encarnación Caldera, found work for me with Creole as a driller's helper. Soon I became a *cuñero*, who handles the *cuña*, the heavy clamp which keeps the pipe from slipping. This is heavy work, and develops strong muscles in the back and shoulders.

I was 21 now, and a man, and I began living with Julia Gutierrez, who gave me two daughters, Ana Beatriz, who is now 17, and Nelly Margaret, 16. After four years, however, I grew tired of the oil fields. I quit and took my severance pay, and bought a pickup truck. In this truck I hauled water from a public well provided by Creole, and sold it in all the little towns. Some days I made as much as 120 *bolívares*, and I bought many nice things for my woman, Julia—good mattresses for the beds and a sewing machine that cost 1,600 *bolívares*.

In time, however, the truck broke, and my business ended, and my income ceased. Times became very difficult, and I asked Julia's permission to sell the sewing machine to my brother-in-law, José Concepción Caldera, for 400 *bolívares*, so that I could repair the truck. She agreed, but when I sold the machine, she had me put in jail for stealing the sewing machine, even though I had given her 200 of the 400 *bolívares*. José came to the jail to get me out, and they tried to put him in jail for receiving stolen goods. Then my mother came and gave the jailer a tongue-lashing and got me out. So I never lived with Julia after that, though I still provide 130 *bolívares* a month for the support of my daughters.

I went to live with my mother in Barquisimeto, and here I had many jobs, driving trucks to sell vegetables, and driving big dump trucks for a construction firm. Here also I met Teodósila Arenas, and in 1950 we began to live together. In that year I went back to work with Creole, where I have worked ever since, first as a *cuñero*, as before, later as the *encuellador*, the man who works high in the derrick, 150 feet above the ground, and later as a driller, which is my job now.

After Teodósila had given me six children, we decided to be married, for I wished to regularize my situation and give my children a second name. In 1959 the legal ceremony was performed. Up to this time, though we had had moments of impatience with each other, we had no serious quarrels. After the marriage, however, Teodósila's attitude toward me seemed to harden greatly. Feeling more sure of herself in marriage, she became greatly demanding. So we would quarrel, and separate, and go back together again, and finally I took her home to her mother. We had seven children then, and she was pregnant with her eighth. When the pains of labor came, she left her mother and came back to Ciudad Ojeda to our house. I was at work when she arrived, and when I came in the morning, she had beside her the new baby, which had been born in the night.

Three days later I awoke in the morning to find her standing over me with a machete. I left the house hastily and did not return. She lives there now with her children, and she can remain as long as she likes, though I have had the house placed in my mother's name, so that Teodósila cannot sell it.

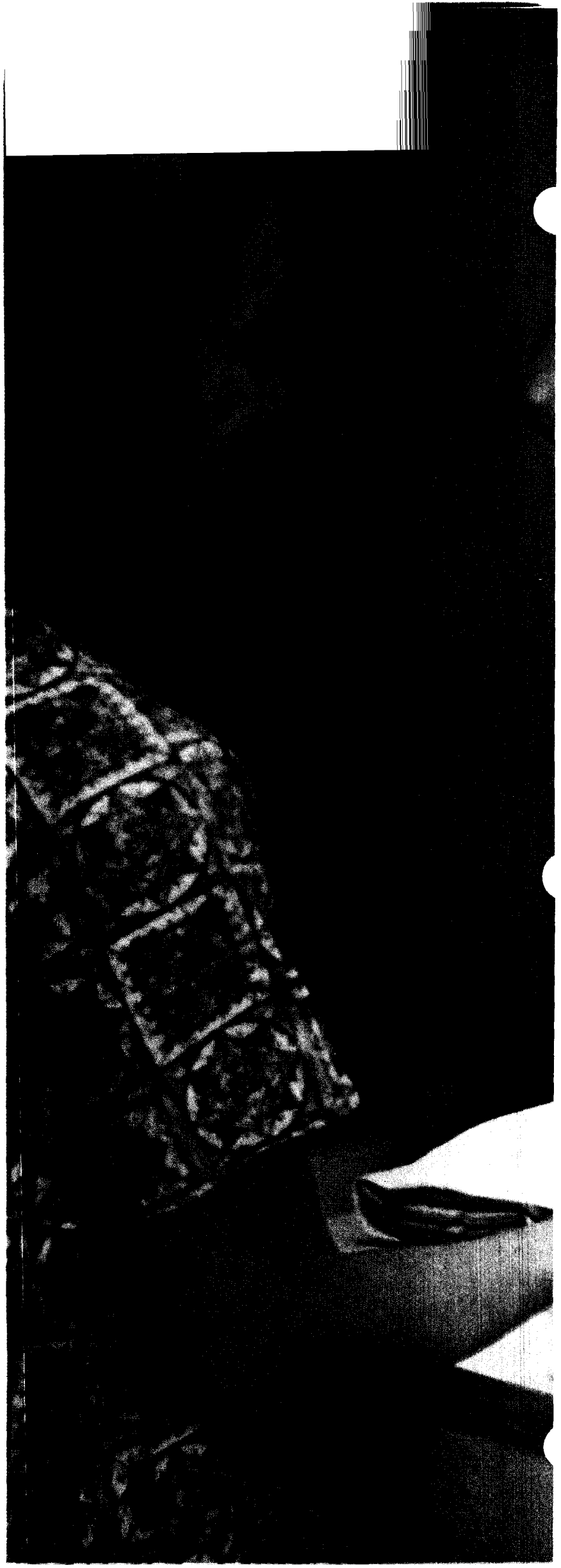
After the incident of the machete I made application for divorce, which finally came through shortly before the quintuplets were born. Teodósila, in turn, embargoed my salary at Creole, so that she received nearly two thirds of my weekly pay for herself and the children.

Quints bring change

During the time of my troubles with Teodósila I became very nervous. My weight dropped from 166 to 130 pounds, and I could not sleep. I then began to find comfort with Inés, who lived alone in her own little house with her five children. She was a kind and good and loving woman, divorced since 1955, who worked at many things, including selling cosmetic products house to house. She began to cook my meals for me, and in January of last year, when part of the embargo on my salary was lifted, we began to live together. We did not live at her house, however, for I wanted to get away from the wagging tongues of the gossips in Ciudad Ojeda. I bought for us, for 3,600 *bolívares* (about $800), the little house in Q Road. It is a nice house, pink in color, with red trim, and in the yard there are trees bearing coconuts, and mangoes, avocados and custard fruit and cashews. It is very quiet there, with only the sound of the frogs at night, and the calling of birds, and the fenced-in lot is big enough to support a cow. There the quintuplets were conceived, and there I would have been content to live my life with Inés, and her children, and our five boys. But this, I am afraid, is not to be. As parents of the quintuplets our lives are now controlled by theirs. We must live, and I must work, in whatever place the Foundation, to which we have assigned authority for their care, chooses as best for them and their upbringing.

For myself I would not have chosen this fame, this notoriety. But a man cannot guide the course his life will take. For me, and Inés, and our children, the future will be as God wills it, and to this I have reconciled myself. THE END

Next Week:
THE MYSTERY QUINTS OF ARGENTINA



"No es posible, no lo creo—It is not possible, I don't believe it," Efrén

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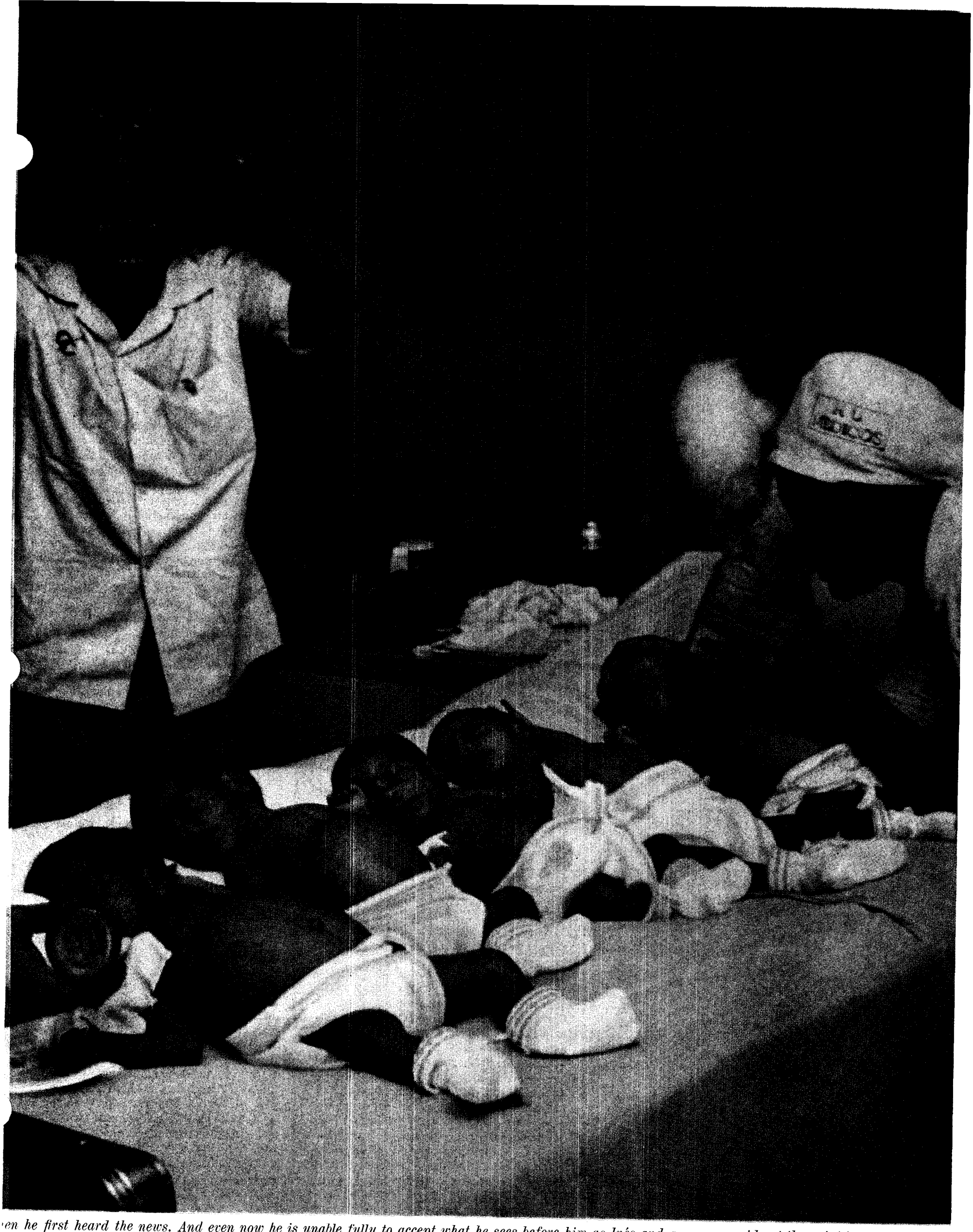

'en he first heard the news. And even now he is unable fully to accept what he sees before him as Inés and a nurse preside at the quints' mealtime.

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The flight of

THE YANKEE DOLLAR

HOW LONG CAN WE "PAPER THE CRACK OF DOOM"?

By Martin Mayer

In a room on the seventh floor of the big stone Federal Reserve Bank building three blocks north of Wall Street stand seven Teletype machines clicking messages back and forth between the money men of the United States and the central banks of some 80 nations. Across the hall seven men sit at a big table, telephoning constantly to check the prices of gold and of foreign currencies on the world's markets, then buying or selling for the "Fed" itself, or as agents for the U.S. Treasury, for Germany's Bundesbank or The Bank of England, or for any of a dozen other government participants in what Treasury Under Secretary Robert Roosa has called "this little ring of ours."

Deep in the basement, very well guarded, sit $13 billion worth of gold bars, the largest cache in the world. Most of this gold used to be in Fort Knox, where it was the property of the U.S. Government. Today it is the property of foreign governments, (mostly European), and international institutions such as the World Bank. They ask the Fed to hold it for them. The men who read the Teletype and staff the trading phones work with government bankers abroad to keep the world's major currencies on a level, even when money market men clearly prefer one currency to another or feel the urge to convert paper money to gold. Over the last three years, the traders' first objective has been to keep U.S. gold from flowing too rapidly out of Fort Knox.

Today we need help to maintain the dollar in the world's markets, and right now we get it. Three years ago, before Robert Roosa developed the current machinery, the price of gold on the London gold exchange rose one day in 15 minutes of panicky trading from near the $35 an ounce which the U.S. Government says gold is worth to more than $40. "Those fifteen minutes," says a Treasury man, "cost the United States a billion dollars of gold." In March, 1961, when Roosa was just starting his ring of bankers, the revaluation of the German mark started another almost uncontrollable panic. "Fortunately," Roosa says, waving his hand about his elegantly furnished office overlooking the White House, "I had just come down here then. My family hadn't arrived, so I could be at the office all the time."

Since then the world has been through some *real* crises—over Berlin and Cuba, de Gaulle's veto of Britain's application to the Common Market, the worldwide stock-market crash of May, 1962, the assassination of President Kennedy—and the foreign exchange markets have scarcely rippled. Roosa now checks in only once a day or so with Charles Coombs, who runs the American end of the ring, to find out if there is anything new. Financial observers have been dazzled by the virtuosity of Roosa and the European bankers in finding ways to keep the dollar market stable, through official currency swaps between countries, the sale of U.S. Government bonds to be repaid in foreign currencies, and other devices. "That man," a Wall Street banker recently said of Roosa, "could paper over the crack of doom."

Not many Americans know how much papering over the dollar has required recently. Most of us still think of the world as it was 15 years ago, when other currencies were "funny money," and the American abroad could buy lots of extra francs or marks for his dollar if he was willing to run the risks of the black market. Today the dollar sells a little *below* its official exchange value in most European countries. Since 1958, as the Brookings Institution recently reported in a study commissioned by the government, the dollar has become "a weak currency." If it gets much weaker, warns the New York Fed's *Monthly Review*, there will be "disastrous consequences stretching far into the future. . . . The time factor has now become a matter of major importance." What the Fed is doing merely buys the United States time to get its international books in balance; and for all Roosa's cleverness, the clock is beginning to run out.

For the last six years the other nations have been accumulating our dollars at an annual rate of from $2 billion to $4 billion. At one point last spring this soared to an annual rate of $5 billion. We stand obliged to sell other nations gold in return for these dollars, and we are already in a situation where, if all the foreign holders of dollars came around on the same day and asked for their gold, we would not have enough of it to pay them off. We have, in fact, only about $2.7 billion in "free gold" available to honor these obligations (the rest of our $15.4 billion supply is "monetized" gold tied up to back our own currency).

What has been keeping us afloat internationally is the willingness of other nations—Germany, France, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Holland and Japan—to lend us money through Roosa's ring. These loans are not like the formal loans we used to make to other nations in the years when the dollar was strong. They are relaxed affairs, without written agreements or repayment schedules.

These "strong currency" nations have found themselves, year after year, in possession of a lot of extra dollars. These dollars are American I O U's, which can be paid off in more American goods—which they do not want—or in gold. In most years the Europeans have collected about a third of their I O U's in gold, and used some of the remainder to prepay our old loans to them ahead of schedule. They just hang on to the rest in the form of U.S. Government securities, lending us money the way a man lends his cousin Louie 10 bucks. He hopes Louie will pay him soon, and reserves the right to hit Louie whenever he needs it himself.

"We've already had a cumulative deficit of fifteen billion dollars financed by other people," Roosa says, "because they wanted to hold the dollars. It's given us much more time and leeway than any other country could have had. But it can't go on forever."

The relative weakness of the dollar—which we usually call "the balance-of-payments defi-

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What happens to "hot money"?

cit," because it sounds nicer—has already influenced a good deal of American Government policy, foreign and domestic, trivial and important. We are withdrawing some of our troops from Germany, for example, to save the dollars they spend—though the State Department would like to see the men stay there. We are spending $1 billion to develop a supersonic passenger plane (which probably cannot be used over the continental United States) because we are afraid that if we do not we will lose our aircraft market to French and British manufacturers. We jumped to sell the Russians $250 million worth of wheat, partly because we wanted Communist gold (which comes in bars like capitalist gold but with a hammer and sickle stamped on them).

In 1962 the late President Kennedy made a Trade Expansion Act his No. 1 priority in Congress, largely on the grounds that more trade would help strengthen the dollar. A dozen years ago Washington was organizing teams of businessmen to go abroad and help the Europeans increase their production so that they would not be so dependent on American gifts; last year Washington was organizing teams of businessmen to persuade Europeans to spend more of their money on American goods.

On the penny-saved level, we have been railing against a Common Market tariff on frozen chickens from the United States. We have been shipping California wine to PX's in France and Germany to keep our troops from acquiring a taste for Burgundy or Rheingau, and sending bourbon to England to keep the boys off Scotch. We are advertising in Europe for tourists to come spend their money in the United States the way our tourists spend dollars over there.

Under a new procedure set up last summer, *all* foreign expenditures by the Government must pass not only through the usual Budget Bureau mesh but also through the narrower sieve of a cabinet-level committee chaired by Treasury Secretary Dillon. What is particularly frustrating to our Government is the fact that our problems are not like those other nations have had—and cannot be met in any of the tried-and-true ways. Usually, heavy drains on a nation's gold supply and deficits in its "balance of payments" are the result of basic ills—of serious inflation or an economic imbalance which forces a country to spend more on imported goods than it can earn by selling its own stuff abroad. Inflation at home makes foreign goods look cheap, so you buy them; and it makes your goods look expensive abroad, so foreigners do not buy them.

But we do not have a trade deficit and we have not had a serious inflation problem since 1957. In 1962, when our balance of *payments* showed a leak of about $2.2 billion, our balance of *trade* showed a surplus of $4.4 billion—we exported $20.6 billion worth of goods, and imported $16.2 billion worth. Even if you subtract the $2.5 billion of our goods which we gave away to underdeveloped nations through our foreign-aid programs—but counted among "exports" in calculating our trade—we were handsomely in the black.

Where does our deficit come from, then? There are half a dozen sizable leaks—and, as Sam Pizer of the Department of Commerce says, "you can make any one of them the villain of the piece, depending on how you feel." The Administration has made almost all of them villains and is hacking away to cut them down to size:

Military expenses. We spend about $3 billion a year to maintain our installations abroad. We are trying to cut this deficit—the spectacular airlift between Texas and Frankfurt in October was designed to prove that we could maintain military effectiveness in Germany with fewer men. At one point, to conserve dollars, the Pentagon tried to keep American soldiers from taking their wives and children overseas; last summer the Defense Department denied to the troops abroad a pay increase that had been voted servicemen. Our Cold War commitments, however, would hardly allow a drastic cutback in our costly military "presence" overseas.

Foreign Aid. About $1.5 billion of the money we give away to underdeveloped nations is spent by them for goods made outside the United States. This figure should drop, partly because Congress is getting tougher on foreign-aid appropriations, partly because new foreign-aid agreements provide specifically that the money must be spent here rather than elsewhere. But here, again, our efforts to solve the payments problem can come into conflict with our political aims in the Cold War.

Tourism. Americans traveling abroad spend about $1.4 billion more than foreigners spend on their travels here. This sum is rising all the time, at a rate of almost $300 million a year. But public opinion and politics (tourists are also voters) probably rule out any drastic control measures, such as limiting the amount of money an American can take abroad with him.

Remittances. We are a nation of immigrants and immigrants' children, and a lot of people have kept in touch with their families in the Old Country, who have not done so well as the American cousins. Also, some college graduates like to be expatriate artists for a few years. Not quite $1 billion a year goes from private citizens to help out the poor relations abroad, and to pay for Susie's attempt to be a poet on Majorca—and not much can be done about it.

Investments. Over the last six years the European, Canadian and Japanese economies have been expanding more rapidly than ours, and Americans with money to invest have felt there were greater profits to be made abroad. The automobile companies, particularly, have chosen to buy European auto makers, or expand their existing European factories, rather than spend money in the home market. The biggest single dollar-loss transaction came a few years back when Ford, which owned 54.6 percent of English Ford, bought out the holders of the other 45.4 percent for $334 million.

Meanwhile, foreign interest rates have been higher than ours, so a number of American banks have been lending money to foreign companies. A banker who can get 7 percent or even 8 percent when he lends to a solid Dutch or Japanese or British company may prefer to send his money overseas rather than lend it at 4½ percent at home. Most big American banks have set up sizable foreign branches in recent years. New York's First National City Bank, for example, now has 7,500 employees outside the United States. And on various occasions, particularly in the early part of 1963, ordinary investors in droves have suddenly decided to buy European or Canadian or Japanese securities. American private investment abroad has been running at about $3 billion a year, as against $1 billion or so of foreign investment in American business.

This leak makes the most trouble. A man who deals with European central bankers says, "These people are getting sick and tired of lending us money so we can buy up their industries. They don't believe that our Government has no control over what American private business does in the foreign field. If some European firm wanted to buy up a foreign subsidiary, the government would call them up and say, 'Don't do it'—and they wouldn't. Europeans just can't believe our Government doesn't have the same powers. Though both sides deny it, the Treasury *did* call Henry Ford II when it heard he was planning to shell out $334 million in England—and Ford told the Treasury to mind its own business."

Last spring a sudden rash of American purchases of European securities sent the dollar deficit soaring. To stop this leak, the Treasury proclaimed a new "interest-equalization tax" on foreign securities sold in the U.S. A bill has been introduced in Congress to impose the tax retroactive to mid-July. How much good this is going to do is a matter of bitter dispute. Public sale of foreign stocks and bonds has been stopped cold in the U.S. market, but on Wall Street people say the tax has merely driven foreigners to substitute loans from U.S. banks for their stock sales here. In October, however, Treasury Secretary C. Douglas Dillon said the tax "is having the desired results." And the third-quarter balance-of-payments figures seemed to back him up; they dropped to an annual rate of $1.5 billion, the best one-quarter showing since 1957.

"*Hot money.*" This sounds crooked, but it is not. Just as European and Japanese long-term interest rates are higher than ours, their short-term rates are higher. American business generates a great deal of cash which its owners think they may need in six months or a year, but do not need now. Usually they keep this

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money in short-term U. S. Treasury notes and certificates, or in banks as time deposits. But they can also turn it over to one of a handful of international-finance experts in Wall Street, who will place it for them abroad wherever the interest rates are highest. This money churns about very rapidly, and one of the quickest ways a country can reverse a bad balance-of-payments figure is to boost its interest rates: Fighting to save the pound, the British went up to a *government bank rate* of seven percent in 1961—when our Federal Reserve rate, by contrast, was three percent. "If you make the interest rate high enough," the British economist Walter Bagehot said 100 years ago, "you will pull gold out of the ground."

During 1961, when the British rate was more than double ours, we lost a recorded $1.5 billion in short-term capital flows, or hot money. How big unrecorded losses are, nobody knows. Currency expert Franz Pick estimates that in 1962, $100 million left Manhattan alone through "hand payments," by which people gave actual bills to representatives of foreign banks and companies, for credit to their accounts abroad—thereby eliminating the nuisance of checks and formal records, which the Internal Revenue Service might wish to look at. Our official balance-of-payments ledger, compiled by the Department of Commerce, shows an annual loss of about $1 billion in the category "Errors and Omissions," which obviously means, "We don't know how the devil it's going."

To the extent that hot money is merely chasing better interest rates, the Treasury and the Fed may plug the leak by pushing our short-term rates a little higher. Nobody in the U. S. Government, however, is prepared to see very high interest rates here. Most economists believe that high interest works to increase unemployment. Each one percent in the mortgage rate, for example, means an extra eight dollars a month in what you have to pay the bank on the usual 30-year, $15,000 mortgage, so it makes houses harder to buy. High interest rates contributed to the British recession of 1962; when the Canadians went to a six-percent bank rate they developed an unemployment rate almost as bad as what we had at the depth of the depression. "We have reached a stage," says Roosa earnestly, "where we will never adopt a policy that incurs unemployment, even if it's only 'for a while.'" Within these limits, however, the Administration has been nudging interest rates higher, to keep hot money home.

Some people see a simple way out of our deficit—"devaluation," the classic solution to classic balance-of-payments problems. We now say that an ounce of gold equals 35 paper dollars; but we could say tomorrow that an ounce of gold equals $70. The Germans now say that an ounce of gold equals 140 paper marks, which means that a dollar equals four marks. If the Germans held fast while we devalued, the dollar would be worth only two marks. A Volkswagen that now sells in America for about $1,600 would automatically go up to $3,200, making it considerably less attractive; a Chevrolet that now sells in Germany for 16,000 marks would go to 8,000 marks, at which price it would sell like crazy. We would import fewer VW's and export more Chevrolets, and the deficit would disappear.

But this solution would be like using an atom bomb to kill the mosquitoes. It "would be a breach of faith with our friends abroad, and with our own citizens," Alfred Hayes, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, said in a recent speech. Countries that did not devalue with us would go broke; so most of them would probably match what we did, leaving us with a very brief advantage and a bad reputation all over the world.

The French, who have been muttering in international meetings that the United States cannot be trusted, have been taking gold for their dollars right along—of the almost $1 billion in gold that we lost last year, about half went to France. They would be the winners if we devalued, while the nations that have believed in our good faith would be losers. Devaluing, we would take the $20 billion we owe to our allies and say, "Sorry, chums, it's worth only $10 billion now." The really big gainers would be South Africa and Russia, which have major gold mines, and would receive $70 instead of $35 for each ounce of gold. These are not nations we particularly wish to reward.

Another way out, popular with some commentators, would be simply to ignore the payments deficit. It amounts, after all, to only $3 billion in a gross national product of almost $600 billion. We have serious problems of economic growth, unemployment, urban renewal, education, which should take priority over this artificial business of gold. Our troops are abroad because our allies want them there; our investments are going to Europe because the Europeans want to expand. This apple cart has *their* apples in it—they'll never kick it over.

A Government economist listened to this argument and nodded. "That's right," he said. "It's like the time Mabel woke up in the middle of the night and found Joe pacing the bedroom. She said, 'My God, Joe, what's wrong?'

"He said, 'Mabel, I can't face it. I owe Sam ten thousand dollars, and I don't know how I'm ever going to pay him.'

"Mabel picked up the phone and dialed. It was 3 A.M., so it took a little while before she got an answer. Then she said, 'Sam? This is Mabel—Joe's wife. Joe can't pay you the ten thousand dollars he owes you.' Then she hung up. She turned to her husband and said, 'There. You come to bed. Let *him* worry.'"

The economist added, "But that's not the way the world is. At some point one of your creditors cracks down on you. And then the others have to do the same in self-defense—even if it means they're losers by it."

Right now nobody is seriously worried that the creditors will crack down. "We take our comfort," says the Treasury's Merlyn Trued, "from the fact that the basic position of the United States is so very strong." We doubtless have more economic as well as military muscle than all the other nations of the West put together. Outside the Soviet bloc and the underdeveloped areas, all international trade rests on the proposition that the dollar is literally "good as gold." Settling their accounts with each other, nations accept payment in dollars just as quickly as they accept payment in gold itself.

Tax cut might stop the leaks

Over the long run, moreover, some of today's leaks should become faucets, pouring gold back to Fort Knox. Our earnings on foreign investments are rising at a rate of about $300 million a year. Profit margins have been increasing in the U.S. and diminishing abroad, which should cut down on the capital outflow—"The directors won't approve expansion of the plant in Bordeaux," says Sam Pizer of Commerce, "if you can make more money by expanding the plant in Bayonne, New Jersey." Our price level is currently stable while the Europeans have inflation problems, which ought to help us expand exports.

The Administration is counting especially on its proposed tax cut, which its economists say will give the American economy such a lift that investment opportunities here will become much more attractive than investment opportunities abroad. Rapid expansion following a tax cut would also give domestic interest rates a healthy, natural boost, perhaps enough to pull some hot money in our direction.

In the long run, however, as British economist Lord Keynes once put it, we are all dead—and meanwhile we are still leaking dollars. The immediate prospect is clouded by the fact that more than half our export surplus is in farm products—and the Common Market has shown signs of wanting to reserve its food markets for its own increasingly efficient farmers. A boom here might reduce our investment abroad, but first it would expand our imports. As events in the second quarter of 1963 showed, any increase in the dollar deficit makes our European partners extremely nervous. Everyone working in international finance, here or abroad, seems agreed that the United States must somehow "accept the balance-of-payments discipline"—cut down its expenses abroad or increase its sales abroad until the dollar leak stops or reduces to a dribble.

"Faith in a currency," said Alfred Hayes of New York's Federal Reserve Bank, "has the quality of being scarcely noticeable until there is some reason to question it." Even people who put domestic problems first by a big margin admit that the United States cannot afford a loss of faith in the dollar. "It isn't so much the twenty billion dollars that are held abroad," says a man in the Treasury Department. "We might be able to manage that. But there are a hundred billion loose dollars inside the United States which might try to escape to European currencies if the American businessman ever began to doubt the future of the dollar."

Whatever party is in power, then, any American Government will "defend the dollar" with whatever weapons are necessary. If a tax cut does not stop the dollar leak, the balance of payments will be righted in some other way. Anyone who thinks he knows a way that will not weaken our military and economic outposts against Communism, depress the economy or restrict the freedom of U. S. citizens should write immediately to The Hon. C. Douglas Dillon, Secretary of the Treasury, or to President Lyndon B. Johnson, Washington 25, D.C. They are looking for answers. THE END

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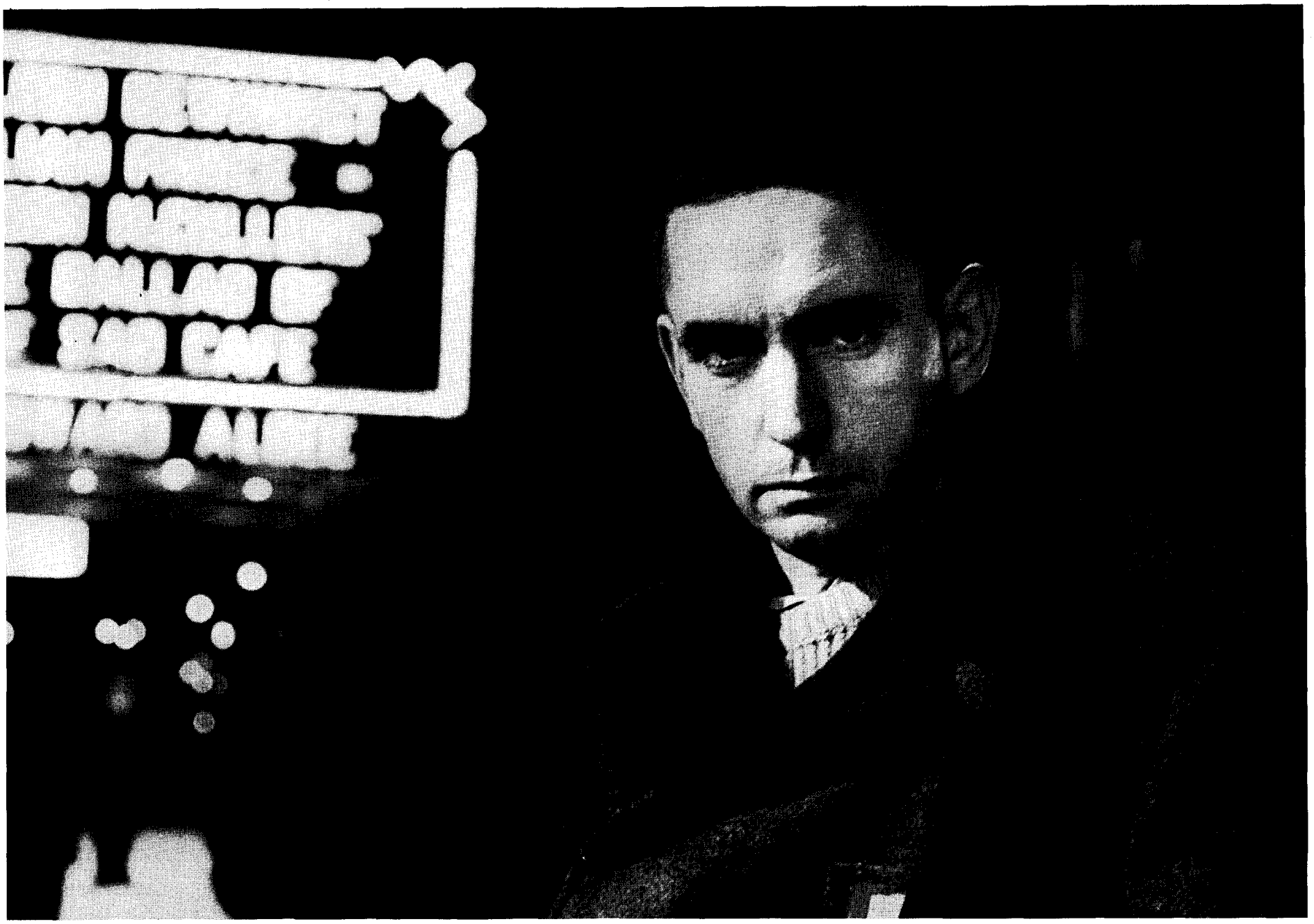
His own demeanor is faint
and cold, but his plays draw actors and audiences
into a vortex of violence.

BROADWAY'S HOTTEST PLAYWRIGHT, EDWARD ALBEE

BY JOHN SKOW



Albee glowers before theater housing his hit, "Ballad of the Sad Café." "I'm not interested in the kind of problems that can be tied in a bundle at the third-act curtain," he says.

The big woman greases her arms with hog fat. The man sullenly does the same. A lame dwarf lurches from one to the other like an evil Cupid, insane with glee. Townspeople whisper excitedly. When the woman and the man have finished readying themselves, they face each other, crouch and spring. Their fight is brutal, and for a time it is even. Then the woman's greater strength begins to tell. She has nearly strangled the man, when the dwarf shrieks and jumps on her back. The man recovers, clubs the woman to the ground, then gouges out her eyes. The *Ballad of the Sad Café* is over.

The cast takes its bows, and the cash customers walk up the aisle wearing a look that Broadway has come to know well. It is shock, but not simply that. The audience has had its emotions wrung out by something it does not understand and does not like, but cannot dismiss. After *Ballad's* opening performance, the first man interviewed by TV reporters was crying.

An hour or so after that opening, a thin young man at the cast party turned to Colleen Dewhurst, the show's star. "Why do we have to put up with this?" he asked, in a voice edged with boredom and irritation. "This" was the roomful of 32-toothed smilers waiting to widen their smiles or narrow them to smirks, depending on the reviews. The young man, who was Edward Albee, author of the stage version of *Ballad*, did not look as if he could possibly have attended enough opening-night parties to have become bored. He is 35 but looks 26, and his face is the kind you see waiting in an ad agency, 15 minutes early for an appointment with the assistant head of personnel.

But Albee, bad type-casting or not, can look, on a good night, very much like the New Thundering Savior of the American stage. There is no denying that the credentials he has presented both on and off Broadway are impressive. So impressive, in fact, that although he is supposed to be a ferocious critic of the American society, State Department Chautauqua officials recently booked him into Russia under the cultural exchange program.

Less than six years ago, however, the only thing impressive about Edward Albee was that a grandmother had left him $100,000 in trust. The income allowed him to slop through a comfortably shabby existence in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, as one of the late-rising legion of tennis-shoed young men who were, someday, going to write something. Then, a few weeks before he turned 30, Albee did write something. "I was desperate," he recalls with no pleasure. "It had begun to look as if I wouldn't make it."

He made it with *The Zoo Story*, a brief two-character play that, like the rest of his work, cannot be summarized precisely. It is about a homosexual who, despising the square world and unable to live in his own, tricks an inoffensive stranger

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into killing him. It is flawed by easy symbolism, but does contain two qualities that have marked almost everything Albee has written since. The first is a punishing force of dialogue: Every line has the inevitability of falling rock. The second is the author's ability to draw the emotions of actors and audience into a vortex of unbelievable violence.

Since *Zoo Story*, audiences have dazedly applauded five more gloomy, puzzling plays. Their themes are grounded in the destruction of children by parents, and of men and women by each other. The best of these is not *Ballad*, but a rackingly funny, astonishingly unpleasant three-and-a-half-hour drunk scene called *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, which has been on Broadway for 15 months.

Virginia Woolf—the title refers to a drunken joke and may be ignored—deals with two married couples who gnaw away at each other for three acts like dying hyenas. There is no letup except to pour more whiskey. At the end the actors do not bow, they slump.

Virginia Woolf is clearly the most powerful play by an American author since *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and most critics praised it. Others, upon being fanned back to consciousness, pronounced that society's moral fabric, that tattered dropcloth, was being unraveled again. When the Pulitzer Prize nominating committee voted in favor of Albee's play, the trustees of Columbia University, who control the award, rose up righteously and refused to give the play their approval.

What is this alarming young man like, and what is he up to? Before rehearsals began this season, Albee took time from polishing *Ballad* to answer some questions. The place was a beach house on Fire Island, a rookery for Manhattan's artists and almost-artists. Albee wore a three-day beard, short hair and his customary solemn expression. Speaking in a barely audible, buttoned-down voice, he said that he was not indulging in "attack for the sake of attack. But I don't write reassuring plays, not opiates. . . ." He smiled a faint, cold smile at his understatement. "I'm not interested in the kind of problems that can be tied in a bundle at the third-act curtain. You walk out of that sort of play, and all you think about is where you parked your car."

Symbols? Albee's plays are hung with tempting but somewhat unripe symbolic fruit, and more than one critic has come away with a stomachache. The older married combatants in *Virginia Woolf*, for instance, are called George and Martha. They have pretended to each other for years that they have a son, who is, or would be if he existed, 21 years old. If the playgoer is intended to think of George and Martha Washington, does Albee mean the whole of the gloomy play to be a dissection of the American culture? And does the son "represent" something? Capitalism, Christianity, the perfectibility of man?

Albee shrugged off the son, a startlingly inventive parody of whatever cherished falsities suggest themselves to the viewer. George and Martha? "This country hasn't lived up to its beginnings," Albee said. "But the naming of George and Martha was supposed to be a small irony, not a large truth." He was quiet for a moment. "It all starts out terribly private. Then somewhere along the line you realize you're talking about general matters. If it stays private, it's no good."

Some critics have suggested that the "terribly private" origins of Albee's plays, like those of many writers, lie somewhere in his personal background. At the age of two weeks he was adopted—he knows nothing of his natural parents—by Reed Albee, heir to the Albee theater fortune, and his wife Frances. Reed was a small, vague man whom not even money could make vivid. Frances was, and is, tall, imperious and social.

There are some observers who see certain similarities between these two and the protagonists of Albee's cruelly satiric fantasy, *The American Dream*, but the nervous laughter from theater audiences indicates that many people can recognize a more universal drama in the conflict between Albee's anonymous caricatures. Their dialogue deadens the ear:

MOMMY: I went to buy a new hat yesterday. I said, I went to buy a new hat yesterday.

DADDY: Oh! Yes . . . yes.

MOMMY: Pay attention.

DADDY: I *am* paying attention, Mommy.

MOMMY: Well, be sure you do.

DADDY: Oh, I am.

MOMMY: All right, Daddy; now listen.

DADDY: I'm listening, Mommy.

MOMMY: You're sure!

DADDY: Yes . . . yes, I'm sure, I'm all ears.

MOMMY: (*Giggles at the thought; then*) All right, now. I went to buy a new hat yesterday and I said, "I'd like a new hat, please," And so, they showed me a few hats, green ones and blue ones, and I didn't like any of them, not one bit. What did I say? What did I just say?

DADDY: You didn't like any of them, not one bit.

MOMMY: That's right, you just keep paying attention.*

In *Dream*, Albee portrays Mommy and Daddy as a couple who once adopted a son, whom they crippled with psychological torture of a classic Freudian kind. The only character treated with sympathy in *Dream* is "Grandma." She also appears in *Sandbox*, a one-acter in which she commits suicide by sitting in a child's sandpile and slowly burying herself with a toy shovel.

No outsider can know at this point what Albee's real relations with his foster parents were like. The record suggests that Edward was pampered clumsily with expensive toys and exotic pets, but that he was still a lonely child. Does Albee have any resentment toward his foster parents as a result of his confused childhood? "No, I don't think so," he said. "But I find it hard to forgive my real parents." He has not seen Frances Albee in years, he said. What does she think of his plays? "I don't know whether she has seen them." The subject closed with an audible click.

During his youth, Edward was kicked out of a succession of prep schools for refusing to prep, but graduated from Choate, where masters praised his wildly self-pitying verse. He tried Trinity College for three semesters, cut too many classes and was bounced.

When he was 21 he began receiving about $50 a week from his inheritance. He moved to Manhattan and for a while dated a debutante. Then, drifting into New York's bohemia, he shared an apartment with William Flanagan, a composer who later wrote the incidental music for *Ballad* and is currently collaborating with Albee on an operetta.

To pad out his inheritance, Albee worked at a string of dreary jobs, among them, messenger boy for Western Union. ("I liked delivering telegrams; it got me out into the air," he says.) And, recalls Flanagan, "every six months he had a fit at the typewriter." In 1953 Albee met Thornton Wilder who read his verse and suggested that Albee write plays.

But it was five years before Albee wrote anything. "Things just ran down," he said. Then came *Zoo Story*. The play opened in Berlin in 1959 and was a huge success. Albee, however, showed no particular elation; he didn't kick up his heels, he didn't buy a new suit. And that has been the pattern for the unbroken string of successful openings since. After the opening of *Ballad*, he thanked the cast for a fine performance, then withdrew to nod and smile his cool, unearthly smile. And yet, says Colleen Dewhurst, "you put your arms around him and you feel a terrible warmth."

Theater people who have worked with Albee agree that he has enormous talent and a complete professionalism. Actors love to play Albee parts. "You've always got a chunk to get into," said Miss Dewhurst. "His theatrical instincts are phenomenally sure," said Alan Schneider, perhaps the best of the younger generation of directors, who has directed everything Albee has written since *American Dream*. Albee maintains a firm control over his scripts, and although he will make changes with good grace, the final decisions are his. And since Albee believes he can write plays better than the Boston critics, he refuses to open his shows out of town. For *Ballad*, he refused to grant an intermission, thus forcing his audience to give up smoking for more than two hours. "Why not?" Albee says. "They do it in movies."

Critics who are disappointed in *Ballad* say it is not really a play at all, but a talking novel. An omniscient narrator stands between the audience and Colleen Dewhurst's hulking Miss Amelia, the country girl who marries the strongest man in her Georgia village, throws him out of her house when he wants to make love, and years later fights him in the terrible battle—waged over the friendship of the dwarf—that ends the play.

It was not an accident, however, that Albee chose the Carson McCullers story to adapt. The novella follows a theme that runs through Albee's work—that love between men and women is impossible except as a kind of total warfare.

This theme obviously arises from somewhere near the center of Edward Albee. But it is not quite the core of Albee's plays. It may not be possible to say what this core is until Albee has written more—currently he is working on two plays and a novel. His writing invites speculation but resists analysis; he is an emotional rather than an intellectual writer.

But any understanding of Albee probably should begin with his preoccupation with hate. Hate is the clay in which he works. *The Sandbox* and *The American Dream*, despite their humor, are pure hatred. In *The Zoo Story* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* hate is masked by a contorted face called love. *The Ballad of the Sad Café* inverts the theme—love wears the face of hate.

Is Albee mellowing in *Ballad*, and can he stay angry enough to write good plays? No, say some observers—his life is too pleasant now.

Still, the inclination is to bet on Albee. No play will be watched more critically than his next one; he is the heir apparent. And it may be that soon the crown will be placed on his neatly furrowed brow, if only Tennessee Williams can remember what he did with it. THE END

After opening of "Ballad," Albee sits in theater scanning congratulatory telegrams.

*From THE AMERICAN DREAM by Edward Albee. ©1960 and 1961 by Edward Albee. Reprinted by permission of Coward-McCann, Inc.

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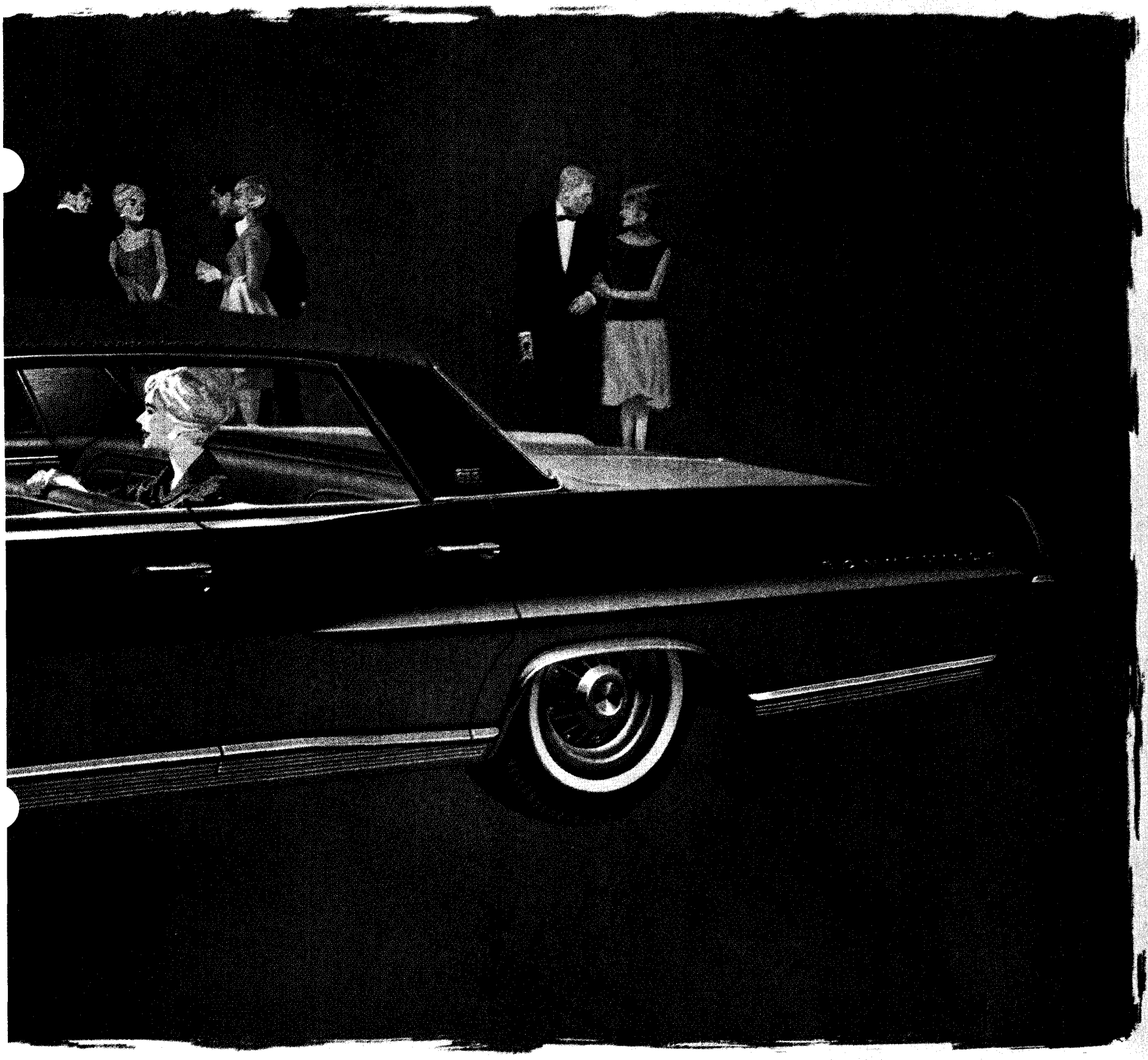

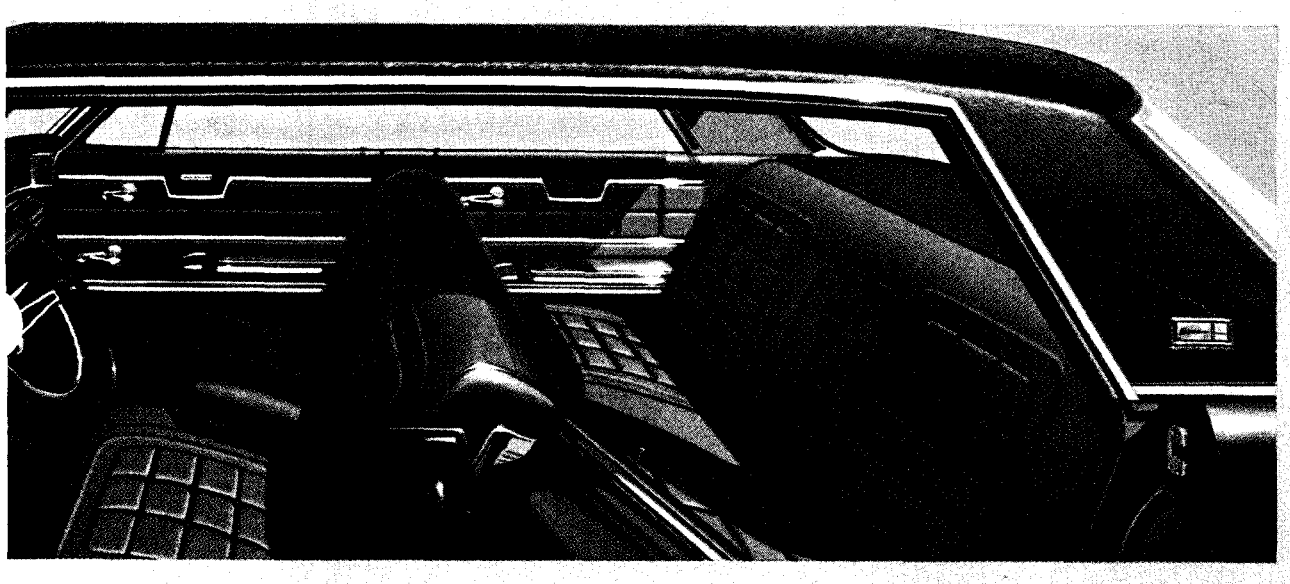

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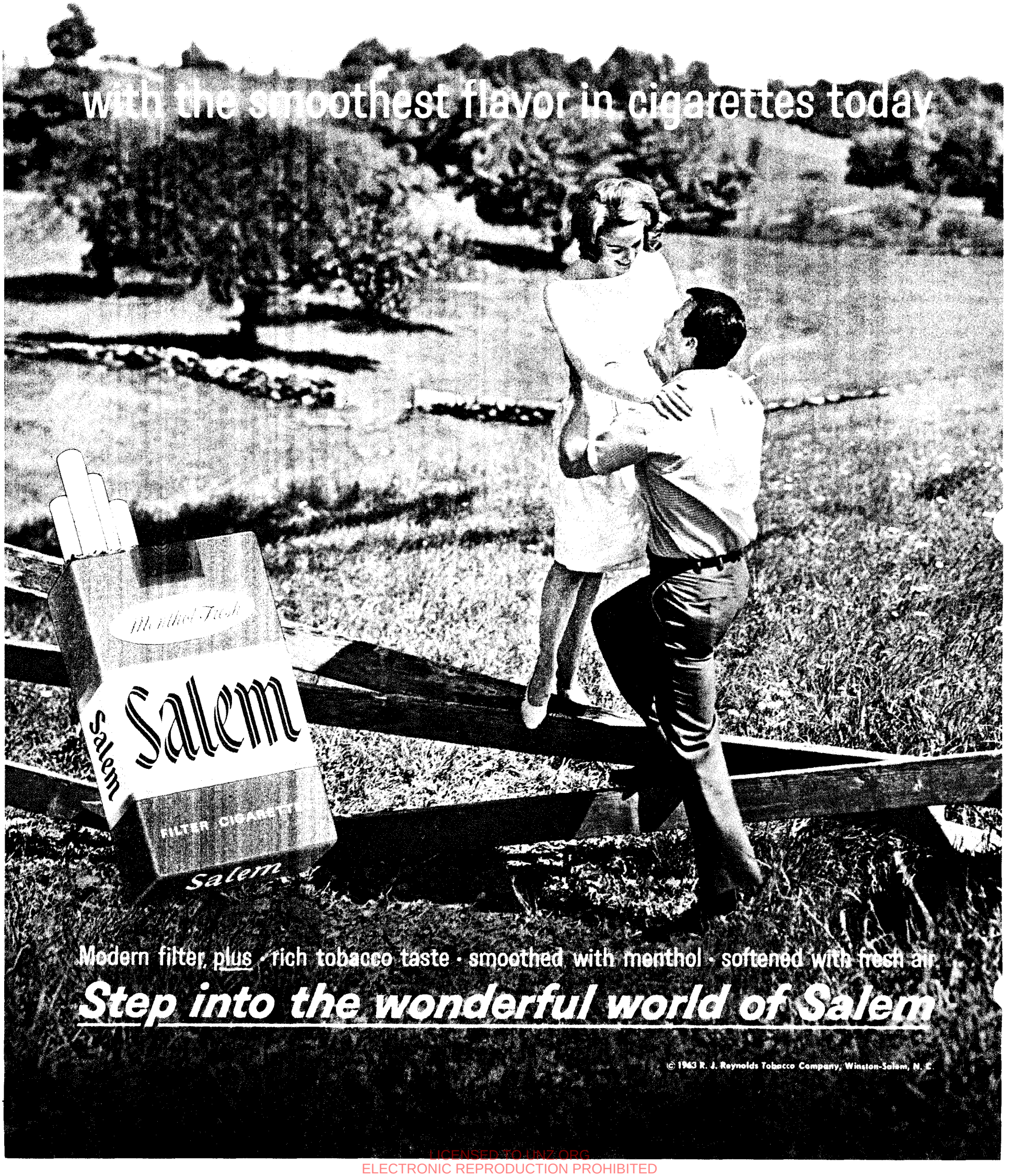
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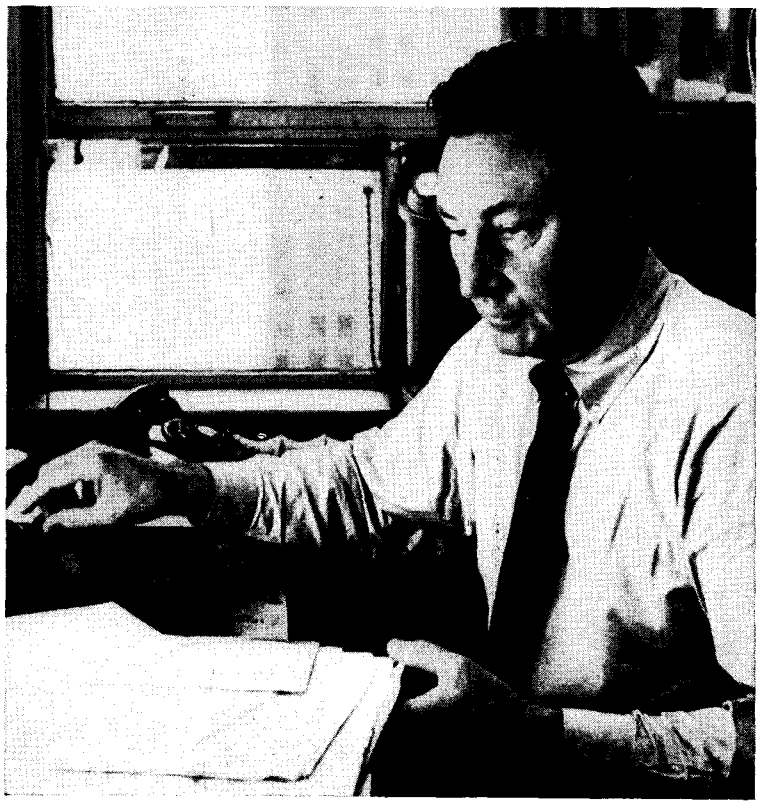
POST fiction



REUBEN, REUBEN

By Peter De Vries

In the Connecticut suburbia that is his milieu, Peter De Vries serves on the Westport library board, helps get out the vote on Election Day and coaches a Little League baseball team. Otherwise, he spends his time writing satires about other suburbanites who do much the same things he does. If he exaggerates the distortions of this life by holding his fellow suburbanites up to the funhouse mirror, they always can recognize themselves and laugh.

"Mankind," he says, as if in explanation, "may do contemptible things, but since we are all human, we cannot judge each other harshly—not even our hypocrisy." The judgment usually placed on De Vries is that he is one of our most perceptive social critics. He also, in the words of British author Kingsley Amis, "is the funniest serious writer to be found on either side of the Atlantic."

Mr. De Vries has published nine books, most of them best sellers, including *No But I Saw the Movie* (1952), *The Tunnel of Love* (1954), and *The Mackerel Plaza* (1958). In addition, a dramatization of *The Tunnel of Love* was a Broadway hit in 1957.

In this condensed section of his newest book, *Reuben, Reuben*, to be published next month by Little, Brown & Co., he describes suburbia from the viewpoint of a chicken farmer who finds himself among strange new animals. "This is someone who is alien to an imported urban culture springing up and altering the entire cast of a town in which he is a native son," says De Vries, who wrote the book as if he were a chicken farmer himself. "I don't even know any chicken farmers," he adds, however. "Sometimes I wish I did."

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REUBEN, REUBEN

A little sophistication can be a consequential thing—for a chicken farmer.

BY PETER DE VRIES

I hope to sell parts of this that I'm batting out to some magazine before it becomes a book, preferably the *Yale Review*, as Yale would of been my alma mater if I'd had any choice. I hadn't even finished grammar school when my father was snatched away (very suddenly, through the medium of pneumonia) and I had to pitch in on our chicken-farm. I never enrolled in nothing again except for an evening class in creative writing, in Bridgeport, some years back.

The teacher of this composition class said my effort to write was touching, and that the style was certainly a relief from all this writing that is so polished but dead? "Get out of this class and stay out," he said, "flee for your life." There was nothing more he could do for me.

I bad farewell to literary pursuits until my sixties, when I am now taking it up with a vengeance for many reasons. One is that with the farm being run by my son George and his wife Mare, I have some leisure time at least. Another is that there is a multi-million-dollar correspondence school for writers nearby. Its a booming industry called the Successful Writers School, and I figured I would give them a chance to help me over the hump like they claim they can in their ads, else let them mfr. pool cues. But the main reason I take pen in hand is that now I have something to say. My message in a nutshell: I am a D.P. in my own back yard. Whats more, I got displaced by staying put.

I stayed on at the old homestead here in Woodsmoke, Conn., and saw the town where I was born grow from 1,800 neighbors to 20,000 strangers—strangers who regard me as the outsider. I'm the foreigner, ever hear the beat? If I'd pulled up stakes in my prime and plunked down in the middle of Belgium I wouldn't be half as uproote as I am right now sitting in the bedroom where I was born, gazing out the window—at what? One church, so modern they're thinking of making divorce a sacrament—or so the story goes.

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says. "But this Lizzie is wonderful. Where did you ever get it?"

"I never got it. I just kept it."

Here Flahive doubled over and choked, with such a fit of coughing I thought the cigar had done him in, but it turned out to be amusement. Laughing like hell he said, "Wonderful. Like Proust and the woman he asked where she ever got her hats and the woman answered, I don't get them, I just have them." Here he had another fit, and I thought if he choked to death the Renasonce would really be on in Connecticut, but no such luck. He says, "Well, let's do this again sometime," for we had come to a stop in the parking lot behind the Successful Writers School.

He started to walk toward the door of the building. Then he suddenly came back again and put his head in the open flivver. "There is no great art without compassion," he said. He had to patter alongside the car to get in this postscript, because I had thrun in the clutch and started out the driveway, to hell with him. "And what do you really *know* about these commuter people you're attacking? I mean *as people*. You don't know enough about them to hate them, let alone love them."

"You jist said I was too close to the subject," I says without turning to look at him, and picking up speed as I bounced out onto the road. Flahive galloped alongside the car. "Having a little trouble making up your mind which it is? A little trouble diagnozing my work, Flahive?"

"Too close emotionally while being remote from it in fact, is my point," he says, jumping onto the running board like a cop commandeering the car. "It's a question of authenticity. You haven't the slightest idea how these people live. Don't go away mad, Mr. Spofford. I don't mean any offense." I told you he was a born Irishman, now acting on the Irishman's instinct to keep a conversation going no matter what. We were now in the thick of traffic. Flahive kind of squatted down on the running board, holding onto the top of my door with both hands, his coattails flying and his tweed hat nearly falling off. "I didn't say you had no *talent*," he says. "There are primitives in art, why not in literature? You could be above sentence structure like Joyce, you have Lardner's anti-sophistication, and you're mean as O'Hara. Greater praise in my book there isn't."

I brought my fist down on his hands with all my might.

"Be careful who you call names," I warned him. "I don't take abuse from nobody, especially when their half my age." With that I slammed on the brake for a red light, flinging Flahive around in a half circle so that his rear went to the front and his face came into view with mine. He lost his balance, getting his footing again in the street. He grinned nervously at me under the tweed hat, which he straightened with one hand. "Your wonderful," he said.

"We been through all that," I said.

"So then is it to be a novel we're going to have, a memoir, or a volume of loosely connected pungent observations?"

"None of your beeswax."

I had made the mistake of consulting the enemy.

When I got home I found my daughter-in-law and her mother, Mrs. Punck, sitting in the kitchen. They had the look of women waiting up for a man rolling in at three a.m. instead of p. There was that air about them. Mare had on the battle dress—George's fatigue jacket from the Korean War—with which she waits on trade. I had driven around for a ½ hour cooling off, and trying to give honest consideration to what Flahive had said.

They were drinking tea, I now noticed, and Mrs. Punck had on a striped black and white dress, a hat with a veil, now turned up to sip the tea underneath, and a string of blue beads. She nearly had gloves on.

"I thought you was going to take Ma to the Golden Age Club," Mare said. The chip she has on one shoulder for her daughter is balanced by one on the other for her mother. Like epaulets.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mrs. Punck. "Don't worry too much about it, Frank. We know how things slip our mind when we gallivant around." She beamed at me, and I could hear her corset creak as she turned in her chair to follow my movements across the room to the cabinet where I keep my bottle of Bourbon. "You were probably at the library pestering the ladies behind the desk, is that it? Nature will out. Of course what you forget is that if its women you got your mind on, theres a much wider selection at the Golden Age Club."

"The ones in the libary are wide enough," I says. I'd be damned if I'd explain that one, cackling like Walter Brennan on television to drive the point across.

Having finished her tea Mrs. Punck shoved her chair back and reached for a basket of mending. She always did a batch of darning or some other household chore for Mare when she came to set a spell—ostensibly for Mare but really for my benefit, as she was a widow. I poured myself three fingers on a cube of ice and was rewarded with a glare from Mare, but Mrs. Punck said, "Having a relaxing cocktail? I encourage it. Our system needs a bit of alcohol at our age."

I stood behind both of them and copied Flahive's cornered look by leaning my head against the wall between the sink and the old water boiler. I fluttered my eyes, rolling the balls up into my skull almost as far as he could, though of course he's had more education than me.

While working Mrs. Punck favored us with a running monolog about what a rewarding life she'd had with the late Louie Punck. The happy home she maintained for him awaited any other man shrewd enough to recognize a bargain when he seen one was the implication. Which was right. Which was why I had to put myself on guard. She *was* a catch for the right man. Many a side testimony was thrun in by the fruit of that union, Mare, who was openly matchmaking. With Geneva away there was more than enough room in the farmhouse for all of us to live together in peace and harmony, not to speak of the money that would be saved when Mrs. Punck no longer had to pay the rent for the cottage she lived alone in behind the Ponderosa vineyard.

I hardened my heart. Not against Mrs. Punck or even Mare, but against a part of myself—the part that cottoned to the notion. I was of course alone myself, really, and all too keenly aware that man cannot live that way. (I lost my wife very quickly, through the medium of ruptured appendix. The fact that there were no antibiotics in the old days ain't one of the things that makes me hanker for them.) I had strolled to the window, and looking out of it, drink in hand, I could see the lilac bushes my wife and me had planted, the hawthorn, the apple trees we had tended and eaten the fruit of. We had gardened together, always.

"A good man is hard to find," said Mrs. Punck.

"You mean like they tell wives every day at the Missing Persons Bureau?" I says. As attractive as she was plump, as even-tempered as she was neat and able around the house, Mrs. Punck had to be resisted for a very good reason—lack of affinity. We just didn't seem to me to have that basic rappaport that is so necessary to a union. We just didn't see eye to eye. My tastes didn't run to Golden Age Clubs and other functions at the Y and the church she would of dragged you to. And other than the newspaper all Mrs. Punck ever seemed to read was a corny anthology of poems that had been in her family for generations, whereas I was at least trying to continue my interrupted education on my own.

Just then a car stopped in the driveway and a customer got out. Mare quickly joined me at the window, and seeing Mrs. Beauseigneur spring out of her blue Jag she said, "I'll go wait on her."

Mrs. Beauseigneur was an ish woman, very slim and pretty and bright, of the kind I liked to stop and chat for a few minutes with before saying we were fresh out. Mare shouldered past me and made for the door to the salesroom before I could.

Now I was alone with Mrs. Punck. But nothing very friendly went forward between us, because I stood at the closed door straining to catch the conversation beyond it. Mrs. Punck twisted around in her chair to see what I was doing. Finding me standing with my ear to the crack she said, "Mare giving somebody a hard time?"

"Since commuters were two-thirds of our business, it don't take no Einstein to figure what this retaliation is costing us, financially speaking wise. Not to mention the chicken we have to eat ourself to keep up with the inventory. I don't appreciate it running out of my ears just because we can get it wholesale."

"She'll get over it, Frank. Give her time. She's been hurt, and she's a girl who don't heal easy. And remember it's not on her account she's doing it."

"And for variety we can always eat the laying mash."

"Why don't you come to dinner tomorrow night? Over to the cottage. I mean just you and me. I'll fix you a roast of beef and Yorkshire pudding."

Sipping my whiskey at the window, I see Mrs. Beauseigneur come out of the salesroom empty handed and walk toward her car. She was blonde, in her early forties, with trim bare legs showing under a gray tweed coat. As she sprang in behind the wheel I drew the lace curtain aside and the motion must of caught her eye. Because her red mouth popped open in a smile, her teeth like white seeds bursting from a pod, and she waved at me through the windshield, ducking her head a little to see me. Then a peculiar thing happened I must say. A kind of crazy pantomime went on between us. First she shrugged and spread her hands as though to say, "No dice again." I shrugged back *against my will*. Then a series of expressions was rapidly exchanged—raised eyebrows, nods and smiles, as though some secret understanding existed between us that the treatment she was getting here wasn't my doing, and that she would probably be back in the hopes of better luck next time. It was all over in less than a second. She backed the Jag out of the driveway and then we could hear Mare returning.

"Well what about it, Frank Spofford?" says Mrs. Punck. "You can bring along a few cans of beer for yourself, if that's what you want."

"I don't mind if I do," I said, knowing full well that whichever way I answered I would of wanted to kick myself.

I was the first one of the clan to see Mrs. Beauseigneur again.

I had settled myself on the high stool in the salesroom and opened a copy of *Lord Jim*, by Conrad when I heard the smooth growl of a car I knew before looking up would be a sports job. My nerves went oddly tight inside me at the sight of Mrs. Beauseigneur springing out of the open blue Jag.

She walked up to the store slowly though, and peered through the window first to see who was inside. When she recognized me behind the counter she gave a grateful smile, but I was ready for her. "Great whore of Babylon and mother of abominations," I says in a undertone, to steel myself.

I have said she was about forty, but late thirties seemed more like it today. Her light hair and the silk scarf around it caught a flash of sun and wind as the door opened. She had that air of—how shall I put it to establish the idea of class that I want to here? That air of being at

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You promised you wouldn't invite them!"

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now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

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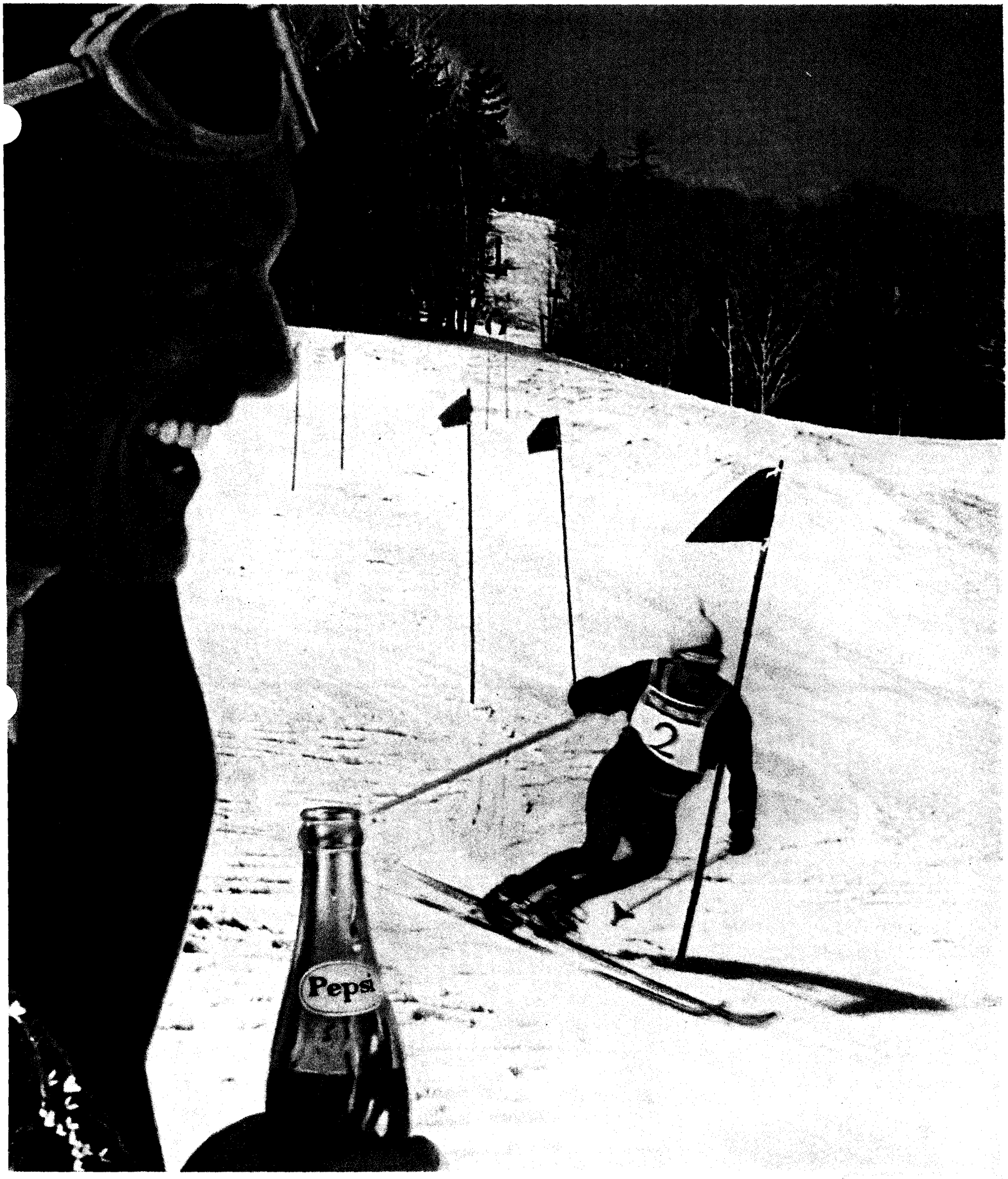

ere's a healthy new outlook across this wide land—a modern enusiasm for thinking young! Here Pepsi belongs! Its sparkling-light ste is so inviting, so clean. And ice-cold Pepsi-Cola drenches your irst, refreshes like no other. So think young . . . say "Pepsi, please!"

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loose ends that is effected by women of her rank, like reality is too much for them, they are frail vessels. It is in the way they are always saying, "My nerveless fingers," and stuff like that when they can't strike a match or fumble something. It was in the way she now tucked in under her scarf loose ends of hair that the wind had blown, in the way she fought the door. "Absolute shambles," she laughed, with some more tidying up stabs at herself as she came in. "Mr. Spofford, no less. How nice to see *you*."

"Afternoon, Mrs. Beauseigneur."

She advanced toward the counter, opening a big straw bag, and the old rigamarole commensed up again.

"I'd like two fryers please."

"Fresh out. We had some this morning but they've all been utilized up."

"Oh dear." Tragic pout. "Broilers?"

"No ma'am, I'm sorry. We're out of them too just at the moment."

"Fowl then? Something nice and plump to stew?"

When I said we didn't have no stewers neither, Mrs. Beauseigneur laid her bag on the counter and her hands on top of that.

"Look, my husband only rides to Stamford," she said. "He doesn't go all the way to New York."

I must of smiled. "I don't cal'late that's likely to put any chickens in the icebox that wasn't there before you raised the point, do you?"

This was laying it on. "Cal'late" is not natural speech with me, as it would not be even with somebody living *deep* in New England any more, let alone this shirttail end of it. It went with "fust" and "mebbe" and "up the rud a piece."

She batted the baby blues and said, "May I take a peek?"

"He'p s'f," I says, "though of course anything you find in there is likely to be reserved."

"Of course." She shifted her eyes back to me. "May *I* reserve some for the weekend then?"

"We have all we can do to supply our regular customers ma'am. Perhaps if you leave your name ——"

"Oh Mr. Frank Spofford, you know my name perfectly well! Now may I make a suggestion? May I suggest that we stop this hanky panky and lay our cards on the table?"

"Why ma'am, I reckon you'll always find us ready and willing ——"

"Oh come off that reckon and cal'late. An intelligent man like you with your reading books like Conrad and all. Mr. Spofford, not a word you've said since I came in here has had any connection whatever with the truth." She rested the heels of her hands on the counter and looked me square in the eye. "Do you think it right to discriminate against a minority?"

"Minority?" I says with a snort, and in snorting delivered myself into Mrs. Beauseigneur's hands.

Amusement at the idea that the group she referred to was in any shape manner or form underdog implied that I knew very well which group she meant and that I held it in contempt, whereas the official farm policy was to play *dumb* about all that. Now I had made a diplomatic blunder.

"Why is it always and only commuters who get turned down here, Mr. Spofford? May I ask that?"

"Been comparing notes among yourselves have you, Mrs. Beauseigneur?"

"You bet! This is the only decent poultry farm around here. Little indignation meetings sort of spring up at parties that would make your ears burn."

"And I thought you only engaged in idle chatter. Accept my apologies."

"You haven't answered my question. Why only commuters?"

"Its a convenient line to draw, like the 38th Parallel acrost Korea. I don't say its a perfect solution, I don't deny its arbitrary ——"

"Ah! Then you admit its us you discriminate against. As a class."

Here she opened her handbag wide and took out a small magazine she didn't let me see the name of right away but held against her, like a gambler playing his cards close to his vest. "I think a reader of Conrad is up to fairly meaty stuff. So-o . . ." I tried to get a look at the cover, but the woman clearly intended to make a few introductory remarks before letting me.

"The bane of modern life," she began after inflating herself with a long breath, "is the habit of letting words do our thinking for us instead of using them to express our thoughts. Do you follow me?"

"Puffectly."

"Stop that! This thinking in blocks—Republicans are so-and-so, Jews are such-and-such—has got to stop. It pollutes our reason at its source. It corrupts all communication."

"Well we are suppose to be in the capital of that industry here, ain't we?" I says. You had to be firm with these people.

"There is no such things as Chickens."

"There ain't?" I says softly.

She shook her head slowly from side to side, the baby blues closed.

"There is only chicken A, chicken B, C, and so on. The same is true of commuters. Tell me *which commuter you mean*, the wise man says, and I will tell you whether he is good or bad, rich or poor, kind or cruel—or deserving of chickens."

She now laid the magazine face up on the counter. Without touching it I cocked my head around to look, and seen that it was a pocket-size semantic quarterly of Non-Aristotelean thought called *But*. On its maroon cover was featured articles with titles like "The Linguistic Constants in Prejudice"; "Word Hashes in the Congressional Record"; "The Wittgenstein-Fabrizio-Shuv Hypothesis of the Coffee Break as Neo-Ritual"; and "The Sub-Verbal Dynamics in Shooting Off Our Mouth."

"We don't need no magazines today," I says.

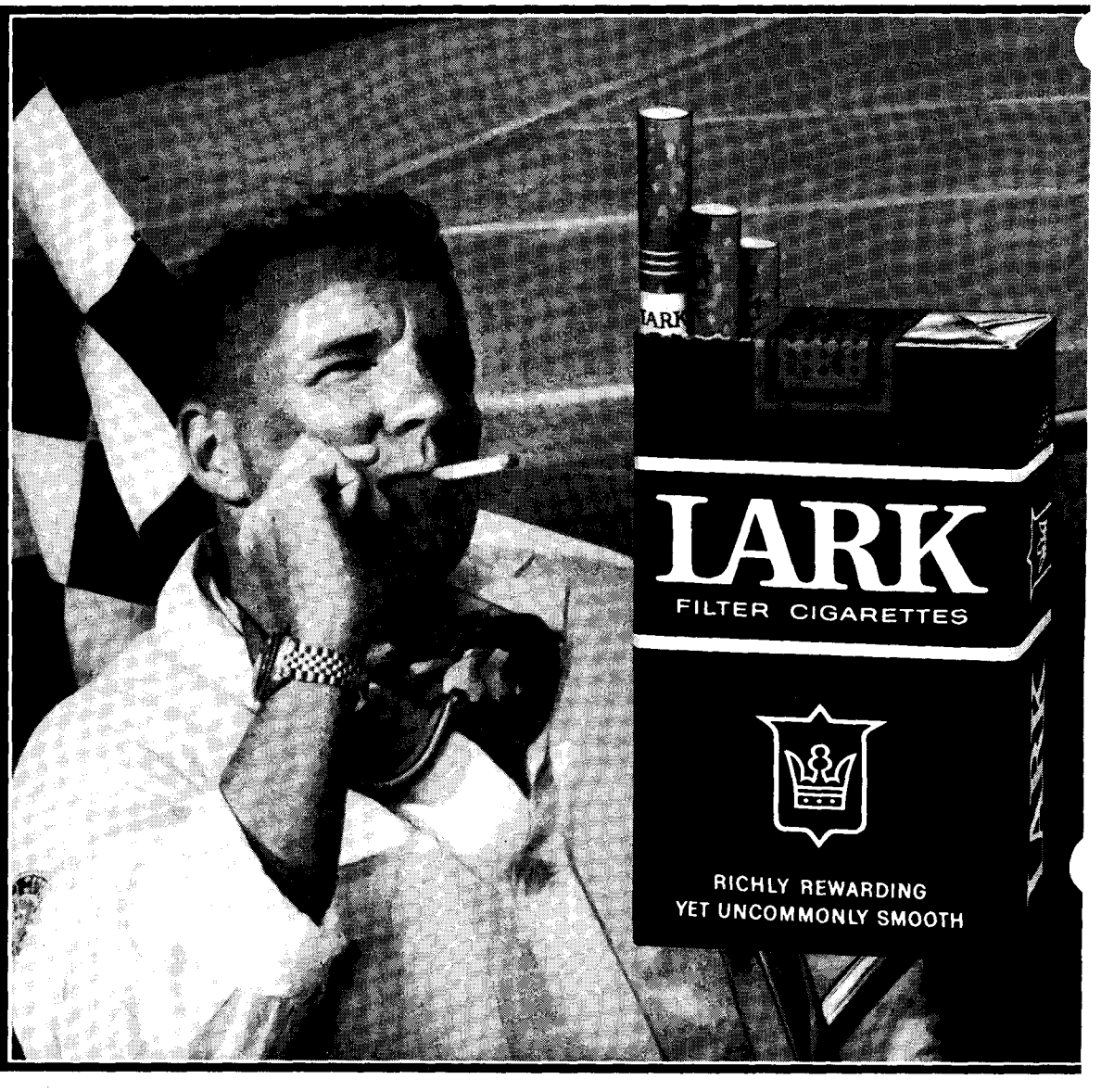
The woman stamped her foot, swiveling away a quarter-turn in despair.

"There you go doing it again!" she cried. "Instead of giving me a chance to *be myself as a neighbor in the context of having come to give you something you might find of interest*, you simply lump me in with door-to-door salesmen as a Class, thereby falsifying what you see and abolishing all hope of communication between us. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes. You come here for chickens, and not getting none, pull out this here periodical ——"

"Oh, dear God. I am no longer The Woman Who Came in Here for Chickens," she said, now lowering her voice to a whisper that was twice as effective as talking shrill had been, "I am now

Flavor,
rich rewarding
flavor
made a
LARK
smoker out
of this man



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somebody else. Let me have my identity." I thought she was going to bawl. She sighed and resumed: "You won't sell me fryers because I'm a commuter, when the fact is I haven't been on a train in six months. Its my husband who commutes, and that only to Stamford as I've been trying to tell you. Secondly how do you know I haven't given you blood or something in the past when you needed it most? Did you look on the bottle to see where it came from? Of course not. You don't make distinctions. Blood is blood. And that's *all* it is."

"But you just said ——"

"You're in terrible shape, believe me. All this thinking with our glands."

The door of the slaughter room opened and Mare stood in her rubber apron and hip boots watching us. A wet cigarette end smoked in one corner of her mouth. It went out while we all stood there. She shut the door without taking her eyes off us and tramped forward, the boots going *whuppery-whuppery* on the linoleum.

"Yes?"

"Mare, this lady wants us to read this magazine that claims we shouldn't be so positive. Lumping everything together. That theres good and bad in all classes and that we shouldn't let our thinking get gummed up by letting words do it for us. That about it Mrs. Beauseigneur?"

"That's it exactly."

Mare disposed of the cigarette butt by spitting it out on the floor. She didn't come no closer to the counter or to us, pausing I'd say, oh about six feet from it. "We don't need no magazines today."

Mrs. Beauseigneur showed the wear and tear of having her identity narrowed down to a door-to-door peddler twice within five minutes and having to buck it twice. But only for a second. She moved a step to the right, bringing herself at least in line with her opponent though no closer otherwise, and says, "My husband gets off at Stamford." The seed fell on stonier ground than with me, but at least she was pleading her case—the issue was joined. "And I'm sure you'll agree you can't call that commuting. Not *really*."

"Occupation?"

"Investment adviser."

"He works for a branch of a New York firm, doesn't he?"

"Why yes, but ——"

"Place of residence?"

"Punch Bowl Hollow. We're neighbors!" The woman realized *her* boner the minute she made it—New Yorkers crowding in on us was part of our animus (the word Flahive sprung on me and which I had of course looked up)—and added with an apologetic little laugh, "I know we're making it a bit crampedish for you, but anyhow . . . You see Lester telephoned me just now to ask could he bring a friend, a classmate home for dinner." She rolled her eyes and smiled at Mare as though to say we women know this habit of men. "I thought Gawd, the house is an absolute shambles, and I'm *not* a short order cook. But maybe if I could frickasee a few—as I say he works in the Stamford office, and if you ever need any advice on business matters ——" She played one last card. "He's thinking of driving in on the Thruway. Not taking the train at all!"

Mare glanced at the coolers herself now. I could feel hope rising in the other woman. But I knew better and felt sorry for her. At the same time I noticed how she had been trapped into stating her case from precisely the premise she had a moment ago knocked me for and with which by implication she had no truck. She was O.K.'ing the block against commuters by the very act of pleading her case in terms of her husband not being one. It may of been this sense of her rapidly deteriorating position that brought tears to Mrs. Beauseigneur's eyes as she whimpered when Mare finally didn't relent. "There's something sinister in this house," the woman sniffled. "Something spreading like a poison everywhere. It would be far better if you dropped the pretense and hypocrisy and just admitted you *hate* us as a class instead of all this fiddle faddle about the 38th Parallel." I was grateful for the glance at me here as it told Mare that I hadn't been collaborating.

"You really should go home and lie down," Mare says. That made the woman pull out another stop, one she probably never dreamed she would, as it put the one card on the table that was just too much and should never of been openly mentioned.

"*I* didn't jilt your daughter. *My husband* didn't jilt your daughter. Yet you make us drive clear to town for chickens and those only frozen because somebody else did." Mare picked up the copy of *But* and heaved it at the woman, who would of caught it square on the coco if she hadn't skedaddled and closed the door on herself just in time so that it hit the framework next to the glass pane and fell to the floor. Mrs. Beauseigneur with eyes streaming opened the door again a second to say, "Believe me, Mrs. Spofford, I'm sorrier for you than for myself and the rest of this community. You need help. I just hope it isn't too late. Because you're a—dangerous woman!"

Mare looked ready to refute that charge with an egg she had in her hand from an open carton, ammunition better than the magazine that missed, but the woman closed the door again and ran for the Jag and blew, scattering chickens before her.

Mare stood at the cooler a minute, tidying up the stacks of eggs. Mrs. Beauseigneur had left us a pretty load of embarrassment to deal with between us. I didn't know whether to wade right in and have it over with or kind of sidle around it in hopes it would disperse of itself. I stalled by picking up the morning's mail which was lying on the counter and shuffling through it. "Gynococratic goddam community," I said.

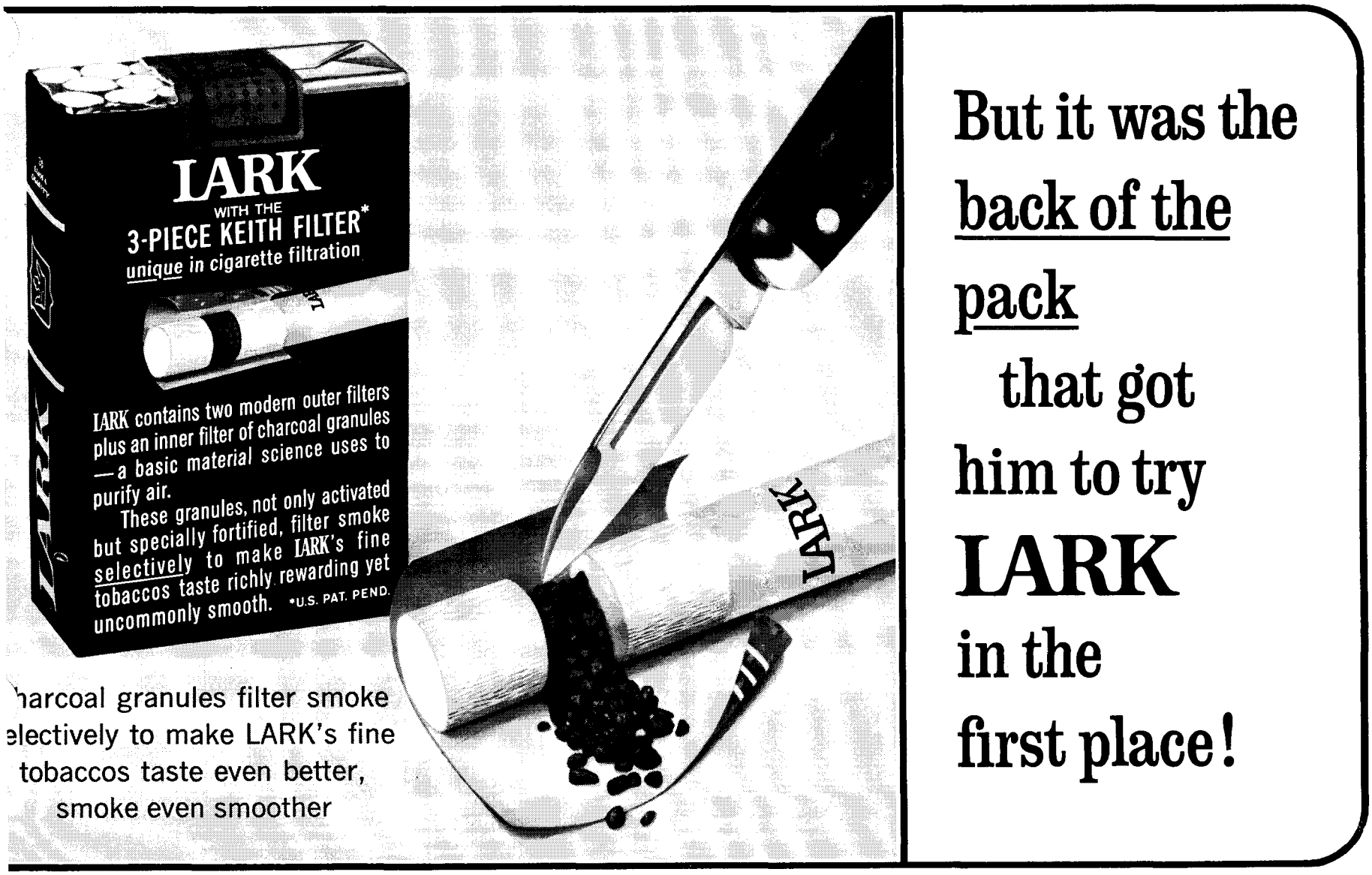
"You don't have to swear to show how limited your vocabulary is."

"Mare, your getting very bellicose lately."

"I ain't as young as I use to be and it stands to reason I can't be as slim around the middle no more neither."

I dropped the mail and decided to wade in: "Crazy woman, talking about jilted daughters. Why, I don't believe for a minute that's generally gossiped around here as our trouble, do you? Mare?"

Mare didn't reveal so much as a flicker of emotion. Her face was blank as she hung another cigarette in it and set fire to it. She went around the counter, her boots making that awful *whuppery-whuppery* noise, to where the copy of *But* lay on the floor. After slapping it on her thigh to dust it off she come around behind the counter again reading it. She stood thumbing through the pages, her face slanted away from the smoke curling from her cigarette. Without a comment she dropped it into the trash bin under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LARK contains two modern outer filters plus an inner filter of charcoal granules —a basic material science uses to purify air.
These granules, not only activated but specially fortified, filter smoke selectively to make LARK's fine tobaccos taste richly rewarding yet uncommonly smooth. *U.S. PAT. PEND.
harcoal granules filter smoke
electively to make LARK's fine
tobaccos taste even better,
smoke even smoother
But it was the back of the pack that got him to try LARK in the first place!

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the counter. Then in an idle way, as though she was doing no more than remarking on the weather, she says, "If you let them have any chickens they'll only cook them in red wine."

"Or sour cream."

The last thing I wanted to do was read anything left behind by sheepherders, but neither did I want any in-laws fancying they were doing the censoring for me. So I stooped to fish the copy of *But* out of the trash bin, dusted it off against my leg and hurried upstairs, not quite sure now where we stood or just exactly how the balance of power shaped up. But I did do one thing before I cleaned up. I went into my bedroom and chucked the copy of *But* in my *own* wastebasket.

The next day after dropping Mare's mother Mrs. Punck off at the Y for one of her meetings I turned around and galloped back toward Harry Pycraft's motel—gallop being the illusion the old Lizzie and bad roads between them could impart. Probably another reason why I kept the Ford was it reminded me of the chestnut mare, Nellie, I used to ride through this countryside, of which I again now took angry inventory. All that remained of the landscape was the old Ponderosa vineyard, and now by God if *that* wasn't threatened. Mrs. Punck had just broken the news that Harry Pycraft, who owned the cottage she rented, had notified her to vacate as it had been sold.

Harry Pycraft I had my reservations about. As I galloped toward his motel I reflected on what a lot of loyalty he took. The motel would of forfitted any claim to my friendship whatever had it not been on the Post Road, a total loss anyway. Nothing you built there could spoil it any more. Besides, the motel was an expansion of an old inn Pycraft had tried to preserve the spirit of in the motor courts he built around it. Neon signs blinked out its name, but that name remained the same—Dew Drop Inn.

I know some people think Harry's crooked as a ram's horn, but I have never found any evidence of that. He's just a slippery and rather lewd tightwad sonofabitch who happens to be the last drinking crony I have left. Harry will do anything for you except a favor. I know. But he does read. Lately he's been reading the modern nihilistic philosophers who consider life meaningless, and who knock the universe without having no alternative to offer.

I found Pycraft in the Period Room and we wound up in his office having a few drinks during which time Harry admitted he was going to sell the cottage Mrs. Punck was living in, and that meant he was going to sell the whole Ponderosa vineyard. To get off the guilt he felt about this he inveyed against everything else, dodging all my arguments that he was not standing up to the commuter types by bringing up complaints of his own—against them, against young people, against everything and everybody. The 2 of us sat looking out at the streams of traffic on the Post Road while we sipped our Bourbon.

"As a country we're through," he observed cozily after a minute. "Some of the things I could tell you," he said. "Anybody who runs a hotel or motel could. Between you and me and this desk, some of the kids have got nothing on these grownups. I name no names, not that the ones you get off the register mean anything anyway. But I know faces when I see them. For example, there's a local woman, very attractive and hightoned, who meets a fellow staying here now. He's a poet. I see his picture in the Woodsmoke *Gazette*, where he was lecturing around here somewhere. Odd gazebo. Reminds me of a grizzly bear. Kind of roly-poly, with mussed brown tweeds is probably what gets the wooly bear picture going in your mind. There's certainly no accounting for tastes. Here's this smart, cultured woman —— Course this egg's a artist and that gets them I expect. They say his recordings of him reading his own stuff sell like hotcakes. He's from, now, Scotland. That's it." Pycraft took a drink and give that lewd grin that often presedes one of his jokes. "I guess he's getting in a little international good feeling."

Suddenly I get depressed. What a way to spend an afternoon! The level that conversation with Harry Pycraft always sank to was bad enough; much worse was the realization that Pycraft was the only friend you had left. To the old the world gets to be a pretty small place, I can tell you. But was there nothing left in mine but a snort or two with this gink and tea with Mrs. Punck? Was that my choice?

The blues, the real blues that are beyond singing about, had their hooks in me as I walked outside to my car, Pycraft chattering on in the above vein by my side, tucking in some last-minute assurances of the regret he felt on Mrs. Punck's be½, when suddenly he broke off and grabbed my arm. He wheeled me in a 45 degree angle. "That woman getting out of the roadster," he says out of the side of his mouth. "She's the one I told you about. Who meets this poet."

We stood stockstill on the lot while a sharp feminine footstep drew near behind us and passed on our right. So that without turning my head to speak of I could see out of the tail of my eye this slender figure in a smart tan suit march on high heels across the hardtop to the back door of the cocktail lounge. She had to turn slightly to go through the door so that I had a clear view of her profile.

"There," said Pycraft when she was swallowed up in the dim lounge, "ever see her before? Know who that is?"

"No," I says.

Why did I lie? Because something made me want to hoard my secret. Because I had recognized Mrs. Springer, mother of the boy whose family was too good for mine.

That night as I swam into my pullover pajama top, my emotions still at sixes and sevens over the afternoon spent by Mrs. Springer in the arms of the waltzing bear, I remembered Mrs. Beauseigneur and the magazine she had left. I fished it out of the wastebasket and climbed into bed.

I put on my specs and began to flip through it, pausing over this and that, when the title of an article sprang at my eye: "The Semantics of Gardening." I opened it again and began to read.

"How many a plant or flower is not doggedly uprooted, mowed or sprayed to death simply because it bears the name of weed, while another no better is patiently cultivated because the way has been semantically paved in its favor. Take the lowly chickweed which we hound from our lawns like a common criminal. Suppose its white-flowered variant were called something like 'mist of morning,' its blue, say, 'Mary's eyes' . . ."

Of course. Presisely what my missus and I always said about violets and daisies, and what I use to tell her about dandelions and chickweed. How I wished she was alive today, so I could show her *But*.

The next article went beyond what Mrs. Beauseigneur had said. "In the course of a single day Mr. Doe is one thing to the wife he kisses goodbye in the morning, something else again to the boys on the train, still a third to the secretary he may take out to lunch, a succession of Protean façades to as many salesmen as call to solicit his business, and finally something perhaps completely unpredictable to the wife he again kisses on his return home in the evening."

I paced the floor, reviewing my own day in that light. How many things had I not been to as many people! To the donator of *But* a crusty old geezer (how about that for role-playing!); to Mare a father-in-law showing who was boss; to poor Mrs. Punck the exact opposite of what I had been to Mrs. Beauseigneur, namely a snob to whom *she* was provincial. And finally to Harry Pycraft I had been something completely different from all the rest, a identity quickly thrun together out of elements in my nature which Harry Pycraft drew to the surface.

"Then who at the age of 64 am I?" I says pacing the floor with mingled dismay and excitement. In my fear I felt a certain elation. If this at long last was semantics, open the window and let it in. Let it blow the papers around the room and rearrange the furniture. Let the curtains wind up flat against the ceiling and the rugs on the wall, in the name of fresh air and a new start.

My exilleration ebbed away and a vague sense of uneasiness begun to invade me. I failed or more likely refused at first to recognize its source. Then I admitted it. I had decided to return to Mrs. Beauseigneur the copy of *But*, and in so doing set foot for the first time in the enemy territory known as Punch Bowl Hollow. Because, I realized with forboding, I simply had to see that woman again.

She was easy enough found, kneeling in the yard in the bright morning sunshine. She was weeding the lawn, pulling up chickweed and what not with a will, looking very trim and pretty in yellow and green Madras shorts and a white I think they call them Basque shirts. Her legs were encased in them things that are like the knee guards worn by basketball players, and she was doggedly stabbing at the turf with what looked like a letter opener, or paper knife, very slim and silvery. She raised her hand and under her floppy straw hat squinted at the figure coming up the walk, me, unfamiliar in the seersucker suit I had on. Then she recognized me and rose with a smile, dropping the letter knife and waddling forward with difficulty in the elastic guards binding her knees. She pulled off the one gauntlet she had on and extended that hand, wiping her brow with the one clutching the glove. "Shambles," she said with a laugh.

"Morning, Mrs. Beauseigneur. Got you working bright and early."

"Weeding this *waste*land. Absolutely take *over* if you don't keep up with them."

"I've brung you your magazine," I says, drawing it from my coat pocket. "I thought you might not of read it all."

"Oh, that wasn't necessary. There's a new one already, and then everything else to catch up with. I guess it just can't be did." Then she eyed me sharply and said, "How did you like what you read?"

I says, "Most interesting. Of course its like with anything new thats any good. It only makes us see what we always knew all along but never realized."

"Realized," she echoed, turning around to stroll by my side toward the patch of lawn she had been working and that I wanted to inspect. It was a shambles all right. Pock marks surrounded the basket in which lay her harvest of dugout blooms.

"Al has got it down to where he now lives by number."

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"What if I told you those were called mist of morning?" I says.

"Oh, dear. They are?" Her eyes were wide with naughty alarm as she brung a hand to her throat. "What has Pussy done?" She was pleasantly older than she seemed last time, back over into the forty territory. "What I need is a gardener," she wailed prettily. "I'm absolutely ignorant of everything. And my husband is no use at all." I rubbed my chin. "In case you ever hear of someone . . ." She stopped to toss a loose weed into the basket. "I mean it would only be part time. A day a week at the most."

I took a step sideways and toward her. "If there's anything I don't understand, if you'll excuse me ma'am, it's people moving here to the country and then proceed to not learn or care to learn the first least thing about the No. 1 thing the country is for—a piece of God's good earth. I mean why do you come out here at all?"

"I know. I know. Keep it up." She stood with her hands folded tightly under her chin, which rested on the clustered nuckles, her eyes shut tight as though to keep back the tears. "Show us no mercy."

"There ain't a man left in this town, this former farm community," I said, "who knows what to do with a seed or a bulb." I looked at her to see her nod mutely, aknowledging the justice of my thunderbolt. "Look at where you've planted them tulips. The ten or twelve I see blooming there indicates well enough the hundred already devoured—by what?"

"I don't know," she says, shaking her head in that pretty despair.

"Mice. They live in the walls in winter, coming out to feed at this cafeteria you provide in the form of a row of tulip bulbs. But there are some things you *can* plant along a wall. What are some?"

"I don't know. I just don't know."

"Narcissus. The narcissus bulb seems to poison the mice, or at least is poison to him, because he leaves them alone. Next rhododendrons. Do they like sun or shade?"

"I don't know."

"That one over there out in the open. Is it a hybrid or a regular?"

She now only shook her head dumbly at my remorseless catechism. Which I continued:

"Then you don't know whether it should be in sun or shade. Next ilex. Why is yours planted there, because God in his heaven knows its only a question of time till it will have to be dug up and done over right."

"Oh, if I only had you!"

I prowled closer to the house looking for defects, devouring them like I was devoured. Her feet following me were encased in delicate little scarlet and gold slippers with pointed toes as sharp as the letter knife. She could of weeded the ground with them.

I turned and glared around. "Well if I was stuck with a place like this I wouldn't let no grass grow under my feet proving I could make it grow damn well enough."

She heaved a smiling sigh, like a small breath of adoration that kind of yielded the owner's soul up to you. "I'll dine out on that," says silly, pretty, sweet-smelling Pussy Beauseigneur.

Instead of gouging the turf with the letter knife, or even with the proper weeding implement uncovered in the garage, I preferred a commercial spray like Weed-B-Gon, which one of us would have to run down to the hardware store to fetch. I removed my cap and squinted off toward the chicken farm where I had left the flivver. Watching this the sorceress whispers on my left, "Have you ever driven a Jag?"

I laughed through my nose as together we walked to the sleek blue convertible standing in the drive. The look of arrogance I had so long resented in those driving around in these machines come to me naturally as I slid under the wheel. I give another snort as she explained the shift, because hadn't I driven enough stick shifts in the Buicks and Dodges my in-laws had before automatic transmissions? The cloth cap I happened to have on give the final degree of appropriateness to the figure I cut behind the wheel. I slouched down for autobiographical reasons as I purred past the farm, averting my face from our house as I went by because if anybody had accidentally glanced out the window and seen me they wouldn't of understood.

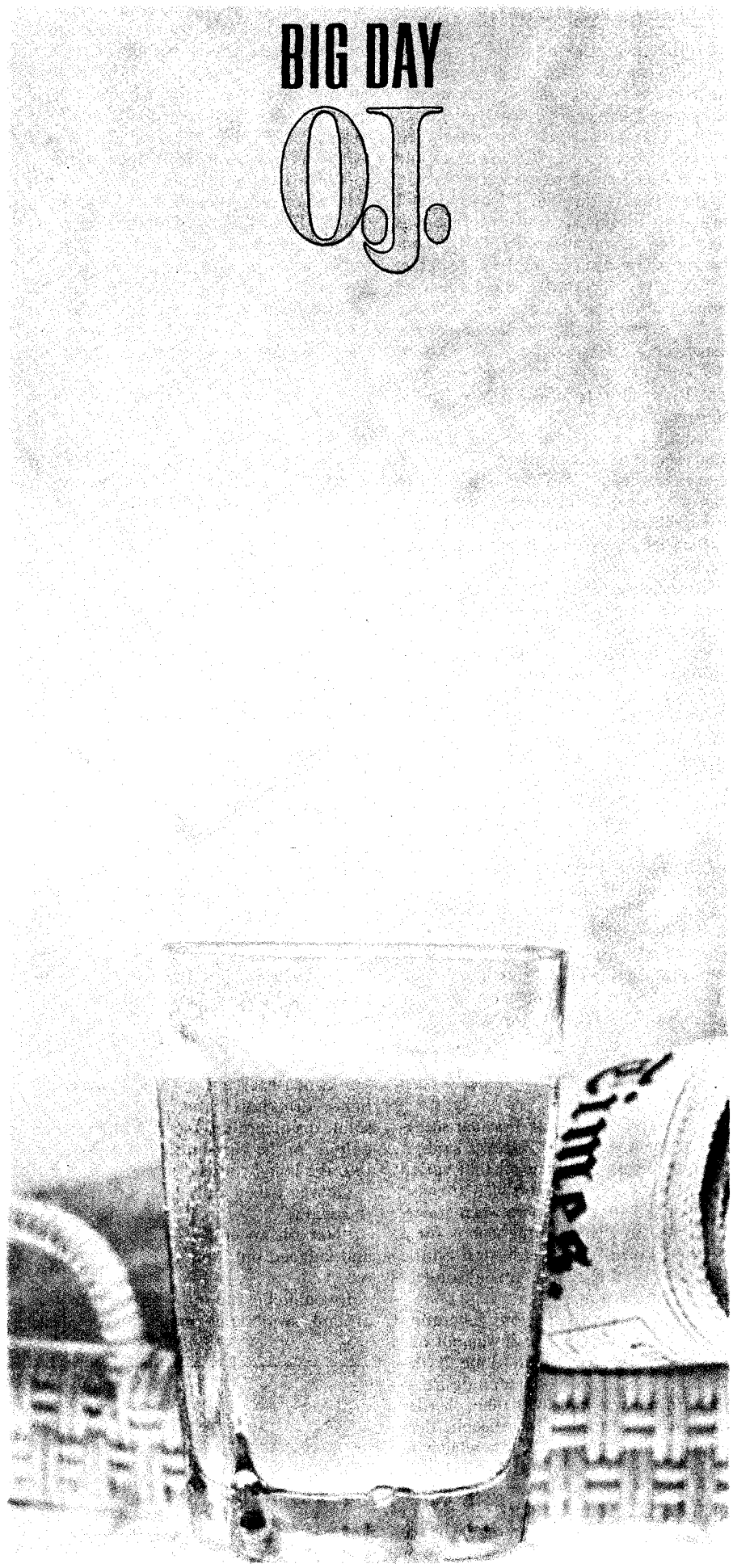
The beast throbbed beneath me, obedient to my hand. I slipped the Jag with contemptuous ease into a parking slot at the shopping center where the nearest hardware store was and within 10 minutes I was back weeding the lawn the way I damn well was going to do it myself. I had found in the garage a discarded billiard cue, which became my main tool. I would dip the pool cue in the Weed-B-Gon and dab the offending plant with it, poisoning in this manner everything in my path that was not grass. I worked standing up with my coat off.

At 4 o'clock sharp the French windows opened and with a gay tinkle Mrs. Beau stepped onto the terrace holding a tray of drinks. She was fresh from a bath and wore another outfit: yellow pedal pushers tied with teeny bows at the calves and a jockey shirt of red and white silk. "Iced tea?"

We had been sipping iced tea and munching little frosted cakes, I think they're called petty fours, when Mrs. Beau eyed me with the same look of speculation as this morning. "Could you take on somebody else? Because Pussy—by coincidence Mrs. Wilcox next door and I have the same nickname—is looking for somebody a day a week too, or even half-days. Her mother's been staying with her and things have been just absolutely ghastly."

My research of these people had begun in earnest. I took mental note of a couple more things in rapid succession. One, everything with these women no matter how trivial was ghastly. Or hideous or gruesome. Two, families were by common consent an evil. At best a nuisance. Instead of being glad to see kin as I believe we were in our time, women folks now days are felled by migraine at the first threat of an approaching blood relation, especially mother. I thought of my own parents, of our family shaking hands at breakfast, then of my son George growing up and marrying Mary Punck, of the first baby they had, born dead, finally of Geneva herself, whose jilting had touched off this ridiculous chain of events landing me on a terrace in Punch Bowl Hollow in the middle of May with a woman called Pussy next door to another woman whose friends called her the same damn thing. In a spurt of righteous anger at them all I said, "Tell Mrs. Wilcox I'm not a handyman. I'll see what I can do."

"Oh, would you?" and the pretty little hands come together in prayer again. Then the telephone rang and she shot back through the French windows to answer it.



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REUBEN, REUBEN

I turned my attention to the magazines on the wrought iron and glass cocktail table on which our tea things were spread. They were arranged in a neat row in such a way that you could just read their names, all new to me. I reached out and took a literary quarterly called *Colchis*.

After paging through it at random I turned to the back, where my eye was caught by some pictures of the contributors. One jumped off the page at me. It was Bobsy Springer's dancing bear all right, grinning in a turtleneck sweater against a stone wall with the sea in the background. His name was Gowan McGland. I found his contribution in this issue and read it. It was called *Materia Medica*.

I squirmed noisily on the wicker chair after reading it and wondered if this was now the accepted aim of poetry. More than that I wondered this: if, no longer able to shock us bourgeoisie, artists had nothing left but to befuddle us. I would like to air this notion with His Nibs himself over a beer. He must like it, judging from the foaming stein he held in the picture.

Mrs. Beauseigneur stepped back through the French windows.

"Take that magazine if you'd like. We've finished with it. Why, that was Mrs. Wilcox. She sees you from the kitchen and just can't get over you. Of course she's absolutely green with envy. Well I told her she might make bold to give you a ring at home herself. Was that all right?" Mrs. Beau bit a nuckle in that imitation of a little girl who might of done something naughty.

Clutching my new reading matter I lit out for home. I had been gone all day! How would I explain my absence there? Then the usual head of resentment built up inside of me at *having* to do so at my age, driving out the nervousness.

"Where in God's name have you been all day?" Mare asked. "Dinner's been ready an hour."

"We were worried sick. For fear something happened to you," George said.

I resented the fact that all that varied their attitude of toleration was anxiety: they worried about me in between hollering at me. So I went to the icebox for a beer and said, "Well lets have a scuttle of suds. It looks like an absolutely ghastly summer."

I could feel the tension generating behind me. What I had said was not our talk, it was *theirs*. I had done it deliberately, seized with a sudden desire to mock my own kind with sheepherder talk just as I mocked the sheepherders with our kind. "I don't know what you two are so hairy about," I said, as I stood leaning against the sink after taking a pull of beer from the bottle. I let them have another. I said, "I don't see why we eat at this grotesque hour anyways. I mean isn't it sort of ungodlyish?" I walked into the parlor with the beer, saying, "I've got to unwind."

My fascination with the enemy, especially their women, grew. What a miraculous thing language is! I supposedly spoke the same language as the Pussies Beauseigneur and Wilcox, yet on their lips it was something to be learned all over again, a foreign tongue. Putting a single word of Pussy Beau's into Mrs. Punck's mouth, like I done in fancy, was weird fun. I imagined Mrs. Punck saying into the telephone "My dear we must shove along. We're frightfully late as it is." It was just as crazy to reverse it and imagine Pussy Beau saying what Mrs. Punck would, "I've had a lot of troubles in my life but most of 'em never happened." But all through the sport I realized the sober point of it. It was I who was being split down the middle.

While I befuddled and pained my kin with the new expressions I picked up in Punch Bowl Hollow, with the residents of the Hollow I continued to play the rube. To Mrs. Wilcox—one of the 3 I decided to give a day a week the better to spy on them—I said one time, "I've got nowt left in the yard to do, so if you haven't summat that wants tending to in the yard I think I'll be moseying along."

Playing both ends to the middle in this way kept me in a state of moral and emotional balance—for the time being. Having made fools of my family I would hurry over to make fools of the fancy. And having spent the day doing that I would hurry home to make fools of my family again and whoever else I might find there—sometimes Mrs. Punck if I was lucky. Sailing into the kitchen an hour late for supper one evening in June I found her and Mare and George at the table. In keeping with their policy to humor me, they invited me into a conversation I knew damn well my arrival had just stopped. "We're talking about the birthday party for Ma next week," Mare said, "and were wondering whether we should invite Maggie Klumber."

"Oh *Gawd*," I said heading for the icebox and beer. "I mean her stories are longer than *Lent*."

They sat looking neither at me nor at one another. They had put down their forks and were staring into their plates. They were beaten animals.

"I mean this is sort of effing the ineffable," I continued as I opened the bottle of beer at the sink, "but if Maggie Klumber wants to be the news behind the news she's got to learn to stop being all *exposition*, for God's sweet sake."

I leaned back against the sink, beer in hand, drinking them in. They were a sight, disintegrating there. I took a loud gulp from the beer bottle and walked on into the living room.

George called out, "Ain't you going to eat, Pa?"

"Not on an empty stomach," I says and laughed out loud.

I would clip and mow near terraces or around swimming pools where guests were gathered and conversation going on, every chance I had, picking up something new in the way of a word or a inflection almost every day. It showed again how fast people can learn, if they have to or want to. I would pause ostensubly to mop my brow or adjust the mower, my ear cocked and my brain a sponge. Or pruning shears in hand I would eavesdrop at open windows on them long telephone monologues from which I learned even more.

Early one afternoon, as I was trimming privet for Pussy Beauseigneur, I heard a cry from the garage.

She was standing in the middle of the garage pointing to a great big copper kettle on the floor. In it was a white semiliquid concoxtion I didn't recognize. It was bubbling faintly. "It's a fish stew I fixed last night so I wouldn't be rushed today. I'm having a dinner party tonight," she wailed. "It's a sort of a boullaibaise. I didn't know it would turn this hot. Look at it. Just *look* at it."

As we watched, the contents of the pot seemed to be boiling sinisterly, or as we both knew very well, fermenting. "It's spoiled all right," I said.

"And I have ten people coming! What'll I do? I can't take a chance. Probably poison them all."

Mrs. Beauseigneur moaned and flung an arm upward into the air and gave a half-spin of despair without actually leaving my side, or turning away from me. I shifted from one foot to the other watching the bubbles rising lazily to the surface of the stew. It looked like lava. "What'll I do, Frank?"

Now she did move away, walking out of the garage onto the driveway. When I joined her there she was standing forlornly on the gravel, looking off into the vague distance, but in the direction of the farmhouse. "If I had just half a dozen, say, fryers. Or even broilers. Harriet could manage it in time I think. But I'd have to have them right away."

I pulled out my watch and glared at it. Two-fifteen. I climbed into the Ford—I generally took it to work now—and drove slowly home. I muttered inarticulately under my breath that I hoped nobody would be in the salesroom.

The quarantine on snobs was still in effect you realize. I simply had no stomach for taking Mare on where that subject was concerned, no less touchy for Geneva's spending the summer in Brazil as a cultural exchange student. Mare herself suspected that Geneva had applied for the scholarship for romantic reasons, to stay away from home. The war was still raging. Mare had even denied the appeal of a rather pathetic little splinter group whose point was that their husbands commuted the *other* way, away from New York toward New Haven, where (except for one who worked at a silver factory in Wallingford) their connections with Yale University and its adjunks give them a status in direct opposition to the New York advertising crowd under blockade.

But I found Mare alone in the salesroom. Then a back door opened. Not the one to the slaughter room but one leading downstairs to the cellar, where George had spent the morning mending the sump pump.

"Mare?" he called. "Could you come down a sec when you're finished waiting on trade? I want to show you something." George went back downstairs, followed by Mare.

Your correspondent flew to work like a thief. Jerking a cooler door noiselessly open I was greeted by a substantial stock inside, but all wrapped in brown paper sacks with the names of customers for whom they were reserved written on them in black crayon. I closed that door and opened another. Luck. A jumble of fryers met my eye, freshly dressed but unwrapped—all open stock. I looked hurriedly around for a carton in which to put 6 or 7 but there wasn't any. I could hear Mare downstairs consulting with George about the sump pump. Then saying something about calling the plumber, in a way that suggested she might be on her way back up any second. I reached in and begun to pile fryers on my arm like kindling wood. When I had several I shoved the freezer door shut with my knee and shot away on tiptoe, hearing Mare's tread on the stairs. As I plowed through the swinging gate in the counter on my way to the door a couple of chickens fell off my arms. I snatched them up off the floor by the necks. Just as I rose again and was turning the knob of the door I heard Mare's voice behind me. "Have you got a minute to spare, Pa Spofford?"

"What is it, Mare?" I smiled over my shoulder without turning around. She came through the counter gate with outrageous leisure. Reaching me, she leaned against the wall beside the door-jamb, facing my left side. I stayed facing the door, one shoulder hunched up to hide my burden. She glanced down at it once. Pretending to of seen nothing out of the way cradled in my arms she said, "It's about Ma."

"Yeah, Mare?" Another chicken was sliding off the mound and I tried to hitch it back up. In the effort they all got dislocated and began to tumble to the floor in a general jumble. I laughed. "Absolute shambles," I said.

I stooped to retrieve them and rearrange them in a more systematic stack in my arm. Then I straightened again. "What about your mother, Mare? What about Mrs. Punck?"

"She has to vacate the cottage by the first of the month and hasn't found a thing. And I won't have my mother in a rooming house."

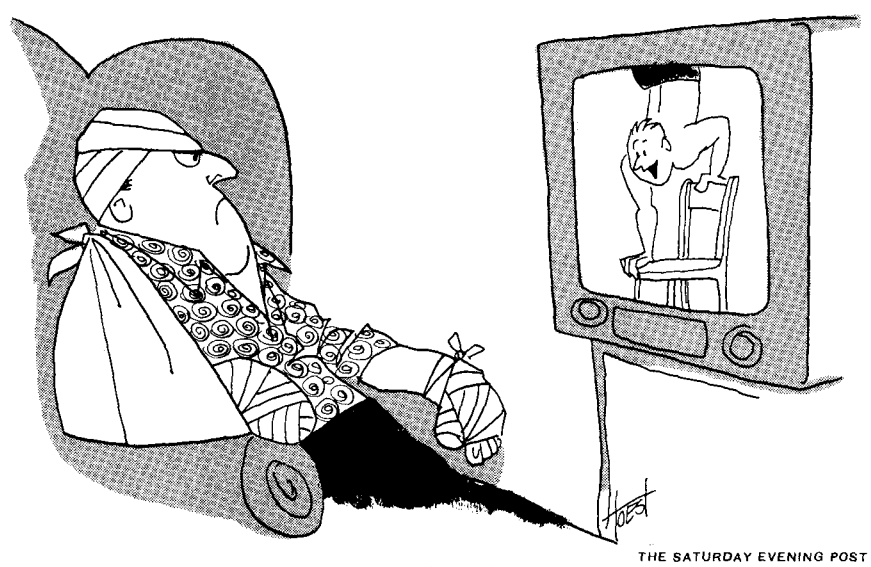
"Of course not."

"So the only thing I can think of, is it all right with you for her to move in here with us?"

"Oh, sure. For a while."

"Then we can all be together."

"In one moist heap," I says and ran out.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Incidentally . . . about this chair exercise we started yesterday . . . make sure it's a strong, sturdy one!"

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Through the door pane she watched me chuck the fryers onto the seat of the flivver, then climb in behind the wheel. I backed out of the driveway, and took Pussy Beauseigneur her much-needed chickens. "These are a special breed that were developed in a monastery," I says dumping them on the kitchen table. 'There called Dominican Fryers." My left eye begun to twitch, a tick I was developing.

The worldly associations to which I now freely bared myself did not by any means include the "idleness of frivolity" we at home had always cursed as characteristic of them. I had never been busier. From gardening I took to doing all sorts of handyman odd jobs, including a little carpentry work, which I was glad to get my hand in again. Then a sudden new development came, which broadened my horizons by leaps and bounds.

I was climbing into my flivver one evening after a day's work at the Wilcoxes, when Mrs. Wilcox run out of the house after me with a cry of distress—just like Mrs. Beauseignuer when the boullaibaise fermented. "My sitter has stood me up!" She wrung her hands. She was dressed to kill, in a long green dress. Behind her I could see her husband in a tuxedo at the window. "We've just absolutely *got* to get in to this dinner. It's important. Are you by any chance . . . ? I mean could you . . . ?"

Now I was inside the citadel. Now began them long, nocturnal rambles through the houses with the children snug in bed. The houses soon yielded to me those final secrets I hadn't been able to learn from my outside work. Servants know everything. I read mail, new and old, combed files with wrapped attention, showing in all this, I think, a decent interest in other people's troubles, till I sometimes knew more about the owners than their best friends did. I knew their salaries and their debts, what analysts they went to and how long they had been going, and sometimes why. I knew from yellowing scrapbooks what housewives had dreamed of being singers and dancers, and from where the entries ended when the dream had died. I knew what television serfs still secretly plugged away at That Novel or That Play, and even dipped into one or two—for my sins! I knew from unfinished oils on corner easels which housewives still dreamed on a little, or resumed it again after a child or two.

So it went. My God, I thought, if this is what sitters do then why does anybody have them in the house?

I would hurry to my own at 11 o'clock or midnight or sometimes 3 or 4 in the morning, my head as full of secrets as a Dickens lawyer. I would lie in my own bed breathing like a stoned ox as I reviewed in aw what I had learned in secret. Because I knew now what was happening to me. The joke had backfired. The mockery boomeranged, and the more I wrote down what I learned the less likely I was ever to be able to publish it. But write it down I did, every night a little, in the form of a diary or journal now.

Still I had not seen the last of what people were like. The time came when I found myself in the innermost room of the castle. You know it. Punch Bowl Hollow had its own psychiatrist, of the several in the town itself.

The Wolmars were nearing their forties, with a boy of five named Rolf. I couldn't wait till the lad was asleep, to creep downstairs to the basement where Dr. Wolmar had his office, and resume the final phase of my research. The casebooks were easily accessible, neatly stacked in deep double drawers of a steel desk. There they were, the skeletons in all the cedar-lined closets all around the town. They were so bad, they so overwhelmingly documented the contempt Spofford had set out to document that his contempt vanished. It changed to compassion. But then I realized how deep I had gotten into this business by an experience that also snapped me abruptly back to its original cause and purpose. I encountered in Dr. Wolmar's casebooks many familiar names, but one shot off the page like a firecracker. Thaddeus Springer. Tad. The boy who had wounded our Geneva.

"Room of his own," I made out in Wolmar's heavy scrawl. "Since age of four has consistently sucked eggs . . ." I bent over a word I couldn't decipher, some foreign probably medical polysyllable the length of a scorpion I couldn't identify near enough to determine its deadliness. I skipped it and my eye met "stole it because—" Here I heard a noise behind me. I turned my head without moving the rest of my body. Little Rolf was standing on the stairs in his pajamas, watching me. I smiled over my shoulder.

"Aren't you in bed?"

The boy shook his head in the negative. At the same time he took in the office, or what he could of it in the choked light from the gooseneck lamp bent almost down to the desk. He had a riot of black curls which his mother was always postponing the cruel harvest of, and a pink pulpy mouth which he worked wetly about as he watched. He wore a sleepy charming expression reminding me of the old ad for Fisk tires, without holding a candle.

"You want a drink?" The boy shook his head agin. "Well I'm writing a letter Rolfie. Ain't that something?" My hand felt for and found a loose sheet of paper and pencil before I rose. Keeping myself between the boy and the desk, I walked over to him, turning back once to put the paper and pencil down after making sure he seen them. I took him by the hand and led him upstairs. "You want me to tell you another story. Well O.K., I'll finish my letter later."

My heart still galloped as I tucked him back under the covers and sat down on the bed beside him with a book, for I had decided it would be better to read than to try to tell a story tonight.

"There was once a duck who could see through his wire fence into the forest where the fox lived who longed to eat him up . . ."

I raised my eyes uneasily from the page, to meet his. I was being watched rather than listened to, or as much. He worked the muckle mouth as he studied me.

"Then one dark night just as . . ."

At last the gazing eyes drooped.

Something told Spofford he couldn't read any more about Tad Springer when *he* was a little lad like that. There was a limit beyond which it wasn't any of my business. The bowels of mercy, as the Apostle calls them, melted. Surprised to find my now pretty crusty old self capable of being touched by such a scene, I tucked Rolf in and stole downstairs to set the office to rights.

The light was on in the kitchen when I got home. Mare was sitting at the table. She wet a finger and turned the page of a newspaper spread out before her on the oilcloth. There was an empty coffee cup at her elbow.

"Half past two," she says. "Do you want to ruin your health?"

Of the two impulses at war within me, I was about to obey the one prompting me to say nice things to the after all rather sad Mare when the sight of George, unhappily descending the stairs in nightdress, followed by Mrs. Punck in same, revived the exquisite pleasure I took in being a misfit here. It was Mrs. Punck's first night under our roof, though her stuff itself hadn't been moved in yet. Their faces were such a comical blend of anxious inquiry and plundered sleep that I had to laugh. Mrs. Punck spoke, continuing with the reasonable bit.

"You used to go to bed with the chickens, Frank."

"Did you read about it in Freud, darling?"

Oh you're rotten, rotten clean through their eyes told me as I paced in my tweed jacket and beret not yet removed. Your calling us darling is no consolation, using it in the way commuters do. Nothing is sacred. That was what their eyes said.

"You're cruel," came from Mare.

"No *you* are," I swung around. "Your a prisoner of words, still harping on that one word 'commuter,' and your heart and soul all locked up in it though the daughter because of who you got into this mental bind and intend to go on hating people the rest of your life for it, she's long ago forgotten about it. She's not even in this country! She's in a foreign climb woman! Your an interesting case all right. A paranoiac. Oh-ho baby doll you are. Your so full of defense mechanisms you squeak."

She looked modestly into her lap at the rain of big words, though making it clear again that she would not be bought off with flattery.

"We call the minister for you, Pa?" George suggested.

"He's a wet smack."

I hung up the beret on a nail by the door and carried my beer into the living room. Where I settled down in an armchair with a book Pussy Beau had lent me.

They shuffled sadly off to bed, to be followed soon enough by Spofford. I had forgotten what I had down on my appointment calendar for tomorrow, and wanted to see. I was anxious to get back to my own sort. Maybe this experience that was happening to me would take a new turn, or develop an unforeseen crisis.

The development that did occur was immediate, and one I should of foreseen. Perhaps you have. It was certainly natural enough. In the circles in which I was now moving, it was only a question of time when I would stand face to face with Mrs. Springer.

It was at Pussy Beau's, where we find me in still another guise that I must pause a moment to explain.

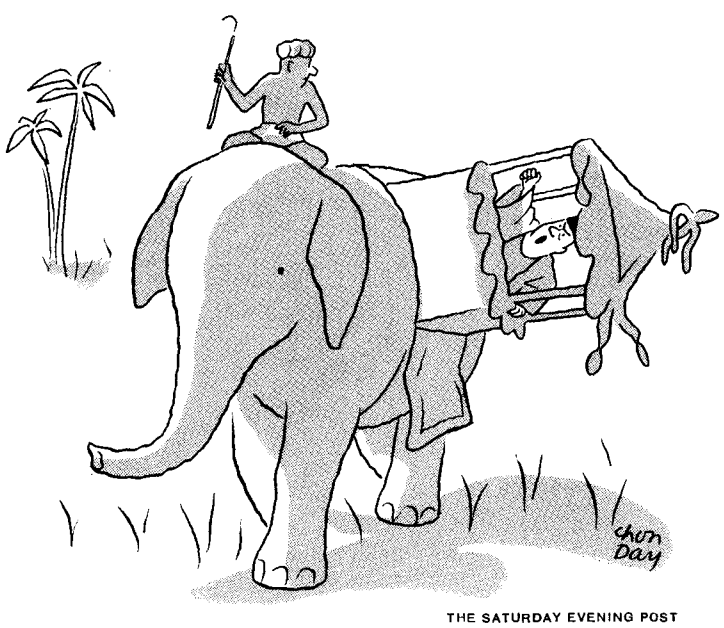
Pussy had come running out the house that afternoon when I was working on the grounds, stringing up Japanese lanterns for a lawn party she was giving that night, to moan that the little Lithuanian who helped her maid Harriet out when they entertained had stood her up. "Do you have a white coat?" she asked. "Yes," I fibbed, and hightailed it to town to buy a flannel jacket to wear with some blue surge pants I had. I guess I misunderstood what she meant. She was talking about a waiter's linen jacket, not the white summer dress coat I got me. Anyhow, I was indistinguishable from the guests that night, and so was launched on a career a little beyond that of extra waiter.

This was the first time I had ever handled champagne but under Harriet's instruction I quickly learned how to wrap the bottle in a napkin and how to pry the cork off and how to pour without spilling. My only mishap was with Mrs. Springer, I was so startled to find myself serving her.

She had arrived with a ½baked set designer in tow that nobody had ever heard of and who she promptly cast adrift. Her husband, who they called C.B.S., was tied up in town with a television production of his own, and would be along later. Her yellow eyes in their thick black eyelashes reminded me of bees glutted with honey. She wore a pink stole that was soft as cotton candy, intended no doubt to bathe in a rosy glow a neck and face of whose beauty pride and desire and no doubt pleasure (cultural affairs) had took their toll. At which Ambition, maidenly and then motherly, had also et like acid. This was the adulteress who had ordered her son to discard the chicken farmer's daughter.

"Whoa!" she laughed, drawing her glass from under the champagne cataract pouring down like a cascade.

"Sorry ma'am."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hold it!"

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"That's perfectly all right," Mrs. Springer said, not looking at who was embarrassed. I left her the napkin off the bottle to wipe herself with and beat it.

Still wasn't it fearless of me and not traitorous to be stalking the enemy right on their home ground? And why enemy when you finally got down to the brass tacks? Hadn't I rightly insisted to Mare that what drove us Spoffords on was not our hatred of this society really so much as our wish and determination that in spite of her first rebuff our girl would finally one day make good in it? What were we scrimping and saving to educate her for to begin with if not that? Yes, that was my vow for her now in this environment where, in some way not yet clearly revealed, I might at this moment be running interference for her. Geneva would not only be asked again by some educated boy to meet his family. *This time she would pass mustard.* I promised myself more than that. I would run her interference by damn well passing mustard in that society myself.

That night I dropped forever the rustic ways by which I had been keeping these people rather priggishly at a distance, and tuned myself even more finely than ever into their ways. At midnight I was leaning against a porch pillar having a breather with a cigar. The tray on which I had just passed a round of highballs was on a table near the kitchen door. A stocky man in a Madras jacket strolled up to the porch. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"That could be. Your face seems familiar . . ."

"Now I remember. The Model T. And the SCAT. I *love* your SCAT. Just the way I feel about the new cars myself. Tell me, what year is she?"

"'Twenty-six. What do you drive?"

"Apperson Jack Rabbit '21. Remember the Jack Rabbit?"

"I do indeed."

He turned around and beckoned another man over, much taller and thinner. "My name is Gromler. Hopwood here has a Stutz Bearcat," he said. "You may have seen a picture of it in the press. I don't believe I caught your name."

"Spofford."

"Yes. Hopwood and I were just saying how ridiculous it is we don't have a gymkhana here when towns half this size put them on every year. How do you feel about that, Spofford?"

"I couldn't agree with you more," I said, trying to make a mental photograph of the word in order to look it up later. Hopwood, a man with a red wisp of beard and a curved pipe, nodded agreement as Gromler went on to say, "Look, why don't we go as a committee of three to the country club and ask for the field some Saturday? Hopwood's game I'm sure. How about you, Spofford?"

"I'm with you 100%."

"Let's drink on it. Where's that jackanapes who's suppose to be serving?"

Thus in five minutes I had changed from a man who had just kept his Ford, like the woman in Proust who kept her hats, to an old car buff—very nearly the innermost circle in Woodsmoke as far as outward status symbols was concerned.

My rounds again made, I put the tray down and mingled some more. I was particularly fascinated by an amusing little group who were being malicious about friends not present, on whose fringe I hovered nursing a leftover whiskey and soda. A man was describing a young woman they knew as "an aging Lolita." That was exactly the sort of thing I would like to do. The problem was to refine into more sophisticated or brittle talk the humor that in some small degree at least I possessed. The glances of the speakers making the quips began to include me (proof again of my point that nobody ever looks at a waiter when he's serving them). From there I concentrated on the next stage, making some contribution to the conversation myself. A young man was mentioned that I happened to know. "Jimmy's interested in comparative religion," a woman said, "and his mother was wondering if he might get into Yale Divinity School."

"He hasn't got a prayer," I said, and took a swig.

They all roared. The woman said she would dine out on that. The conversation turned to another youth who had published a novel about this very section of the country. "There isn't a single character in it," a man said, "who's three dimensional."

"Ever meet anybody around here who is?" I said.

Now they began to ask who I was, whispering among each other in subdued hums when I left, as leave I prudently did when I seen Mrs. Beau on the prowl looking for me, this time beckoning me definitely down.

She came toward the porch, pulling along with her none other than Mrs. Springer.

"Frank, I've been telling Mrs. Springer you're the man in town who knows every-

The static

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thing there is to know about roses. Mrs. Springer has this fabulous rose garden and nobody to help her with it." Mrs. Beau then excused herself to make another of her sallies among the guests, leaving me alone with Mrs. Springer.

"Can I get you a drink?" I says, seeing her roll an empty glass between her alms.

"No thank you. I'm fine."

"How is Tad?"

"Oh fine. You know my son?"

While deciding whether to seethe or snort I tried to find in her face some clue as to whether she was playing dumb or had really not tumbled to my name. My face I could write off as probably rendered as unrecognizable by the dim lantern lights as her own. Could she so lightly have sluffed from the Springer memory the incident that still rankled in the bosom of the Spofford? I decided she was insincere, and to draw on my own resources for orneriness. I'd give her memory another malicious jog.

"I heard Gowan McGland was coming to read. I'm disappointed he didn't show up."

"You like his work?"

"I admire his artistic—well is gall the word? I mean he does get away with murder."

"Well he takes chances. Any genius must, don't you think?"

"Of course."

She said, "Would you like to meet him? He's moved into our guest house for the summer you know, to get some writing done. We have this old Bradshaw place, you probably know it, and all those roses old Mrs. Bradshaw nursed along for so many years. I can't seem to keep anybody, and it's tragic to see it go to rack and ruin." She laid a weightless hand on my forearm. "A day a week? Please?"

"There's only seven in a week, and God himself needed one to rest on."

"Mrs. Beauseigneur says you've got the greenest thumb in Woodsmoke. Never mind me. Think of the roses. Or old Mrs. Bradshaw. My husband is no use."

"What about your son?" I said. "How does he spend his days?"

"Trotting around the roads in shorts and a sweatshirt. He's going out for track next year. He's taken a vow to do the four-minute mile. I mean we're all glad for these obsessions, but where do they come from?"

"Maybe he's running away from something."

Mrs. Springer raised her hand so suddenly I thought she was going to paste me one. After removing it from my arm, though, she laid it flat across my chest, as though she was going to shove me backward onto the porch steps. Nothing of the kind. Instead a look almost reverent in its appreciation come into her face as she said, "I wish I'd said that. May I steal it?"

"Help yourself." I shifted my weight a little and looked down, pinching my nose. "Well maybe I can come Tuesday and at least have a look at your roses. Maybe give you some advice."

That I didn't need to commit myself any more definitely to these women than that was I guess part of my snowballing what-do-you-call-it. Vogue.

I found Mrs. Springer lying face down on a diving board over the swimming pool behind the house, wearing shorts and a halter. One arm dangled down to the water, in which she was writing with a finger. My footsteps, the last few of which were accompanied by coughing, brought her to her knees, peering at me through goggles and bobbing slightly on the board. "Oh it's Mr. Spofford. So nice of you to come."

She walked to the edge of the grass where I waited, not coming no closer to the pool side, knotting the strings of her halter behind her neck.

"There they are over there," she said pointing to what was certainly a riot of foliage if not of roses, running in a wide semicircle across the back of the property. I laughed. "Have they been dusted?" She lifted the goggles to stare at me with a come-again look. "Sprayed. For pests," I explained. "Horticulture, you know, is nine tenths destruction."

"*Love* that. You see, we moved in here in the spring, actually. We used to live over in Punch Bowl Hollow."

"I know."

Through an arched white gateway in the middle of the rose garden could be seen a guest house nestling in still more untended greenery of its own. It was a frame cottage with scaling white paint and a chimney that listed over the doorway with an air of managed suspense, as though the figure now emerging from the door would of deserved the ton of bricks that might come toppling down on his head. It was the wooly bear. He came forward smiling sheepishly. There was the famous hair curling in untidy scrolls down his brow, like wood shavings from a carpenter's plane; the bulging eyes like black grapes; the cigarillo burning in one

at wouldn't stand still

EVEN people who have never been to Wausau, Wisconsin, know this depot well. For, nlike other home-town railroad stations, this ne has been on the move.

As the trademark of one of the country's ıost important insurance companies, Emloyers Mutuals of Wausau, the little depot as found its way all over America.

It symbolizes not only Employers Mutuals' ome town but also the Wausau way of doing ıings. Thoughtfully, purposefully, soundly. In ıst this way the company was founded when group of lumbermen joined together there ack in 1911 to make Wisconsin's (and, for ıat matter, the nation's) first workmen's compensation law a boon instead of a burden.

Today, although best-known for workmen's compensation, Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes a full line of business coverage—group health and accident, liability, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance, including automobile.

And in all 50 states, Puerto Rico and Canada, the Wausau way is as evident as ever in the company's dedicated and creative loss-prevention services, professional counsel, and prompt handling of claims. These "good people to do business with" are ready to help you through any of 145 offices from coast to coast. Just call the office nearest you.

"Good people to do business with" / 145 Offices Coast to Coast

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

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corner of his mouth. The puzzle uppermost in my mind was whether he was an old boy or a young crock. I wouldn't have bet a dime on his age except that it lay somewhere between twenty-five and forty. He was dressed in a blue shirt under the flapping tails of which appeared at last a glimpse of the shorts you were afraid might not be there. Straight as a pine though round as a barrel he advanced toward us.

"I want you to meet Gowan McGland. This is Mr. Spofford, who knows all there is to know about flowers."

A poet, I thought, shaking his hand. Why, he looks just like anybody else. In fact, worse. We shook hands.

"Warm today," McGland said, gazing vacantly around at the day, still not shut of the silly smile that was at once hangdog and mischievious. He had the look of a scolded schoolboy. "Yes," Mrs. Springer agreed. She knelt down on a huge striped towel, as though that was a prayer mat and she really was going to pray. Instead she picked up a pack of cigarettes and drew one out. At the same time his carnivorous gaze come to rest on Mrs. Springer's halter. When he held a flame to the cigarette the holder wobbled in her teeth, so he had to steady her hand with one of his, dropping the matchbook again to do that. Everybody was breathing heavily.

By the time this part of the rigamarole was at an end the two of them were more or less sitting on the towel, sideways on one haunch, leaving Spofford still standing, as though a place had not yet been found for me in the scheme of things.

"I've read your stuff, McGland," I said, "but my granddaughter tells me the thing is to hear you read it in person. She did at Wycliffe College. Remember when you were there? She also saw you reading a magazine at the railroad station there. Anyhow it's good to see young people with other heroes than rock and roll singers."

"I like rock and roll." However McGland changed the subject with remarkable speed back to himself again. "What's your granddaughter like? Maybe I remember her. I remember waiting for the damned train."

"Geneva—" I paused to let the shaft enter Mrs. Springer. Her mouth hung open for a moment like an idiot's and then closed. I took the aluminum folding chair at which she fired a apprehensive look and sat down on it. This kept the demands of respect in ratio I figured. As I'd of had to remain standing while they were seated, I could sit down while they laid down, or nearly did. At the same time it brought me halfway to the lounging position that would of made me one of them. They were now lolling over on one elbow on the towel.

"Geneva's a sturdy girl with fair skin and blonde hair but brown eyes."

"Always a stunning combination," said Mrs. Springer.

"Especially if it's natural," I said. "Her eyes are big and round and she's always got a surprised look, like she just swallowed her gum. A wide, well shaped mouth that's pink without lipstick."

McGland had been making peculiar humming noises, like a seashell. "I think now I remember someone like that selling tickets to some benefit or other in the station," he said. "She was shaking a can like a tambourine. Does she wear her hair in bangs, like a row of question marks?"

"That's our Geneva!" I got down off the chair to set fire to McGland's cigarillo. Now I was on my knees, nearly on a level with them. Oh, I was climbing fast!

"Where is she now?"

"In Brazil on an international exchange scholarship. She's due back any day now. She said she did her damnedest to get a look at what you were reading. Something deep probably."

McGland laughed through his nose at this. He said he generally picked up a true detective magazine in a railroad station and regaled us with an account of the unsolved murder he had whiled away that journey back to New York with. During an exchange between the other two about this, while they weren't looking, I slid down all the way onto the towel. I leaned over on one elbow also, my head propped on my palm. Now I was one of them—worldly, effortless, delinquent and suave.

Mrs. Springer shot a glare in the direction of the garden. Before I could be ordered to my feet I sprang to them. "I've come to look your roses over," I reminded her sharply. "I'll get to some of these other bushes first though. The ones that are through flowering. God knows they need attention." I glared critically around. "This place looks like an unmade bed."

All through the hot afternoon I plied my shears among bushes from behind which, pausing to mop my brow, I could peer through the foliage at the swimming pool, ringed with its ever-changing succession of female callers. Some wore floppy straw hats, some sat at a table with a parasol, but most of them worked at their tans, like seals sporting the summer afternoon away. McGland kept wandering in and out the guest house, sometimes pausing to chat with me and at last even offering to help with an extra pair of shears he had found in the toolshed. He seemed restless. McGland stooped to his work, then knelt, then finally laid down on the ground to do it, his legs sticking out from under the overhanging boughs of a weigela like the legs of a garage mechanic from under a car he was repairing. The sound of the pruning shears was heard briskly at first, then more slowly, then stopped altogether, till at last there was only that of McGland's regular breathing, deepening at last to the contented snore of Silenus asleep under the weigela.

About five o'clock a new car was heard coming to a furious stop among the several parked in the driveway, with quite a spray of gravel, and a redfaced man clutching a leather reticule marched into the house with but a glance in the direction of the swimming pool, and that sent there like a shot. Instinct born of experience told me to get ready for some fireworks. I shot around to the other side where I could stand clippers in hand near an open bedroom window. The sound of cars being started up and driven off in rapid succession was heard. The seals had been scattered by the sudden arrival of the laird of the house.

"I mean a man breaks his neck to get away early once," C.B.S. said, "as I specifically said I would, to get away early once and have a drink *with his wife alone*—remember that word, alone?—and he finds the same goddam thing he always does instead of a home to come to. Is that all they've got to do is sit around with grease jobs an inch thick?"

"You mean is that all *we've* got to do? Meaning I've got to do."

"If the shoe fits."

"Don't let's fight again," she told him, "Please?"

"I mean define your terms," he said. "Let's define our terms. What do we mean by a Relationship, which you were discussing so gaily the other night. Let's get together and try to establish *contact* with each other, shall we? To talk *with*, *not at*, each other. I mean *a quiet drink*. You said yourself if we had more of those I wouldn't hit the bottle so much myself. You know—quiet drink? Remember?"

"Half the lines you throw at me in these arguments you wouldn't stand for in those scripts."

"You mean *even* those scripts. Say it. I immerse myself in bilge to the ears to pay for this. I spend the day buried to my chin in manure to maintain someone in the style ——"

"Don't. Argue intelligently or don't argue at all."

"Well now, there's an idea. That's a switch. Don't argue at all." C.B.S. had slipped his trousers over the rod of a coat hanger, which he now stood holding. After slipping the coat on the hanger C.B.S. looked over at his wife, who stood framed in the bathroom door now, one hand on the jamb, in an attitude of royal ease, ready for her bath but waiting a moment. "Oh, baby," he said, "let's hole in together tonight, alone again. Just the two of us. We'll take a pitcher of martinis and a bottle of wine with some supper out to the guest cottage."

"Oh, uh, well . . . he's still in it, you know."

"Who?"

"Gowan."

"I thought I said for him to go."

"I thought you said for him to stay."

Tightening his grip on the hanger, wearing a look of lunatic deliberation, C.B.S. swung coat and pants in the air over his head three times in a wide circle, then slammed them down on the bed with all his might. "And I'm in communications," he said.

He was talking to himself. His wife had vanished into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

"I'm in the business of making contact with people on a large scale," C.B.S. babbled to himself. "To establish *connections*. To *communicate*. On a *mass scale*. I can't even communicate with my own wife." He struck his breast a soft flat blow. "I guess we can start drinking on that note."

I heard a rustling behind me and began busily clacking the shears in midair, doing so until I reached the nearest bush which I proseeded to barber briskly. It was McGland, looking refreshed after his snooze under the weigela and spoiling for action.

"Look, which pub do you go to in this town?" he asked flourishing a new cigarillo as he hove into view. "Not a cocktail lounge—a pub. A saloon."

I thought a moment. "Indelicato's," I said finally. "The bar down in the basement."

As McGland nodded, there was a sound of footsteps and panting nearby, then Tad, wearing white running shorts, crashed through the brush and burst into view, running easily, his long legs moving like pistons, his fists at his sides. He ignored us and ran straight for the pool, into which he dove head first, swimming its length and hauling himself out on the other side, pulling his dripping trunks up around his wiry loins as he jogged for the back door of the house. A sad look passed across McGland's face as he watched the vanishing vision of clean-limbed Youth.

"That your car out there?" he asked.

"Yes but I'll have to go home first and change. I can pick you up about seven or a little after."

"I'll be waiting on the road."

Driving back to the Springers to pick up McGland I toyed with the notion of showing him what I'd written so far, and promptly vetoed it. I now looked on my Journal less as something to be published (either now or fifty years hence when all concerned are dead) than as a means of getting something out of my system for its own sake. That's the purpose of all art anyway, we now know—to exercise the ghost of something. My ghost was the need to belong, somewhere, somehow, with something, and since I was exercising it daily with what I slapped down on paper, sometimes at white heat, why the hell revise? Why the hell bother about consistency in spelling, use and construction, and all the other things Flahive had had kittens about at Indelicato's that time? Of course I spell words differently at different times, sure I write a number out in letters one time and dash it down as a numeral or a fraction the next, depending on the heat of the composition. Generally I say "would of," though I realize "would have" is the preferred usage. In any case the whole thing will

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good heavens, Edith, that's a commercial for acid indigestion!"

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have to stand as it is, to the point where I bring it, which God alone knows.

McGland was waiting and watching for me on the road in front. He had the usual cigarillo smoking in a corner of his mouth. He pitched it away before climbing into the flivver, to which he promptly turned his attention, asking about its vintage, model and condition. He quizzed me about American life, asking me how long people here had been wearing plastic clothes; whether he had heard correct that we had developed supersonic dry cleaning, where you bombed the dirt from clothes by vibration. Suddenly he fell silent and took something from his pocket and began to fiddle with it. He was holding a jackknife with more attachments than I had ever seen before, all of which McGland picked open. He held it out and contemplated it. "Is crime in this country really as bad as people say?"

"You're not likely to run into that much out here. Isn't that a Boy Scout knife?"

"Yes." The attachments included a nail file, fork, spoon, bottle opener, corkscrew and screw driver, besides, of course, the knife blades. He closed them all again one by one, being very careful not to injure his hand, and pocketed the knife.

"Are you carrying that around for protection?" I asked. "Because of what you've heard about this country?"

"Well it isn't only this country of course."

McGland liked Indelicato's even before we got inside. I took him directly into the downstairs bar by the back door. He breathed a grateful "Ah!" as we entered. Indeed McGland the cultural star looked more at home in this joint than me the chicken farmer. Evidently this business of crossing class lines was trickier than you thought—or easier than you imagined.

"This place reminds me of my favorite pub in Glasgow," McGland said. "Stone foundations four feet thick and that damp, damp smell. Gives you the feeling a drinker wants."

"What's that?" Indelicato asked, who after twenty years tending bar didn't know.

"That he's a mushroom."

McGland didn't eat his spaghetti exactly—he inhaled it. Forkfuls of it vanished. Meatballs disappeared intact, interrupted by swallows of Chianti or pauses to use a napkin in which often as not his necktie was entangled. I had purposely ordered a small bottle of wine, soon gone like the 4 or 5 martinis. When the waitress brought over another I said, "We didn't order that." She said, "Compliments of the next table."

There were four people at it. One man was a handsome Sicilian bandit type with a blonde girl, the other a young priest who smiled and raised his glass to us. McGland rose and went over to their table where he stood a minute or two in a hum of flattery. Admirers. The priest was a teacher at a nearby Catholic college who had recognized McGland and said he looked forward to hearing him read on the campus in the fall. He did the introducing. McGland wore his flustered boy's smile, while gazing down at the blonde in a manner that caused her to draw her stole around her shoulders.

One by one I noticed the drinkers at the bar begin to take the scene in, till almost everyone in the small taproom was listening. Through this gawking I sensed a faint undercurrent of hostility from three youths who had taken positions at the end of the bar. Once I thought I heard them mutter the word "commuters" in resentment, as they glared at us.

I could always afterwards recall the chain of events climaxing that crazy night with McGland, despite the semi-fog I was now beginning to share with him. But we were sobered up quite abruptly.

"Tell me," the blonde woman was asking, "how long are you going to be around?"

"I don't know yet," McGland said. "No definite plans after September. It depends. I'll see what I'll see."

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

The tallest of the three lugs at the bar was heard to mutter "Tell me, tell me." His friends laughed. With a few under their belt they were prepared to be ugly.

"I'm staying at the Springers."

"Oh yes, Bobsy," said the blonde, "I know her well."

Here a definite snicker was heard from the card at the bar, followed by "Who doesn't?" McGland and his fans didn't hear it but I did, and I turned and glared at the guy, who acknowledged hisself author of the remark by returning my gaze with cool insolence.

I got up and walked the eight feet or so to the bar, trying not to be conspicuous. But Indelicato noticed the menace sprouting there and leaned over the bar and said to the troublemaker, "What's the matter, Joe? Had one too many already?" When Joe said nothing Indelicato looked at me. I said, "Some of us here would thank him to keep his voice down, or better yet watch his tongue."

"Who'll make me, Pop?" says Joe.

"Look," I says, "I've knocked the ears off bigger than you in my time, and maybe I can do it yet."

"Care to try?"

"All right, all right you guys," Indelicato cut in, "let's knock it off! Everybody back to his kind."

A more apt choice of terms could not have been imagined—or more unfortunate. By putting his finger on the problem he put it on the guy's gripe, touching thereby a tender nerve. By that time McGland, sensing the ruckus behind him, turned from his admirers to me.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, coming over.

"He spoke disrespectfully of your hostess, and I took exception," I said.

"I see."

McGland's face was a sight to behold. While he enjoyed the role of gallant, that of knight was something else again. He had no stomach for that. But there were other members of the fair sex looking on now, and the confidence that the church would surely intervene before any blows were struck emboldened our McGland. Giving his belt a hitch he says, "Well in that case we'll have to ask for an apology, won't we?"

"Here or outside?" says the jackanapes.

The two of them stood glaring at one another. McGland managed a finely timed threatening motion, cocking back his arm for a blow in a way that looked fearless yet made it convenient for the priest to grab and restrain him. Which was what happened for the moment.

"Now isn't this a ridiculous way for grown men to behave?"

"Father," the guy called Joe smoothly answered, "that's just the thing we can't do here any more. Bars like these are ours. We helped build them up. We shouldn't be frozen out of where we belong by people who think they're slumming."

"I don't feel I'm slumming," said the priest, "though you tempt me to that conclusion."

"A cigar for that one Father!" Indelicato barked. "O.K., that's all now, boys!"

It might have been had it not been for McGland. Confident that the danger was now past, he got more belligerent. "All right, but I'd still like to hear a word of apology for what was said. That much the case calls for."

"I think he's right there," I put in, "on general principles."

"What ails you guys?" said the jackanapes. "What are you so touchy about this for, Pop?"

"Because it concerns a lady," I says, now irritated more by the succession of Pops than by the aspersions on Womanhood to be frank about it. "And a friend of ours—mugg!"

"She has lots of friends, was all I said. Everybody knows that."

"How do you?"

"I use to deliver oil there."

It probably suffised as satisfaction without striking a note of nuckling under to us. After all nobody could prove any slur or offense was intended by the remark, or that it had been accompanied by a snicker. In fact if he was shrewder he might accuse *us* of casting a shadow on Bobsy Springer's name by taking it the way we had—or the way I had. In view of all this I said, "That's better," to up the amount of apology that could be read into his explanation, and with an extra glower at the jackanapes I took McGland by the arm and drew him away. But now it was the jackanapes who had to make a little final display of his masculinity. As a parting shot he threw at me, "And after this watch who you call a mugg—dodo!"

I let him have one across the chops. Though it was with the back of my hand you could hear it clear across the bar. The jackanapes knocked me backward over our table, not socking me but pushing me with the flat of both hands. Then he whirled sharply, antisipating action from McGland. McGland's face was a sight to behold again, but probably not quite on the same scale. Confident again of intervention from the cloth, he cocked his two fists in a manner at once menacing and scared. He kept one hand near his mouth, I noticed, as though favoring his teeth. "So you'd hit him would you?"

"I didn't hit him. I only pushed him away. But in your case I'll make an exception. Why don't we step outside and finish this?"

"I'm perfectly willing to finish it here," McGland said, not taking any chances on the church failing to tag along and intervene. But the church had more important concerns than stopping the battle either indoors or out, to wit the wounded and dying. Back on my feet again, I was feeling under the back of my coat. My hand come out red. In falling onto the table I had overturned the wine bottle, which lay in a widening stain on the tablecloth. The priest, who lifted my coat, pulled out my shirttail and had a look. "Looks like a little cut there," he said. He examined the bottle and found it was cracked. "Better have it tended to," he said. I promised him I would.

McGland and Joe were now definitely committed to a fight. No blow had as yet been struck, but they were circling one another in the prescribed fashion, and in a style from which there was no drawing back. Both were breathing heavily. Then Joe's hand moved cautiously upward toward his pocket, or seemed to, in a motion that McGland at any rate thought he understood. Quick as a flash his own hand went to his pocket and came out with something. It was the Boy Scout knife. At the same time backing off just a shade, crouching low, not taking his eyes off his opponent, therefore not looking at the weapon in his hand, he slowly opened one of its attachments. It was the spoon. This at the ready, he circled with a cautious but formidable air, always keeping the weapon at belt level like he'd probably seen members of street gangs do in American movies, never taking his eyes off the other guy's hands. Joe had seen the wicked glitter of what McGland brandished. "Oh, so that's the way it is?" he said. Turning his head, he gave his two companions some kind of a signal. Then they began to circle and weave, trying to maneuver around behind McGland. They obviously intended to jump him. It was here that the priest stepped between them to put a stop to it. But it wasn't necessary. At that moment the front door burst open and two policemen entered with drawn pistols. Someone, it was never discovered who, had slipped into a phone booth at the very first sign of trouble and called the cops.

McGland got the brunt of the questioning but I stayed in the room where Sergeant Lawson took down his statement in an arrest report. A Band-Aid was all my cut turned out to need. McGland gave a Welsh address, naming one of them Welsh towns of gag length. It *was* a gag as a matter of fact; his home town was one in the north of Scotland. We were both determined to keep his local hostess's name out of it. When it came down to it we said he was staying with me.

"Now, you had an argument at the bar which developed into a fight," Sergeant Lawson said, hiking up a pants leg and writing in the arrest book. McGland muttered inarticulately at this opening. "Then as the fight grew in intensity, you pulled a knife."

"Spoon," McGland reminded him listlessly.

"*You* thought it was a *blade*. That made it assault and battery."

"Knife, fork, spoon. It was a Boy Scout knife."

"That's the one thing in your favor—that you weren't carrying a switchblade, or anything longer than three inches. But you did pull a knife."

"Spoon."

"Knife."

"Spoon." McGland raised his head and pulled a face. "All right. I pulled a knife, fork, spoon, corkscrew, nail file and bottle opener," he said. "Let's get it all in there."

"All right I will." The sergeant was getting testy.

"And that I acted in self-defense," McGland said. "The other bloke was going to pull a knife on me first."

"But he didn't pull any knife. He didn't even have any on him. We frisked him."

"But I *thought* he was. Is it any disgrace to be quicker on the draw than your opponent?"

"You've been seeing too many movies."

"I've been living in London too long. You're not the only country with juvenile delinquency."

"So you're English. I thought your accent was different but I couldn't quite place it."

"No, I'm Welsh, and I think, if I may, that I would now like to make a telephone call." McGland rose. "As I believe is my right under law?" he added.

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He spoke with a tone that made the sergeant nervous. The sergeant said yes, he would be permitted to telephone someone if he wished. Whom did he wish to call, his lawyer? "No, the Welsh Embassy. As a citizen of Wales," McGland said. "I have a friend who's an attaché with the legation. I rather think he'll put a stop to this nonsense in short order."

Now definitely anxious, and throwing a worried look toward the main desk where the captain was sitting, the sergeant said, "You going to phone New York."

"No, that won't be necessary. He happens to be staying at a local motel here with the Welsh diplomatic delegation to the United Nations. They're here for a reception being tendered them by the Governor of this state."

The sergeant was in a huddle with the captain before McGland had reached the booth.

Words and phrases like "famous poet" and "international incident" were exchanged in whispers between the sergeant and the captain, who both looked worried now. The sight of McGland emerging from the phone booth with his stomach in and his chest out, made the officials nod and hastily agree to something.

"You two can go now," Sergeant Lawson said. "We'll overlook it this time."

"In that case," McGland said, "I should call my friend again and tell him not to come." Which he did. Then he went up to Sergeant Lawson and said, "Can I have my Scout knife back?" Which he got.

It was cool and pleasant outside the police station. I was for making the cops drive us back to Indelicato's for my flivver but since it was in the same part of town and McGland wanted some air we walked. On the way I asked him what this was all about. "There ain't no Welsh Embassy, is there?" I said. "Ain't it part of Great Britain?"

"Go to the head of the class," McGland said. Then he filled me in on the guy he had called. "This bloke is English, an actor, and he'd do a State Department attaché to a T."

"What's he doing here in Woodsmoke? And how come you can rout him out of bed at half past twelve?"

"He's over here writing a book about the English artist in America and all that. Cultural cousins stuff. He's chasing me around. He wants to pick my brains badly enough to do me a favor like this."

I did a little picking McGland's brains myself—about his previous tours, where he'd read, articles that had been written about him that I might look up. It got a little deep for me, and I said so. "I don't get it all but my daughter would." I laughed at the blunder. "Granddaughter."

Here McGland gave me a look. For a fleeting moment he resembled one of them barnyard villains you see in movie cartoons, foxes and dogs that are always on the prowl and are always foiled by the smaller animals. There was something about him at once beastly and beguiling, unscrupulous and devoted. I knew he liked me as he knew I liked him. But he was a rogue and we both knew that. "When did you say she was expected home?" he said.

"Any day."

He was dismayed to find Indelicato's closed when we got there, being now in sore need of a nightcap.

I laughed, sensing this was literary history in the making and glad to be in some way mixed up in it. There was also just a dash of justifying yourself to the family along with surprising your family, so I said, "Let's go to my place."

But as we approached the farmhouse I began to have actual qualms. There wasn't just the usual kitchen light left on: the whole house blazed with them. Was something wrong?

Through the lace curtains behind the oval pane in the side door I could see Mare and Mrs. Punck and George, all of them, sitting there. They seemed in good spirits. Once McGland and I were inside the cause was soon evident. A fourth person walked into the parlor, laughing. Our girl was home!

"Geneva!" I said.

"Grandpa!" She ran into my arms.

There were a couple of reasons why Geneva may not immediately of noticed the change in her grandfather. The first was that the change was only one side of a split personality that still had its other old side, between the two of which I was constantly shuttling back and forth. The fact was that I first noticed the change in *her*.

What McGland noticed was a strapping girl with hair like ripe wheat and rousing breasts, standing in sawed-off denim slacks and bare feet. The slight pop to her brown eyes give her that look of just having swallowed her gum, but they also light her face up with that staring, rather goofy beauty.

"There you were," she said, smiling at the floor as she recalled for McGland the time she had seen him pacing the railroad station at Wycliffe, "with a look on your face like a prisoner about to be shot."

"I was afraid the train would never come, and I'd have to go back to that Inn you have there with a rope for a fire escape."

"And the menus on slates," said Geneva. "And that fussy cooking, sort of like *bride's cooking?* It's a place where they serve you *portions?*"

McGland was wide awake again. He took both the highball I give him and the chocolate cake Mrs. Punck did, coffee to follow presently. Mrs. Punck sat on the settle with her lap spread much too wide for this part of the country, nodding and smiling at what was said, asking about details of the night's events.

"There I was, with the three of them having at me, and only this knife." McGland, who had risen to act out the scene, exhibited the Boy Scout knife.

"I didn't even have that," I said, putting my beer down after a gulp.

"He didn't even have that. So there I was . . ."

McGland began to weave about the room in a humorous portrayal of combat. "Suddenly he reached toward his pocket for something, and I pulled out my knife and opened it—to this." Geneva laughed as the spoon came out, and McGland laid a hand on her shoulder as he wove on by. "The payoff, you see, was that I didn't *know*. I thought I was armed."

McGland showed off in this fashion for a good ½ hr. or more, expanding under everyone's laughter, especially, you couldn't help noticing, Geneva's.

But at last there was enough fun for one night and the guest got up to leave. At the door McGland said to Geneva, "I hope I'll see you before I go. Look, my hostess is giving a sort of do Saturday night. Why don't you come?"

"That's sweet of you, but if you're a house guest . . ."

"It's me the party's for. She's asked if there was anybody in particular I'd like to have. And there'll be so many people there nobody'll know the difference anyway. I've already asked five others." McGland laughed at this, deploring hisself. Charm plus irresponsibility won the day as ever.

"Well all right. Where are you staying by the way? I thought you were at the motel."

"No. I'm staying with the Springers."

Geneva flushed a deep red and dropped her eyes. "Oh. Well in that . . ." She clasped her hands behind her back like a child embarrassed, stuck in the middle of a recitation. "I mean I'll have to see. I'm not quite sure about the date."

"I'll give you a ring."

When I had rushed McGland to the Springers and then rushed back again, I turned from the shut door to see Mare standing alone in the parlor. George had fled to his bedroom, Geneva to the kitchen to help Mrs. Punck with the cleaning up.

"Well! Wasn't that nice?" I says queasily. "A famous English gentlemen, well he's Scotch, that I brought home for her to meet the first shot out of the box when she gets home! Hah?"

"I see your little game," Mare said, ignoring the testimonial to my own prowess as a social bushwhacker. "I see now what you had up your sleeve all along."

"What?"

"You want to get her back up there with the quality. For another chance."

"I'm glad to see you're getting around to looking at things my way."

It was a sweeter moment for Mare than for me, even, the knowledge that her snubbed daughter would return to the wrongdoers in triumph on the arm of their guest of honor. "I'd like to see their faces," I said, reading her thoughts.

"Well you won't," she said, reading mine. "This one you'll keep out of sight. You've done your bit. You've paved the way for her, if that really was your bounden aim. Now you'll keep out of sight, mister man."

"Oh all right" I said, pleased enough to be justified at last in my own home again. "What if she won't go?"

"Leave that part of it to me."

By the time Geneva joined us in the parlor she doubted that she could carry the day herself at the Springers. She didn't want no return match. She would not go.

Here Mare stepped in. Planting herself squarely in front of the seated girl, she laid down the law to her like I never heard the law laid down to anybody in that house before. Mare was going to rub it in, but that wasn't all. There was a more positive, more constructive side. "You'll meet lots of nice boys there," she said to the girl, who sat with her great eyes lowered and wearing the shy and hostile look. "And I don't mean Tad Springer. Just boys. Lots of them. Learn to *mix* more!"

Mare was still laying down the law when I went upstairs to bed. The last thing I heard, listening on the landing with my toothbrush in my hand, was Mrs. Punck saying, "And there'll be Mr. Gland to make you feel to home, dear. You tell me he's suppose to be such a goat, but I don't know why you say that. He couldn't have been nicer to you."

The sex life ain't isolated any more than it is constant, but is so intimately bound and tangled up with other forces vying for the upper hand in the network of human emotions that elements remote from it may suddenly bring its sluggish stream to life, or reverse its course entirely. During the week in which Geneva's approaching party date promised the climax to a summer already like none we'd ever had, an overstimulated chicken-farmer, me, drove Mrs. Punck to the Y.M.C.A. for her Golden Age Club meeting and found hisself agreeing to help her write the minutes after he had picked her up.

We worked on the minutes after dinner that night up in Mrs. Punck's room, because the parlor was jumping with a crowd of girl friends Geneva had in to celebrate her homecoming. The sound of the phonograph music beating like a tide under the floor keyed me up, flooding me with a urgent melancholy. About 10:30 Mare brought us coffee and a plateful of cookies, using her best silver service. I fortified myself with a few belts from a bottle I had taken into Mrs. Punck's room, and was soon in the soaring dumps. I mean that mood you get into when you kind of *revel* in the blues? I began not to care what I did or said.

"Well what about it," I said to Mrs. Punck when Mare had gone, "have you ever given any thought to how you might get yourself a fur coat? You ought to sublimate all this energy you devote to civic work. Pour it into sex."

"You always were a devil. I mind how at picnics you use to chase women and tickle them."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Barnett, we ran a time-motion study on you, and you lost!"

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I denied it.

"Yes you did. I remember once you and Charlie Keeley got Ella Shook down on the ground and tickled her till she couldn't stand it."

To shock her I said, "Why don't you have your hair cut off?"

"I was thinking of it."

"What, cut off all that hair? There use to be a story you could sit on it."

"I still can."

The music throbbed in the floorboards, vibrating in my feet and churning up a fresh lather of emotions. "Let's see you do it," I said.

I watched her stand at the dresser and remove the tortoise shell pins and the thick brown braids disintegrated and flopped in a soft veil down her shoulders and back. She sat down on the bed again by way of demonstration and said, "There, you see?"

"Well only just." I tried to affect an air of wordly depravity. "Amazing there's no more gray in it."

"I take care of it. A hundred strokes every night. I might as well do it for tonight, unless you want to do the honors."

I took the silver-backed brush she then passed to me and began to run it through her hair.

"Are you counting or am I suppose to?" I asked.

"We won't bother tonight."

"Did we ever chase you at picnics? Keeley and me?"

"You did then," she said. "But I'm not ticklish any more."

"We'll see about that," I said.

A jab in her ribs with the brush was intended to put an end to the spell cast by brushing her hair. What it did was set in motion another mood which was far less easy to stop, in fact impossible. It caused Mrs. Punck to rise with a little squeak of delight and run around to the foot-end of the bed. With this ritual under way, I was stuck with it. So I began to chase her, chucking the brush on the bed. "You," she said as I come half-heartedly forward.

It was stylized, and very taxing. Your amorous red tape. Just beyond the bed was the upholstered red and white striped chair in which I had only a moment ago sat in peace. This Mrs. Punck scooted around, getting up steam for the idea that I was a caveman in hot pursuit and she had to keep something between us. The small table at which we'd been working on the minutes was next to that, forming a cool de sack. In the other direction was the 3 ft. corridor between the far side of the bed and the flowered wall, in which she no doubt banked on being trapped. That would be the climax of the rigamarole. She wore a green silk kimono, which from time to time she paused to tuck up around her throat to suggest that the romp was getting wilder, her face flushed and smiling. Gritting my teeth, I made a couple perfunctory lunges to which she responded with corresponding galvanized shuffles of her feet.

At last I jerked the chair away, causing Mrs. Punck, deprived of her last bulwark, to scuttle into the narrow alley beside the bed. It ended in another wall of course. There she stood with her back to it, her hair in wild disarray and her face a glowing pink, panting like an abandoned woman in a revel. She rolled her head from side to side and her eyes in her head. "Now don't go raising sand," she said. I advanced along this passage with as much show of frolic as I could. This brought us full circle to the original question that had touched off the romp, whether she was ticklish. Mrs. Punck contracted with a preparatory giggle. When I reached her I began dutifully to rummage in her ribs.

She doubled over in my arms, with shrieks of laughter and hilarious warnings that her disc would come out again if I did not control myself. She dropped over onto the bed, me after her. The music on the phonograph downstairs was now a shrill clarinet chorus. Between it and Mrs. Punck's continued squeals of delight neither of us heard the rap on the bedroom door. It had been closed but not latched shut, and now it swung open as a result of the knock, revealing the face of Mare and the percolator held up in smiling inquiry whether we wanted any more coffee.

"I'm tickling your mother," I said, looking over from the bed.

Mare nodded, coming into the room just long enough to refill the coffee cups before backing discreetly out again, shutting the door behind her. We had got to our feet by now. I turned and walked to the table where our steaming coffee awaited us. "You're a devil," said Mrs. Punck with approval, pulling her kimono to rights.

Once at the table I made a firm point of getting this thing back on the track and no nonsense about it. "I mean this Charlie Keeley sort of thing went out with sleeve garters and trombone solos in church, for God's sake." I switched to the snobbish drawl and airy gestures. I did the la-da-da sort of thing till I saw Mrs. Punck's jaw fall to a level where I knew it was conclusive. The cruelest was the kindest, there was no doubt about it in this instance. When Mrs. Punck presently found occasion to say, "Least said soonest mended," I said, "Soonest what, pie? I don't believe I've ever heard that expression." It was a way I had of mocking her.

Nevertheless I found myself gravely disturbed by the position into which I had let myself be drawn. I had compromised myself. More than that, I had lost ground, precious ground; all the ground I had so painstakingly gained that summer. One fit of provincial behaviour had tumbled me back to where I started. I took the first opportunity to pull myself together and set matters straight, once and for all. It offered itself late the following morning two days before the big blowout for McGland.

George and Mare were in town, shopping and looking in at the bank about some business matter. Geneva was at the beach with her friends. I was once again minding the salesroom. It was pleasant. I sat on the high stool behind the counter reading Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. The door to the kitchen opened and Mrs. Punck come in.

She puttered helpfully about, tidying the cartons of eggs, and checking the paper bags on the counter. She said at last, "I'm sorry Mare is always dropping hints about people getting fixed up."

I closed the book and shoved it aside. The time had come to spell things out. Spell them out I did, as bluntly as I could without being unkind. I said that I had nothing against her personally—indeed she was one of the most personable women I knew and a splendid catch for the right man—but I wasn't that man. We simply lived in different worlds. That, in a nutshell, there was no true rappaport between us.

"No true what?" she asked.

"Rappaport. You see? I would be explaining every other word I used. It just won't wash."

"Those two for a quarter words. I thought you were talking about that new doctor that just moved into the Hollow."

"No, no! It's something that exists between two people. Means the same as affinity. Or compatibility. Or being soul mates, if you understand that term better."

"But Frank," she protested, "don't you think you may be exaggerating something? And do you think you might find this companionship more with some—the time is past for mincing words—some woman of the sort you've been hobnobbing with? Are you getting notions, Frank?"

"I suppose you might say something has rubbed off on me, yes."

"They're not our sort, Frank, the gazebos who go in for that," said Mrs. Punck. "You'll never more than half belong in that world, while losing your footing in the one you do. And that leads to the greatest heartache a person can have—not belonging. Geneva'll belong, in the long run, I suppose, but leave it for her, Frank."

Personal as the discussion had been so far, it now become even more so. It become intimate. She said: "I think that when all is said and done, your hankering is mainly that of a man without a woman."

"The world is *full* of women and of hankering," I said. "They rouse more of it than they could possibly satisfy. But I guess we're meant to hanker. Without it there wouldn't be no art or poetry or music. No nothing. I sometimes think it's all one great mating cry, mostly out of season."

"You know what, Frank? It's when you lapse into your real self, your old-fashioned self, talking the way *we* talk, giving that self a chance, that you make sense. That you say noteworthy little things. When you put on airs and try to talk like *them* is when you say things nobody will remember tomorrow, or even wants to listen to today."

"Let's not be chintzy, darling."

"Do you know what I'd like?" she said. "I'd like to hear you talk to some of these people that you claim you've got this rappaport with. Just to know what I'm up against."

"You've heard me talk."

"To us, but not to them. Besides I want to hear you talk it with a *woman*. This other language you keep harping on. Then I might pick up some pointers."

"It's too late."

"It wasn't for you. *You* learned. And I do appreciate some aspects of what you've become. Your enlarged vocabulary, the way you dress. That dogtooth jacket is very becoming."

"*Hounds*tooth! You see? I need someone who speaks the English language with a little precision. It's all I ask, but I do ask that."

An open blue Jaguar swept into the driveway and came to a stop. It was Mrs. Beauseigneur herself behind the wheel.

"There's one of them now!" Mrs. Punck spoke rapidly, suddenly quite agitated. "Now look, why don't I hide in here somewhere and listen? Right here under the counter would be perfect. I could hear everything."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"Why not? There's plenty room, and I'll be quiet as a mouse. Besides you owe it to me. To all of us. We've been going through a lot with you, Frank, and ——"

"Oh well, all right," I said at last, figuring what could I lose.

I shoved Mrs. Punck hurriedly under the counter as Mrs. Beau sprang out of the car and came toward the salesroom door. I should say that there had been a slight thaw in the cold war with the suburbanites in the past few days, thanks to the turn matters had taken. Mare had agreed to accept a limited number of them to do business with. These included a handful of close friends and employers of mine, people who had a drag. Mrs. Beau was definitely one. Hence her blithely coming in here expecting to be waited on no matter who was on duty. But she was glad it was me, I could tell from her expression, when I had straightened up again after stowing Mrs. Punck under the counter. *Well* under, I saw to that, into a corner against the wall, where she settled herself as comfortably as she could on all fours.

Mrs. Beau was bright as a poppy in a red silk blouse and beige slacks, and as usual she poked strands of hair under her headscarf and fought the door. "Disintegrating," she laughed. "Well, Frank, I see you're at the old stand again."

"For my sins. The whole famn damily's out. You look more than usually charming today."

"Thank you." Mrs. Beau saw the book open. "*Vanity Fair*. How are you liking it?"

"All right. I thought it sort of drug in the middle, like the Old Testament."

Mrs. Beau looked at me and said: "Frank, I hear you and Gowan McGland had quite a time with the police not long ago."

I threw up my hands. "Bad news travels fast. How do they say I did? Show me no mercy."

"They say you were fine. Do you like him?"

"Very much. Some of his lines take a little doing—sort of ambiguitysville—but then that's par for the course. Oh you mean how do I like Gowan personally? Very much. I mean he wears well."

"I haven't met him but I hope to Saturday."

"Ah," I said, "you're going to the big bash for him."

"Yes. Will you be on deck?"

"Now, Mrs. Beau," I said, "*some* of us have to stay home so the rest of you can be exclusive."

She laughed and said, "Frank, you're impossible. Look, I've been meaning to thank you for helping Bobsy Springer out with her garden. I heard you went. It was sweet of you. I didn't get a chance to tell you at the Bronsons party. You didn't seem very happy there that night."

"Well I'll tell you. I have no objections to serving American wines. But those bottles with the caps on instead of corks, that you screw off? I mean handling the account is no excuse."

"Now Frank, you're getting to be a terrible snob. But leave us not talk about it. They don't care about wines. But the food there is always superb. You must have tucked in your share of stew."

"Better than you did. Don't tell me you're dieting again. Look, here's my rule about that. A woman doesn't have to watch her figure as long as the men still do."

"Well you're very sweet. But the fact is I'm getting in shape for all that food on the *Flandre*. We're sailing for Europe the last of September. Did you know?"

"No, I didn't know. That's wonderful. And going sort of out of season. That's

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playing smart. How long will you be gone?"

"Well Lester's taking a month, which will give us a good three weeks, because we're flying back. Time to take in the whole Continent."

"In one swell foop. You going to tuck in Spain?"

"I think so."

"Because otherwise Mrs. Wilcox will ploy you out of town."

"We may even take in Athens. That'll larn her."

"But get her to tell you about the cathedral in Zamora with the obscene carvings on the choir stalls. Terribly amusing to hear her go on about it. Anyhoo, you're smart to go out of season."

"We've no cherce, actually. Lester has to take his vacation then. Look, I hope we can bank on you to keep an eye on the house while we're away?"

"Don't give it a thought."

When she had bought her eggs and gone I said, "All right," and Mrs. Punck crawled out from under the counter.

"Whew! . . . So that's the way it goes." Mrs. Punck was not getting up. She was remaining on all fours on the floor. She had crawled out to the middle of the room but that was all.

"Why don't you get up?" I said. "She's gone."

"I can't."

Propping herself carefully on one forepaw, Mrs. Punck gingerly raised herself a little and felt her back with the other hand. Instantly a grimace of pain crossed her face and she dropped back to her former position. I became apprehensive, remembering her sacroiliac.

"Frank," she said, "I think it's out again."

"Oh, Lord."

I got down on the linoleum beside her and tried to help her up, but my ministrations only made it worse. "It's no use," she said. "It has to be done exactly right, by someone who knows. You'd better call the doctor."

"Right." I rose and started at a gallop for the kitchen telephone to call Dr. Kershaw, our family physician. From the kitchen phone I could look through the open door and watch Mrs. Punck shift experimentally around on the linoleum, there on all fours, trying to ease her discomfort by slight changes in position. Without much success. But my conversation on the phone soon gave me something else to think about. Dr. Kershaw was away, on vacation, and the man covering him was this Dr. Rappaport she had mentioned.

"Well that's an odd coincidence," I said, when I came back to report to her, somewhat sobered.

"It's a sign," she said, watching me from the floor like a reproachful animal.

Dr. Rappaport arrived in less than fifteen minutes. He didn't drive but came crosslots from his house in Punch Bowl Hollow, where he had his office, scrambling over the stone wall with his black bag, so we weren't alerted by the sound of any car turning in and were unprepared for the sight of the sharp bearded face at the window of the door and then coming in. He was a short dark man in a tight seersucker suit and a big flowered tie which hung out of it in a disheveled way. He was breathing heavily. He had burning brown eyes, with which he took in the sight of Mrs. Punck only a second before getting down on his knees beside her.

He was both gentle and amazingly skillful. Inside of five minutes he had her straightened up on her knees, in two more on her feet.

Things weren't as good as they seemed at first blush though; the least wrong move brought on a fresh wrench, and Dr. Rappaport didn't seem satisfied. "We'd best take you to the hospital for an X-ray. Then we'll know what's what." He looked at me with his sort of gentle glare. "Can you drive us? I have no car."

I put a BACK IN AN HOUR sign on the door and locked it. We all squeezed into the Ford, Mrs. Punck between us. Dr. Rappaport, who took up very little room, patted her arm when we went over bumps, murmuring dove-like words of encouragement. I was turning over in my own mind something else that continued to eat me with curiosity. "How do you get to your calls? If you don't drive."

"Oh, people generally give me a lift, and one thing and another."

"You mean you hitchhike to your patients?" I said.

"That is correct. I have not driven since 1954, when I lost my wife in an automobile accident. We lived in New Haven then. I've come to Woodsmoke to retire. I take very few calls, and fill in for other doctors now and then. People are very kind. They'll always pick up a doctor thumbing a ride. Sometimes my patients come to fetch me, if it's urgent."

He stayed to read the X-rays, by which time he already had Mrs. Punck in bed, being prepared for traction. The plates only confirmed what he already suspected—that she had both the nerve pinch that usually constitutes your sacroiliac, *and* a disc out. She lay under sedation, happily tucked in the sheets with the good doctor sitting in the chair beside her. Talk about your bedside manner! He was the epitome of it. He had nothing else to do he said, and would be glad to stay till he was sure she was comfortable. Dr. Rappaport picked up a magazine when she dropped off, and began to read.

I beat it home to report to Mare and George, who were pacing the floor in the stew that could well be imagined. I gave them as coherent an account as I could of what had happened in their absence. Then I drove Mare to the hospital.

We were quiet the first part the trip. I knew what was on her mind.

"You say my mother was under the counter," she said. "What exactly was she doing there?"

"It's kind of hard to explain," I said. "It was where she wanted to be. You see, she was hiding there so she could listen to me and Mrs. Beauseigneur talk."

"To listen to you talk funny?"

"That is correct. She wanted to get some pointers." I was beginning to wish I had skipped that whole can of peas and let Mrs. Punck open if it she wanted later.

Dr. Rappaport was still there, smoking a pipe in the easy chair beside the bed.

"We'll have her out in a week or two," he assured Mare, who of course he sprang out of his chair to give it to. "But I think a bit of traction is indicated. These backs are very tricky. Look, I wonder if I might trouble you for a lift, after you have your visit?" He tiptoed out, Mrs. Punck being very deep in what she herself would of called sleepsie-bye.

Rappaport was generally there whenever I visited Mrs. Punck, which was often out of curiosity as much as conscientiousness. "He's most nice," she told me once when we were alone together. "He's the gentlest man I ever met." She added, smoothing the bedclothes on either side away from her, "And one of the few Christians."

When Dr. Kershaw got back from his vacation we told Mrs. Punck about it, assuming she would want him to take over. But no such thing. She wanted to keep Dr. Rappaport. There was no mistaking developments. I went home one night to lay it on the line to Mare.

"Your mother is emotionally involved with a Jew," I says.

"Jew A is not Jew B," she says, turning the pages of a newspaper spread out as usual on the kitchen table. "That what you been preaching to us around here?"

"That isn't the side of it I mean. I mean the religious. Your mother's religious."

"But he ain't, so there's no conflict there. He's a wonderful man without no standards getting in the way. They've gone into all that, so they must be serious." Here Mare's calm front suddenly cracked. She brought both fists down on the table and rose shouting, "They're serious do you hear! They're talking about getting married! Married do you hear! And all because of you! It's all your fault. You're to blame for the whole thing, for everything that's come over us."

"Now wait a minute, darling," I said, trying to recover the old manner, that is the new one. "I mean if you're going to stand there shrieking like Tosca." I tried to say it in the drawl but it come out in a dry falsetto, as I found myself backing away. "Why is it *my* fault?"

"Because it all started with your gallivanting around. We were eternally grateful to you for a few days there—all too few. Now we're back where we were, thanks to you. You had to branch out in new ways. You had to have fresh feathers. If you hadn't started that it wouldn't be ending this way now. Not that the end is in sight, the way it seems."

"What do you mean, Mare?" I asked in the falsetto, further unnerved by something in her manner.

"Geneva. All this seems to've taken your mind off the big party and what happened there. But do you know what *did* happen there? Or since then? Do you know who she's taken up with? Because I don't know from one day to the next where she is or who she's with or what she's up to, now she's become a social butterfly. There's the doorbell now again. Why don't you go see who's picking her up this time? Because I don't dare look."

The above rough sketching in of the Rappaport-Punck thing gets us a little ahead of our story, of course. Now I must go back and take up the main thread of that again where it was left off.

Since my promise to Mare had barred me from the Springers party in any guise, menial or otherwise, I jumped at the chance to sit for the Hackneys, who were going, and whose acreage stood back to back with the Springers. The Hackney children had not been 10 minutes asleep before your correspondent stole across the darkening slope of lawn through a woodlot where the property ended and that of the Springers began. Strains of music floating faintly through the evening air grew louder as I approached.

The party was in full swing. Several couples were dancing on the pavement around the pool, one or two on the grass beside that. A woman kicked off her shoes and waltzed in stocking feet to fixed smiles of appreciation from the onlookers. A few who had acted on the invitation to bring bathing suits were in the pool. One of these was a fat man who stood waist-deep in the water holding a martini. Every one on dry land had a drink of some sort or size. It was a divine evening with a full moon beginning to clear the treetops.

The first familiar face my eye lit on was Bobsy Springer. She sat at a table chatting and smoking like a guest herself, in a sheer black dress. From time to time she did dart glances about—on the lookout for the same people as me? I think we both spotted McGland at the same time. He was strolling out the house with a pretty, somewhat stooped blonde woman in a green dress. Though he strained the buttons of his white coat—or one of C.B.S.'s coats—like a business man in early middle age, his face looked younger than ever. It wore its boyish, up-to-no-good smile as he said something to the woman, or more likely asked her something, because she nodded once and walked away as though some kind of agreement had been reached.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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My gaze now followed McGland's passage through the crowd to a small group of young people on the opposite bank of the pool. My heart jumped at the sight of Geneva. A shift in the ranks to make room for McGland suddenly brought her into view. She was a dream in a cloud of a white dress that set off her sun-ripened arms and shoulders.

McGland trained on Geneva his famous carnivorous stare while she regarded Tad Springer, who was on her left, and who was in turn talking to a girl on his left. Now get this. It was obvious Tad was speaking about Geneva, because after the remark he jerked his head toward her. Then they all turned to look at her, causing her to shift her gaze down to the ground.

What drove me crazy was that I couldn't hear a word that was being said. Near the young people a large forsythia, which I had trimmed, offered itself as a handy cover from which to listen, but as I made for it in a wide arc around the house, there was a pause in the music in which I could hear the tinkle of a distant telephone.

With a shock I remembered the Hackneys habit of checking in once or twice in the course of an evening to see how the children were, and veered off to their house as fast as my legs could carry me. Which wasn't very fast, as it was all uphill this time. As I stumbled up the path I counted the rings, growing louder and more frightening with each peal: four, five, six—God knew how many before I started keeping track. Panic quickened my hammering pulse. By the time I gained the back terrace I thought my head would explode. I tore through the screen door into the kitchen where the nearest extension was, but even as I grasped it, still ringing, I caught myself. Rather than betray that I hadn't been at my post by answering it, why not wait until it stopped and then resumed, on the ground that Mrs. Hackney would hang up and try again on the theory that she had dialed the wrong number. It was nerve-racking listening to it shrill on and on. But in a minute it did stop, leaving a silence that was equally shattering. It started up again instantly.

I gave it two rings and then convinced Mrs. Hackney that she misdialed the first time, and, yes, her children were safe and sound asleep.

After looking in on the children to make sure my story was true, I sat on the terrace with a beer from the icebox. "I've got youngsters of my own to worry about, you know," I said aloud to unseen witnesses, or accusers, or whatever. The music floated faintly on through the deepening night, and in its silences could be heard the drift of wealthy laughter. I dozed off.

Home in my own bed, I couldn't sleep. I tossed about, waiting for the sound of Geneva's return. Toward three o'clock I heard a car in the driveway below. McGland had called for her in a cab, but it was no cab that throbbed for 10–15 minutes under my window. It was an open Cadillac convertible. Its engine had such a quiet purr that I could hear Geneva say, "Well just a quick one," as she walked down the porch steps and got back in and drove off to town with Tad Springer, their young hair blowing in the wind.

It was then that I snapped my teeth together, remembering something.

What was Tad Springer going to the psychiatrist Dr. Wolmar for? Damn! Why had I gone soft and put the dossier away before finishing it that night I sat for the Wolmars? Tad's trouble could be trivial or it could be serious. So, might our Geneva be taking up again with Tad after it developed that the *Springers* were bad stock, not the Spoffords, for God's sweet sake? Go to sleep I told myself, think about it tomorrow in the cold light of day. Mark Twain says we're all a little insane at night. O.K. but what did Geneva mean by just a quick one? Just a quick what? Not a hamburger certainly, or milkshake. Hell, we'd gloated over the triumphal return as one that would open *other* doors to Geneva, not get her in solid again with a family that, it turned out now, hadn't been worth regretting the loss of. That the way it was all going to backfire?

I could hardly share with the rest of my family the dilemma on which I was now what-do-you-call-it. Impaled. And impaled the more during the next week when Tad took her out again. Of course McGland called too, as did one or two other boys in the local set, boys she mightn't seen since high school and who now had a close look at what she was blossoming into. Still Tad seemed the favorite, and I cursed again the ill-timed compassion that had made me put the casebook away.

I decided I owed it to all of us to go see Dr. Wolmar and ask if he could offer an enlightening word, to whatever extent professional ethics allowed of course. But the Wolmars were away on a long vacation. That was when I got the idea of making my way into the house and having a look for myself.

After all, I would not be stealing anything, only availing myself of information to which I was morally entitled, and that not for myself anyway. I cooked up this plan of action when mentally distracted by a distinct warming up in the Rappaport-Punck mess. Mrs. Punck was home again, and still being called on by Dr. Rappaport when there was no longer any medical need. He would sit in the parlor chatting with her about medicine or politics, from time to time glancing at me as though he might be going to offer me two bits to disappear, like some kid brother. The entire trend of things was getting on my nerves, undermining my judgment.

Spofford put together a kit of burglary tools: a flashlight, hammer, chisel, etc. It was dark when I approached the Wolmars house in its dead-end lane of Punch Bowl Hollow, on foot, and with these implements distributed in discreet bulges about my person, rather than the single more noticeable kit which I had at 1st assembled and then discarded. Burning somewhere in the house was of course that single bulb that so pathetically tips off prospective thieves theres nobody home. I entered through the basement office window. I just rapped out a pane of glass, which tinkled merrily to the floor, reached a hand in, unlatched the window, slid it up and climbed in over the sill.

The gray-green metal desk in a deep lower drawer of which the good doctor kept his notebooks was locked. Setting the flashlight on a drawn-up chair so that its beam was trained on that side of the desk, I inserted the chisel in the crack above the drawer, where the locking bar was, and began to hammer.

This mechanism proved more sturdy than expected. I banged away at the chisel for several minutes, then changed to a stout screw driver I had added to my tools at the last minute, and which I could pry farther into the slit. Suddenly I remembered something that made me slap my brow. Desks are often locked up completely when the top center door is merely shut tight. I slid that one open a little and found that it released all the rest too. I was pulling the drawer I wanted open when I sensed a unexplained increase in the amount of illumination I was working at. Turning I saw a beam of light coming in the window, apparently from a flashlight stronger than my own. Unable to see what was behind it, I picked up my own and trained it back. In the light of these mingled beams I could dimly discern the figure of a policeman. It was the fair young sergeant named Lawson, who had booked McGland and me the night of the fracas at Indelicato's. He said rather pleasantly after flicking on a wall switch, "You certainly get around, don't you Pop. What are you doing now?"

"I don't see that that's any of your business," I says. "You get around yourself pretty well. What brings you here?"

"Spot checking empty houses. Always remember to give us your name when you go out of town. Its a service your entitled to as a citizen."

When the family finally came down to headquarters to bail me out, following a short hearing in which bond was set at $500, Dr. Rappaport was with them. In fact he took charge. Geneva being out with the family Buick when the call came in from headquarters, Rappaport, who was setting a spell with Mrs. Punck, summoned a cab and inside 15 minutes had them all at the station, where he very solicitously settled Mare and Mrs. Punck on a bench and went over to a desk with George to sign the necessary papers. He was no less sympathetic to me, who he perfectly believed when I finally decided the best way was to come clean and let them in on the whole story. This in another cab heading for home, around midnight. I sat on a jump seat, filling them in on the essentials. I couldn't quite figure Rappaport. He was either "being reasonable" to impress Mrs. Punck with his tolerance and charity toward the only possible rival in view for her interest, or he really meant it when he said *my* course of action seemed to him a reasonable one under circumstances in which everything had gotten so chaotically entangled.

My own family were not so easy on me. They lost no time in informing me what they had just that day learned on their own: that it *wasn't* Tad Springer who must be worried about after all, but McGland. Geneva was apparently seeing him secretly while the others turned up openly. Four days after the "farewell" party (one of many that were being constantly given for McGland and that didn't take) he was still in the Springers guest cottage, reputedly working at white heat on some new poems, but meeting Geneva on the sly. She doing the driving because he didn't have a car of course. God alone knew where they were tonight in the family Buick.

Mrs. Punck threw in the bombshell. "Did you know that your Mr. Gland was married, Frank Spofford?" she said. "That he has a wife tucked away in London or somewhere, your fine-feathered friend?"

"How do you know?"

"The notes on contributors in those magazines you bring home. I can't read the poems, most cases, but those back sections have some interesting items in them. So we have a girl mixed up with a married man. How modern!"

As we piled into the house, I headed for the icebox and got beers for all the men. "I'll talk to McGland," I told them. "I'll go over first thing in the morning and have it out with him."

"No you won't," said Mare. "You got us into this trouble. We'll let one of the rest of us see what they can do about getting us out of it. We'll let somebody else take over now, and try to do the unravelling, Pa Spofford. We'll decide tomorrow who. We're all too tired tonight."

They settled on Mrs. Punck. This because she was the most diplomatic, the most level-headed and even-tempered, the least likely to antagonize McGland by either harsh words or making a scene. The only possible exception where that list of qualifications was concerned was Dr. Rappaport, but he was not yet an official member of the family—though he obviously soon would be—and would not carry the weight of a blood kin. Also, she liked poetry, and quickly and without hesitation selected some verses to read to McGland that covered the situation, from the old anthology of Poems for All Occasions that she owned. It had always been one of her treasures, and had often seen her through many a trying situation.

The next afternoon she dressed to make her call on McGland, after telephoning to forewarn him of her arrival. She came downstairs in a bright cotton print with a striped parasol. She also had with her the anthology that had been in her family for years. She was sweating bullets.

"How do I look?" she asked, striking an attitude with the parasol.

"Most charming, my dear," said Rappaport, beaming at her.

"I'll drive you over," I says.

"No!" came a chorus.

Mrs. Punck said: "I'd rather walk anyway. It's not far, and it will give me time to collect my thoughts and rehearse again what I've prepared to say to our Mr. Gland."

We all trooped out to the front porch to see her off. She went down the road with the late sun slanting against her parasol, turning it into a sort of halo, behind which she was herself invisible except for her swaying skirts and buckled shoes, and the anthology clutched in one hand, that she was actually going to read to McGland out of! And I thought as I watched her go *This is the end of my story. This concludes my part in this.* It may go on, it probably will go on, but with other characters. I slip into the suburban shadows, there to remain a minor actor in action I have presipitated. All they seem to be leaving me personally to resolve is the breaking and entering charge: that's still my part of the show. For the rest, the action passes to others, in this unending rigamarole which is Life anyway. For now I am displaced indeed, belonging neither to that world I stole briefly out of to explore another, nor in that other I slipped out to explore. A foot in each. Even Mrs. Punck is lost to me, in case I might of decided she would be nice to spend the sunset years with after all. Oh well. Neither I suppose will I try to get any more of this on paper, since from here on in it looks to be somebody else's story. Well good luck to them. More power to them . . .

These were some of my thoughts as we watched Mrs. Punck in the last of the evening light, taking off for the McGland confrontation, twirling her silk parasol on her shoulder now and again, a new Mrs. Punck, setting forth on a new life. THE END

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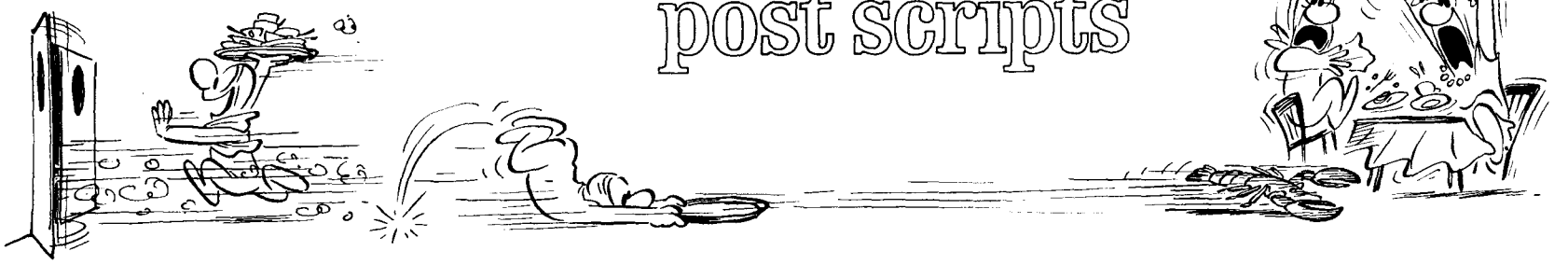
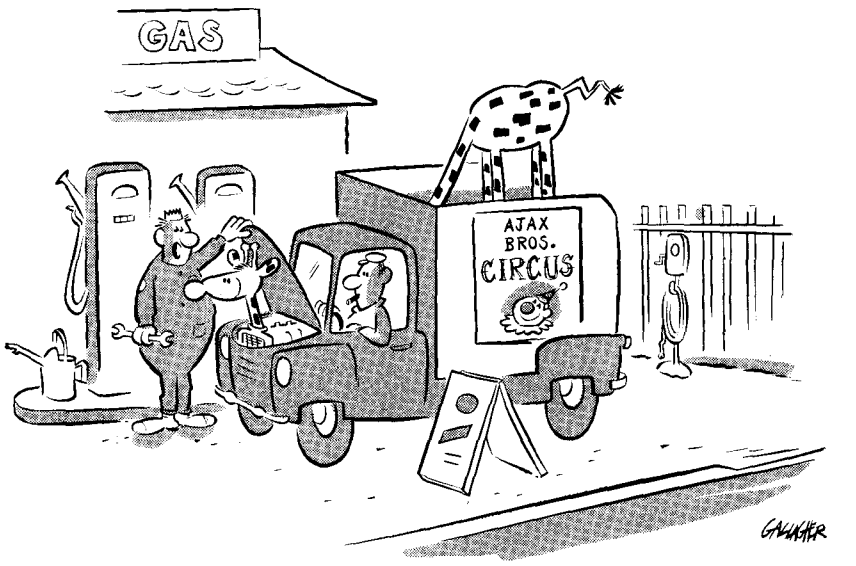
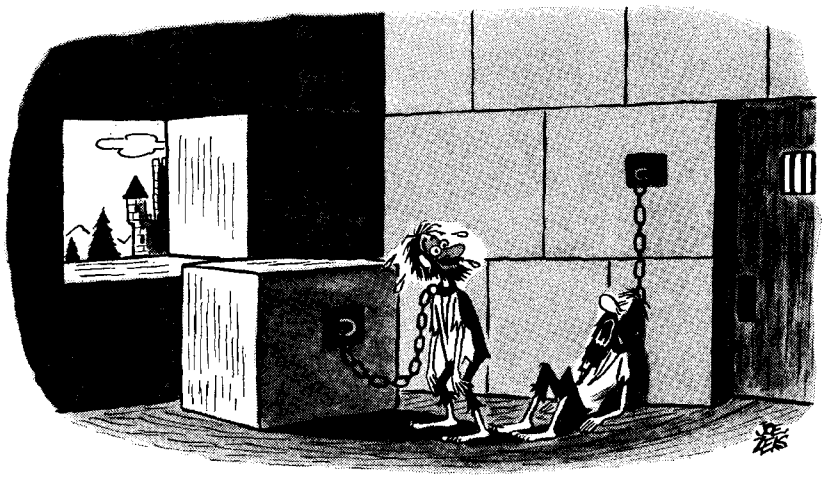
post scripts



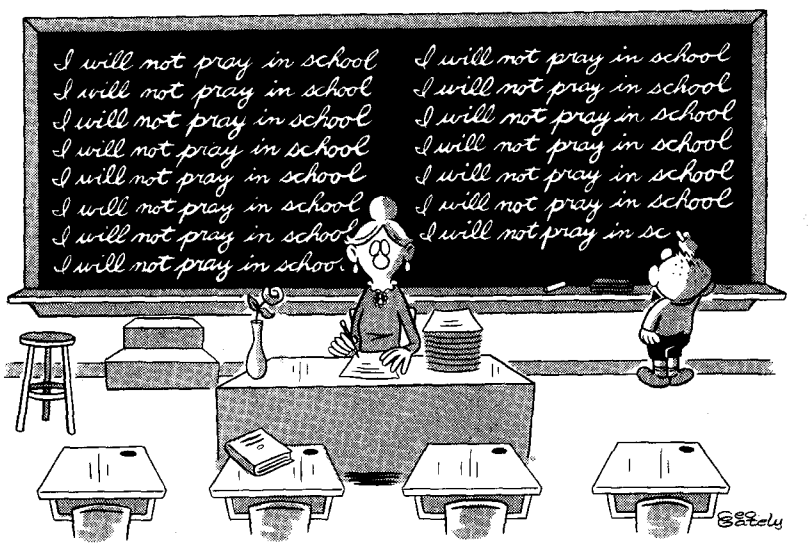
"When you get on the scales, Harry, for heaven's sake, remember to stay still!"

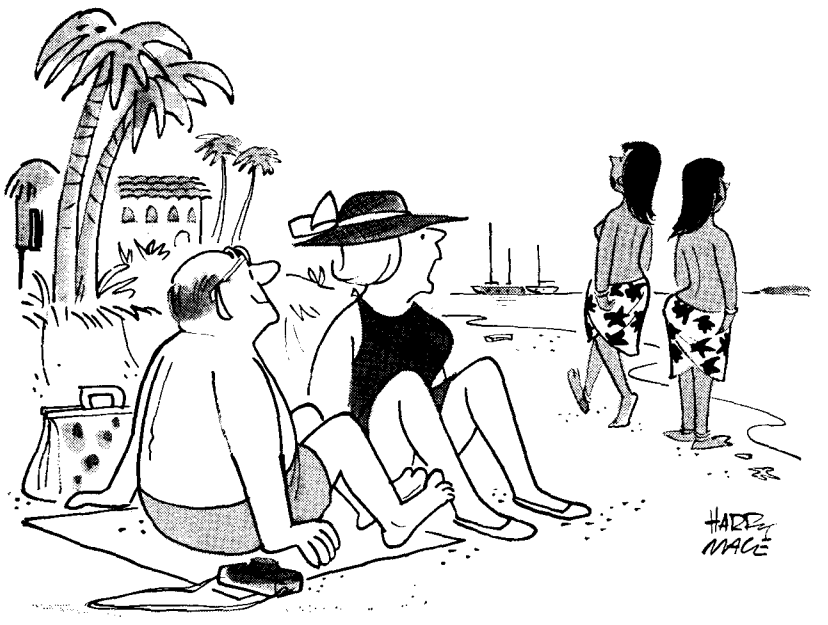


"There's your trouble."



"OK—now what?"





"I'd like to see them try and get away with that at Atlantic City!"

"It's happened—the Indians've got the bomb."

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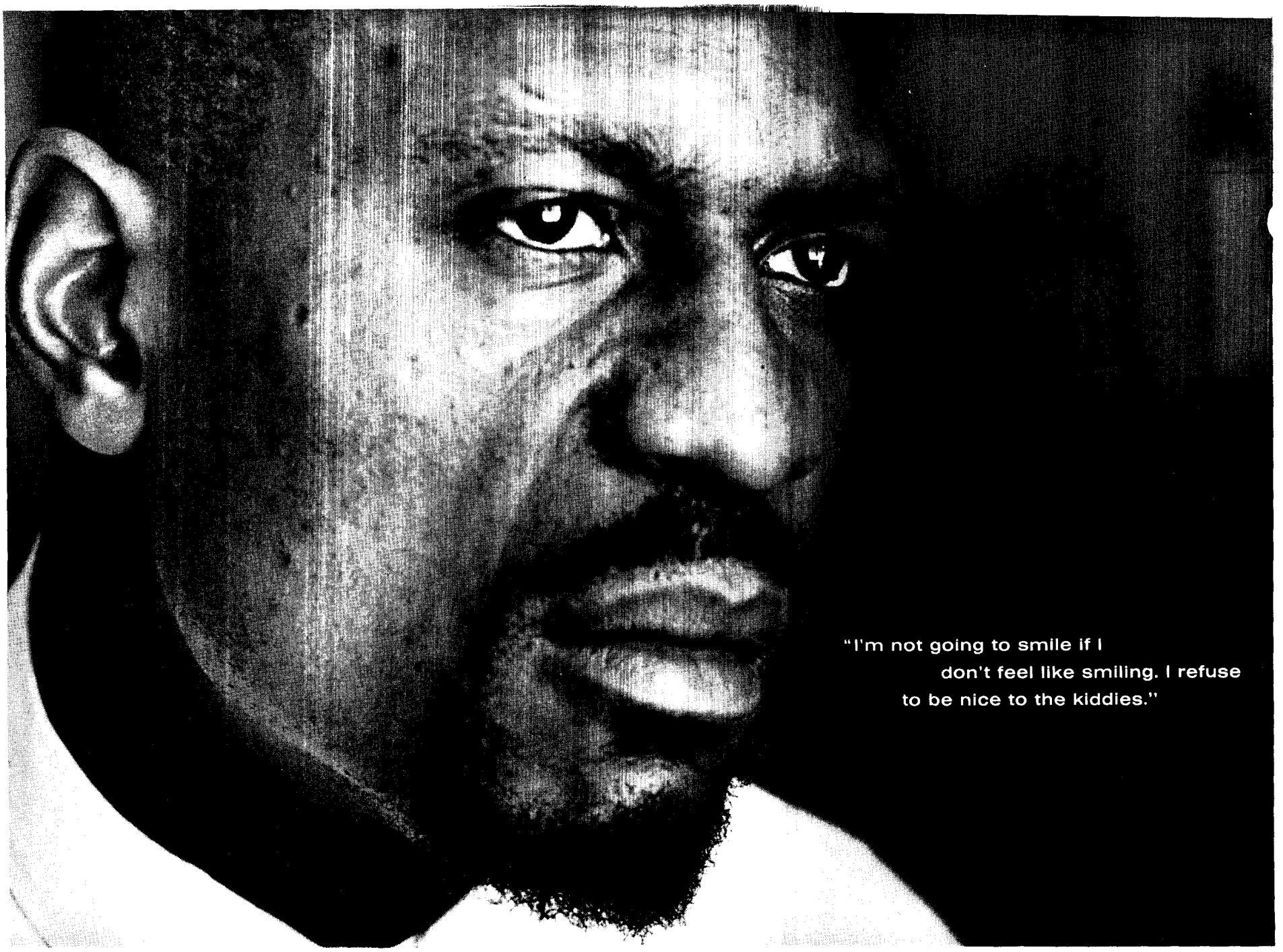

"I'm not going to smile if I don't feel like smiling. I refuse to be nice to the kiddies."

I OWE THE PUBLIC NOTHING

Bill Russell, the towering center of the Boston Celtics, is probably the best basketball player in the world. He is also a contemporary Negro: impatient, skeptical and at times weary of the white man's world.

BY EDWARD LINN

The sports world likes to boast that its own Negro revolution took place, bloodlessly, in early post-World War II history. Now, sports buffs boast, theirs is the one field where every man is judged solely upon his ability to produce, the one field where race, religion and previous condition of servitude are immaterial and irrelevant.

Bill Russell, 6 feet, 9¾ inches of Negro on the hoof, enters a tall and dark demurrer. Russell, who is probably the best basketball player in the world, takes the position that the Negro in sport has achieved little more than what the quiz crowd used to call the first plateau—i.e., the point at which the public-relations people find it necessary to pay lip service to equality.

"You have to be realistic," says Russell, summoning up his favorite word. "In order to reach the top of my field, I don't have to be *as* good, I have to be better. Because whether they'll admit it or not, I'm of the opinion that most teams in this league [the National Basketball Association] have a quota."

There is wide speculation that there is a 50-percent-per-squad quota in the N.B.A. As a man of realism, Bill does not indict the operators for anything more than a good, workmanlike hypocrisy. "In order for any sport to be really successful, two or three of the top guys have to be white. Most sports, even these days, are looking for the White Hope." But Russell also feels that sports pages, for all their writing on equality, support the quota line, subtly and indirectly. ("With the white, they'll say what his strong points are; with the Negro what he's not so good at.")

Further, Russell sees not the slightest indication that a Negro athlete, by being liked, admired or even idolized, can change either public or private attitudes toward Negroes. "You hear people say, 'But I always rooted for Joe Louis,' as if Louis should have been grateful for being allowed to become champion. Isn't that nice of them? Words like 'tolerance' always bugged me. I used to love to read how Jackie Robinson was 'surly' and 'oversensitive' because he had the audacity to think he was a human being."

Russell, who earns at least $40,000 a year from the Boston Celtics, declines all opportunities to be grateful. "They tell me, 'But you've had more success than most Negroes, you have a large earning capacity.' And I tell them to go to hell. Nobody said, 'Here's a nice little Negro boy I should give a break to.' I have what I have only because I have the ability."

This, then, is the Negro athlete today—almost 20 years after Jackie Robinson broke baseball's color line. He does not incite to riot, but neither does he scrape or bow. He is not, perhaps, angry in the

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sense that Muslim leader Malcolm X is angry, but he is impatient, skeptical and, oddly, a little weary. He is weary of the double and triple standards of the world. And, more and more, he is inclined to throw back his head and laugh at the folly and pretensions of white men and the world white men have made.

This is not every Negro athlete, but Bill Russell represents a great many. All by himself, he dominates pro basketball so completely that he has been voted the league's most valuable player, by both the players and the writers, for three straight seasons. Before Russell came to town, the Celtics had never survived a single playoff series. With Russell, they have won seven straight division championships and six league championships. The year they lost, Bill was injured.

He appreciates his talents as much as anyone, but he does not, quite obviously, lie awake nights thinking up new ways to make friends, sympathizers or converts. "The first thing we [as Negroes in sport] have to get rid of," he says, "is the idea that this is a popularity contest. I don't work for acceptance. It doesn't make any difference whether the fans like me or not. To me *or* to them. If they like me and I put up a poor performance, I will still be booed. If they like me and I'm over the hill, they will still say, 'Get that bum out of there.' They pay to see production, not personalities.

"What I'm resentful of, you know, is when they say you owe the public this and you owe the public that. You owe the public the same thing it owes you. Nothing! Since I owe them nothing, I'll pay them nothing. I'm not going to smile if I don't feel like smiling and bow my head modest. Because it's not my nature. I'd say I'm like most people in this type of life; I have an enlarged ego. I refuse to misrepresent myself. I refuse to smile and be nice to the kiddies. I don't think it is incumbent upon me to set a good example to anybody's kids but my own."

Russell goes absolutely cold when he is asked for his autograph. Since he is not too difficult to pick out in the street, people will rush up to him, pencil at the ready, and say, "You're Bill Russell, aren't you?" Without looking down, Bill will mutter, "Yeah, in the winter I am." And although he will scribble his signature in the end, he does it with the worst possible grace. "What does anybody want with someone else's name on a piece of paper?" he says. "I only sign because I don't want to embarrass them."

And yet, watching him, it is hard to escape the feeling that what offends him so much is the idea that people will defer to him as a celebrity—because when you come right down to it, a man does humble himself when he asks another man for the great gift of his name on a piece of paper—but will not give him what he is entitled to as a human being.

Most of the time, though, Bill is an easygoing, amiable man. He is quick—dreadfully quick—to laughter, folding his body at the hinge, dropping his head into his huge hands and becoming, for the moment, a big, friendly kid. His high-pitched, crashing laugh, which punctuates almost every paragraph, is amusing at first, then infectious and finally unbearable. If thunder were played on an English horn instead of a kettle drum, you would have some idea of the pitch and tone of Russell's laughter.

What must be understood, too, is that he discusses the condition of the American Negro without either indignation, resignation or apology, as if he has made a deliberate decision to put aside any protective façade. "We do have to know how to be dishonest and deceitful to survive in this country," he says. "Because that's what the Negro has had to do for one hundred years. Survive. I think if I wanted to I could be as charming as anyone. You know, the gift of gab and the slightly deferential smile. It's very easy to do. But that's not my stick."

Instead, there is an easy, mocking tone which announces very clearly that nobody is fooling him. It is a tone which holds, even when he says, "There are two societies in this country and I have to recognize it. To see life for what it is and not go stark, raving mad."

Bill Russell's only façade—if it is a façade—is that he is immune. "My wife is the crusader," he says, looking over at the crusader with that same air of slightly mocking affection. "I'm afraid I'm harboring an idealist on the premises."

Rose Russell, a tall (five-foot-seven) woman of great charm, is on the board of the Boston chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. During a recent battle with the Boston school board over *de facto* segregation she was almost arrested as a sit-in.

Seated behind Bill, in the living-room of their three-bedroom home in Reading, Mass., Mrs. Russell discussed her experience. Their three children, William Felton Jr.—called Buddha—6; Jacob Harold, 4, and Karen Kenyatta, 2, wove in and out of the room and in and out of the conversation.

"They said," Mrs. Russell recounted, "we weren't representative of the Negroes of the community, and that if they listened to us they had no reason not to listen to the complaints of any bum on Scollay Square."

"Ah, yes," Bill said, "that was delicately put."

The laughter returns

"They told us," she said, "that if we thought so much of our schools we should go back and make them better than anybody else's in the city. And there's the same old thing again, separate but equal."

"Separate but *better*," Bill said, laughing. "Like they say, they do things better up north."

Rose Russell went on to tell how a politician had been quoted as identifying himself as a faithful fan of jazz artist Erroll Garner. "He said he liked 'darkies,'" she said, in utter frustration, "because all darkies have rhythm."

"Ooooh, isn't that sweet," Bill said, and his laugh hammered at your ears. "Those darkies, they sure do cheer things up nights around the plantation."

Bill is himself a member of the N.A.A.C.P., and he supports, in principle, all the Negro organizations "including the Black Muslims; I don't think any thinking Negro can completely reject them." He did fly down to participate in the march on Washington and considers it the greatest thrill and proudest moment of his life. But because he is not a man to march in formation, he went pretty much as a free agent.

The greatest illusion a Negro can have, Russell feels, is that his own condition in life, no matter what his fame, is separate from the total condition of the Negro. "It's easy to stay in a small world and get fooled," he says, "as I could stay in my small world of basketball. But once you take a step outside of that world, you find that nothing has changed.

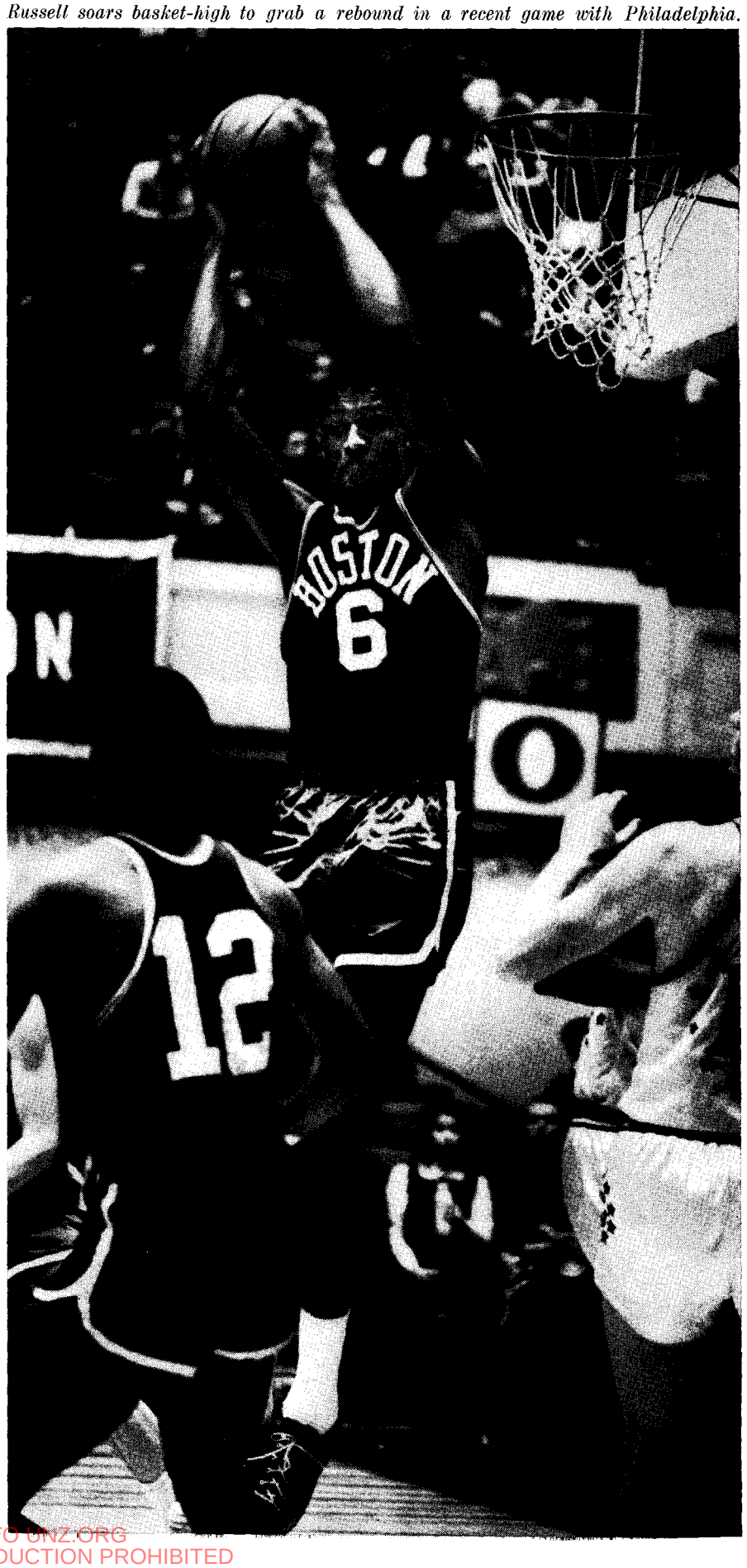
"I could cultivate friendships among the people of this town if I chose to—there are some very nice people in this town—but I'd be confining myself to a very small world. The minute I leave this select group of people, it's a different story. I like to play golf, and I'm perfectly acceptable for membership as Bill Russell of the Celtics. But if I tried to join as Bill Russell, American citizen, I'd have no chance. So I'll play as a guest, but I'll join no country club.

"As the situation stands, no matter what my material gain or success in this country, I am never separated from any Negro whatever his station in life, psychological outlook or moral fiber. Even if he's the worst drunkard in the world, we are brothers. We have nothing in common except our black skin, but this is the only important thing.

"So you show me the most downtrodden, ignorant Negro in his country, and I will tell you, 'This is my brother.' You show me the most corrupt and evil and degraded Negro in this country, and I will say, 'Yes, this is my brother.'"

And it was perfectly obvious that he was saying that this total lack of distinction in worth and intelligence and sensitivity—this blur of color—was some-

Russell soars basket-high to grab a rebound in a recent game with Philadelphia.



Photographs by Gerry Cranham

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thing the white man had created, not him.

Early last season, the people of Reading gave Bill a testimonial dinner. "It was very nice. The whole town turned out, and they gave me a tape recorder or something. Very nice. Less than a month later, the rumor got around that I wanted to buy a house in another part of this town, and the neighbors objected like hell. As an athlete—a celebrity even—sure, you're a great guy to have in the town. 'As long as you don't stay close to me.'

"Well, I don't have to pass inspection by them. Who the hell are they? The only thing I have ever constantly worked at is being myself, or what I think I am, or what I would like to be—which are all ways of saying the same thing."

Where he does come into contact with the great white world, Bill has always insisted upon being treated with whatever respect is due him. In his senior year at San Francisco University, the Harlem Globetrotters announced that they were ready to offer him $50,000. His first disillusionment came when the $50,000 newspaper offer turned out to be $17,500 in real money. But the thing that outraged him most was that the Globetrotters' owner, Abe Saperstein, sat right across the table from him and did all his talking to Bill's coach, Phil Woolpert.

"Now I don't know anything about Saperstein, and maybe I was wrong about him. But I took it to mean, 'As one Great White Father to another Great White Father, this is what we'll do for this poor Negro boy.'

"Right or wrong, before he was finished talking, I was thinking, 'You want to talk to Woolpert, you just get Woolpert to sign a contract with you.'"

The only unpleasant incident during his stay with the Celtics came last year in Lexington, Ky., where the Celtics were playing a preseason exhibition game. Although it had been established that the facilities of the hotel were to be available to all the players, two of the Celtics' Negro players, Sam Jones and Tom Sanders, were refused service at the coffee shop. They immediately went to Russell, who is the acknowledged leader of the Negro group, and Russell just as quickly told coach Red Auerbach that they were all taking the next plane back to Boston.

"For a great number of years colored athletes and entertainers put up with these conditions because we figured they'd see we were nice people mostly and, in most cases, gentlemen, and they'd say, 'These people aren't so bad.' I'm not insulted by it. I'm just embarrassed. I'm of the opinion that some people can't insult me. But it was the greatest mistake we ever made, because as long as you go along with it, everybody assumes it's the *status quo*. The way I feel about it, if I can't eat, I can't entertain."

Bill Russell was born in Monroe, La., on Feb. 12, 1934, and moved to Oakland, Calif., when he was nine. There was, he thinks now, a systematic brainwashing of the Negro in both places, most particularly in the downgrading of education. "I've heard it done subtly. There are a lot of clichés. One of them that you heard over and over was, 'The biggest fool in the world is an educated fool.'"

At McClymonds High School in Oakland, which Bill still calls "one of those integrated-segregated schools," since it is over 90 percent Negro, he felt that the students were being discouraged from even thinking about college. "They tell you to go to trade school so you can get a job."

The most astonishing thing about Bill Russell is that he had an unbelievable and undistinguished high-school basketball record. As a sophomore, he just barely made the junior varsity.

Russell, a late developer, entered San Francisco University at six feet four and 158 pounds. A year later, he was six feet seven and weighed 205. He did not stop growing until he was 21 years old, and he is still developing physically as he approaches the age of 30. "I'd like to think I'm finally reaching that last plateau," Bill said, as he sat at his kitchen table, sipping coffee. "I'm finally putting weight on through the chest and I'm not getting any fatter. My arms are bigger than they were last year. My neck's a little bigger too, but my waist is the same."

Rose Russell had come bouncing over and, blowing out her cheeks, she began to make ballooning motions around Bill's head to show that he was also developing a conspicuous swelling around the head. "Funny girl," Russ said, roaring. "Funny, funny girl."

Having spent his entire life as an athlete, Russell has begun to feel, increasingly, that he should be doing something a little more significant at this stage of history than playing a child's game.

What color is virtue?

The great leap forward of the past few years, he believes, has been the Negro's new pride in himself as a black man, one area in which the athlete may have made some contribution, if only around the edges. "Words are important," Bill says. "White is the color of virtue in this country, and black has always had the connotation of evil. Black heart. Black thoughts. The White Sox throw a World Series and they become, of course, the Black Sox. When I was much younger, I'd get real upset if somebody called me black or nigger. That doesn't bother me anymore. One of the things we have done has been to rescue the word *black*. It's just about out of the woods now. Yeah, we've just about got it out of the woodpile.

"I still object—and I should know better—to people calling me boy. 'Hey, boy.' It shouldn't bother me, but it does. But this is what it's all about, what all these groups are working for, the Emancipation of Manhood."

What changes does he expect to see in the immediate future? "That depends. To depend on the moral conscience of the masses is no good. We've got to get rid of that. Despite everything that has been written about the white man's sense of guilt, it's a Freudian guilt having nothing to do with black and white at all.

"The relationship between black and white has never been a relationship between human beings. How can a man feel guilty when he's treated us as well as he can conceive of treating a Negro? In a great many cases—I don't say all cases—he can't understand why we are not satisfied."

Having established that equality will not come as an offering from the conscience, or engraved on the back of an M.V.P. award, or even from the relevant articles in the Constitution, where does that leave the Negro? The Negro's only weapon, Russell believes, is to push and push and push, and then push harder. To keep rocking the boat. "It's like the story of the old man who starts every day by hitting his mule over the head with a club 'to get his attention.' We have got to make the white population uncomfortable and keep it uncomfortable, because that is the only way to get their attention."

If the Negro does keep pushing hard enough, Russell sees a showdown coming within a very short time. "We will reach a breaking point," he said, "and either there will be a really integrated society or we will understand, absolutely and finally, that we will never become a part of society.

"And then it becomes a question, you know, of will we go the way of the American Indian. What's better, to live as a subservient minority or 'die like men'? To live or to die, that's what the signpost could read at the crossroads. Because two things could happen. You could have a race war, which we would undoubtedly lose. Or you could have a mass exodus."

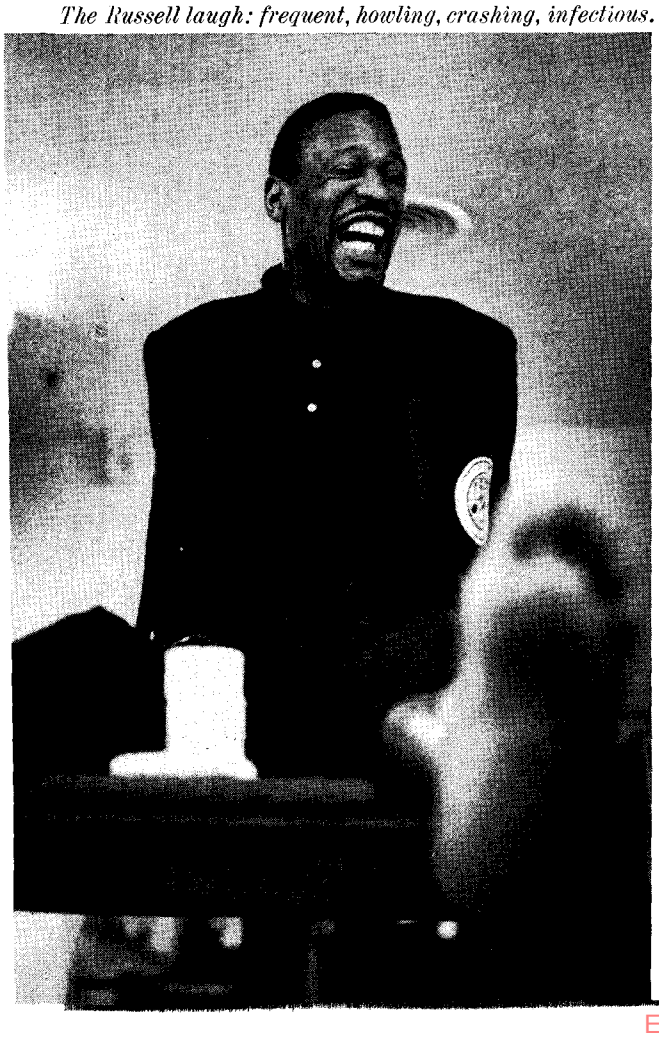
For himself, Bill happens to be in the best possible situation to depart. While he was visiting Liberia for the State Department in 1959, he was talked into starting his own rubber farm. The farm is being run by a partner, a businessman from Boston, and if Bill isn't very careful, he will probably end up as a millionaire.

But if he ever did go to live in Liberia, Bill says, it would not be as an act of ultimate disaffection. "It would never be as—what was it they called Hemingway and the others?—as an expatriate."

And in the same calm, unimpassioned and even mocking way—with his wife making dinner behind him and his three children running around the living room—he said, "If you could choose the way you were going to die, how would it be? As a rich old man in bed, with your grandchildren crying around you? If I could die the way I wanted to, I'd like it to be doing something that I thought was worth doing. That's the only way to die."

The moment passed, the subject changed, and Russell's booming laugh was bouncing off the walls again. The children were still running around the room, and it didn't seem possible that Bill Russell, aged 29, the most respected man in his field, a prospective millionaire, was occupied at this high point in his life with the chilling question of how a man should die. THE END

The Russell laugh: frequent, howling, crashing, infectious.



Bill and youngsters: Jacob, Karen Kenyatta and William Felton Jr.

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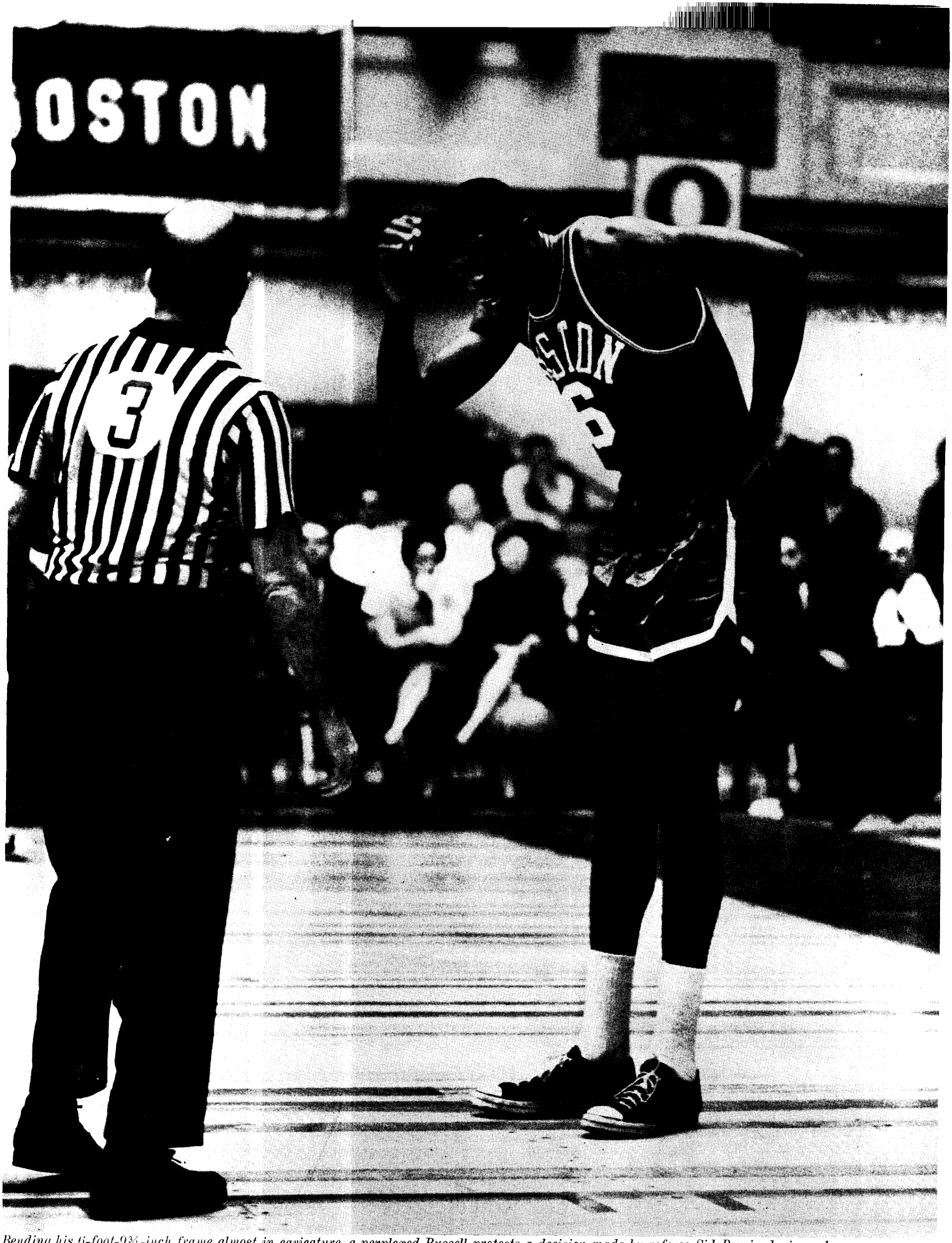

Bending his 6-foot-9¾-inch frame almost in caricature, a perplexed Russell protests a decision made by referee Sid Borgia during a league game.

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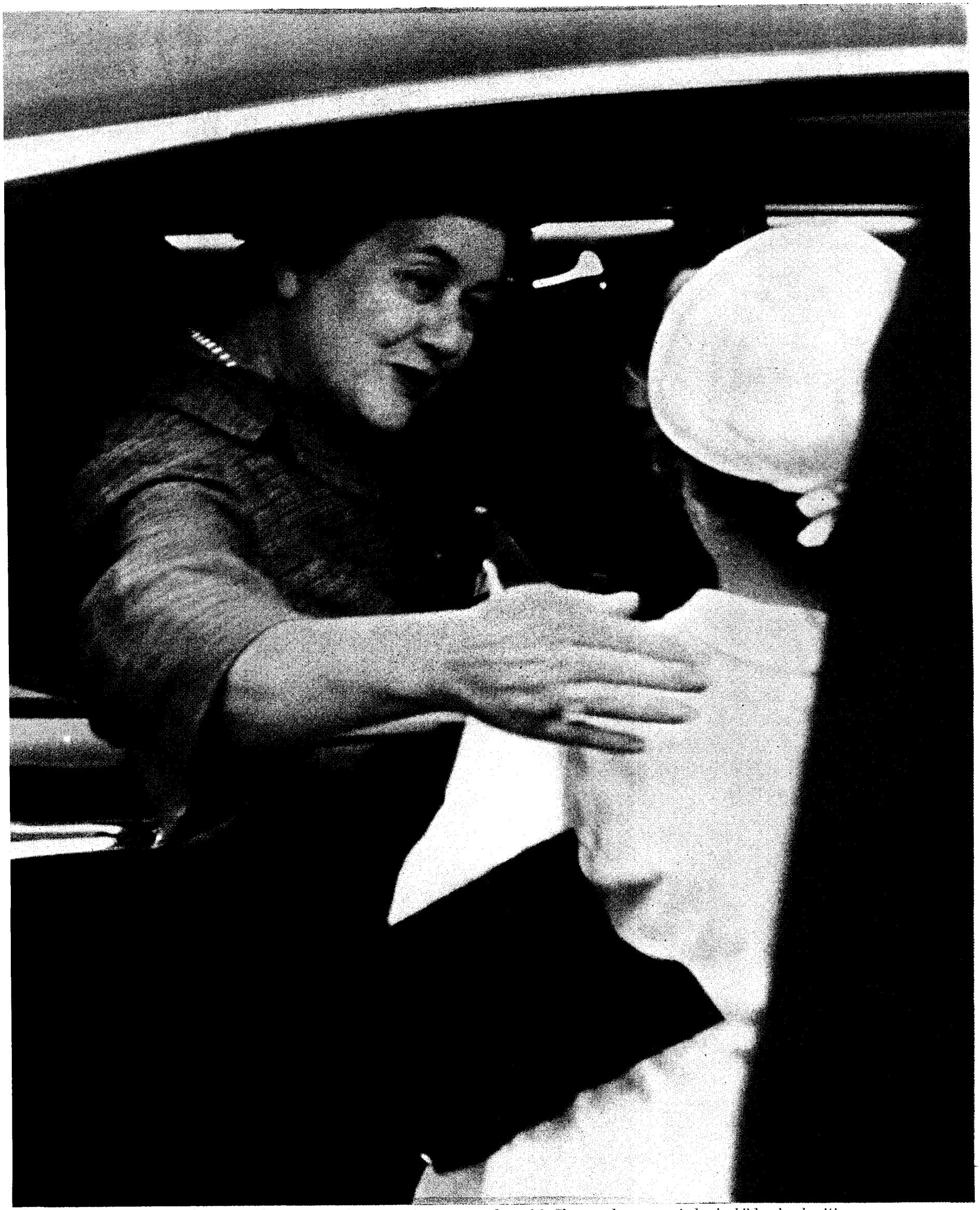

Madame de Gaulle reaches out from her limousine to an orphan girl. She uses her power to back children's charities.

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THE SILENT FIRST LADY OF FRANCE

By EDWARD BEHR

Yvonne de Gaulle is a lonely woman feared by many, known by few.

Having guillotined their kings, the French are curiously discreet about their uncrowned royal family. President Charles de Gaulle's arrogant aloofness makes hero worship difficult. As for Yvonne Charlotte Anne-Marie de Gaulle, General de Gaulle's wife and France's first lady, she is so completely unknown that she can shop all day long in Paris without once being recognized.

Since de Gaulle's return to power coincided with the boom in French TV, her face should be as familiar as his, but "Tante Yvonne" deliberately eludes the cameras. She allows no separate portraits of herself, grants no audiences or interviews and has no personal staff of her own except two secretaries who answer mail. "She is so withdrawn," says a member of the Elysée Palace staff, "that most of the palace personnel have never seen her. I doubt whether she has once visited the palace kitchens. She will do nothing which could possibly detract from the attention which she feels should be paid to General de Gaulle alone."

Yet in her inconspicuous way, Yvonne de Gaulle is a moral arbiter of implacable severity. She is blamed for the downfall of dozens of prominent Gaullists. She is a complex, lonely, forbidding woman whose cold gray eyes seem to light up into a smile only when she is dealing with children. While she would never presume to interfere with General de Gaulle's political decisions, and stands in awe of the general himself, she is, according to a former member of the general's circle, "the most powerful person in France today, and all de Gaulle's ministers are scared of her."

Madame de Gaulle's façade is demure, self-effacing and even appealing. I watched her go into a food store. Her chauffeur in a black Citroën was parked outside, and there was nothing to differentiate it from any other Citroën. She stood in line while others were served. Finally she bought some cooked tripe and stuffed scallops which she carried herself. Noting the deference with which she was treated, a chic Parisienne tripped over to the cashier. "Who was that lady?" she asked. "Haven't I seen her somewhere before?"

Ministering to de Gaulle's tiniest wants and remaining inconspicuously in the background have been Yvonne de Gaulle's twin vocations ever since she met him at a tea dance in the drab northern French town of Lille on November 11—Armistice Day—1920. De Gaulle was a gangling captain recently back from a German prisoner-of-war camp, already singled out for a brilliant career. Yvonne Vendroux was the daughter of a prosperous biscuit manufacturer in Calais. (Once, while at a convent school, she had consulted a fortune-teller who told her, "You will be a general's wife. In fact, you will be almost a queen.") Now the orchestra was playing the *Destiny* waltz. De Gaulle—who dances atrociously—shuffled around the room with Yvonne, accompanied her back to her table, thanked her with an extravagant flourish which spilled a cup of tea in her lap. He apologized profusely, charmingly. Five months later they were married.

Since then they have been inseparable. Yet their married life, outwardly harmonious, is no modern partnership but a survival of 19th-century traditions. From the start de Gaulle has been the arbitrary and sometimes arrogant ruler. His salary as a regular officer in the French army was not large, and the idea of living even in part off his wife's money irked him; more important still, de Gaulle, in those prewar days, was a lone rebel. Understandably, his temper suffered. And Madame de Gaulle bore the brunt of his ill humor. "In the early days," says one retired French general who knew the couple well, "it must have been hell for her. He was then very like the man he is today. That is to say, he regarded himself as a superior being, above all petty contingencies. But he is now President of the Republic; he was then an obscure colonel. At home he was practically a tyrant."

As an instructor at the French War College, de Gaulle moved to Paris in 1935 and lived in a dark left-bank apartment. "It was like entering an Oriental household," says a fellow instructor of this period. "When the de Gaulles entertained, the men would sit and talk in one room. The women would be whisked away by Yvonne de Gaulle and would not be seen or heard all evening. They would knit and talk about their children's sore throats."

Then, as later, de Gaulle brooked no contradiction. "No one but de Gaulle was allowed to dominate the conversation," recalls a wartime friend. "When Yvonne dared to express an opinion of her own, de Gaulle would boom, 'Be silent, Madame, you understand nothing.' On several occasions he was so rude to his wife in public that I nearly left the table in protest. Madame de Gaulle suffered in silence, but she suffered."

"As a girl," a Calais neighbor recalls, "Yvonne was spirited and gay. At thirty she was the typical officer's wife, conventional, loyal, undemonstrative; at forty all her earlier sparkle was gone, and she seemed profoundly sad."

With her first two children, Philippe (now a captain in the French navy) and Elisabeth (now married to a French army colonel), de Gaulle was an affectionate, if somewhat distant, father. But Yvonne de Gaulle's first real tragedy came with the birth of her third child, Anne. As she grew older, it was apparent that she was mentally retarded. She never learned to speak properly. She had to be dressed and fed all her life. (She died of a lung ailment at twenty.)

De Gaulle felt deeply about his third child, but concealed his feelings as usual. An old friend recalls that he was more human with her than with the others. "No matter how busy he was, in wartime London, he would try and be there when she was being put to bed, would tell her stories till she fell asleep." At Anne's funeral, de Gaulle took his wife by the hand and said: "Now at last our daughter is like other children."

Yvonne de Gaulle lavished all her affections on Anne, looked after her like a trained nurse, and after her death established the Fondation Anne de Gaulle for retarded children, to which she still devotes most of her time. Run by nuns, it is financially supported to a large extent by de Gaulle himself. All his book royalties have gone toward its upkeep. The treasurer of the foundation, since it was set up in 1946, is Georges Pompidou, the former managing director of the Rothschild Bank who is now prime minister. "Pompidou's skill in running the foundation's finances," says one member of de Gaulle's staff, "was sufficient to ensure Madame de Gaulle's undying gratitude and lasting support."

After the long, grinding years between the wars, Madame de Gaulle was confronted with her second big crisis when France was defeated in 1940. She loyally followed her husband to London. It could not have been an easy step to take. By upbringing she was a supporter of traditional order. Marshal Philippe Pétain, who made peace with the Germans, was the embodiment of old-fashioned France who thought he would rescue the country from the chaos caused by the left-wing politicians. Pétain had in fact been godfather to the de Gaulles' first child. "Though she was always fanatically loyal," says a member of de Gaulle's former Free French staff, "I'm sure Yvonne never understood what the general was up to during the war. I don't think she approved of us Gaullists. We were military adventurers. In her heart of hearts she distrusted us."

Home becomes a jail

Increasingly she turned to the Catholic Church for solace. She had always been deeply religious. Now her devotion verged on the fanatic. Soon after moving into her presidential apartments, she had a special chapel built inside the Elysée Palace. And, increasingly, she was on the lookout for moral failings among those who had anything to do with her husband. There was a series of dismissals among the Elysée staff of butlers, waiters and ushers. One butler was suing his wife for divorce. He left instantly. "How she found out about people is a mystery to me," says an ex-butler. "She seems to have a remarkably efficient spy system." "Under President Coty," another former Elysée servant recalls, "the Elysée was one big happy family. Under de Gaulle it became a kind of jail."

Butlers and waiters were not her only targets. The anti-Gaullist weekly, *Minute*, discovered recently that the Elysée Palace protocol chief, Claude Mantel, a career diplomat with a brilliant war record, had once been ordained as a priest, then had broken his vows in order to get married. Within a month Mantel was shipped away to the French embassy in Warsaw—largely, it was said, at Yvonne de Gaulle's request. One efficient woman official with considerable public-relations experience was denied a job in de Gaulle's press office apparently because she was divorced. At least one brilliant and eligible Gaullist never became a cabinet minister mainly because Yvonne de Gaulle felt that he and his wife were too "bohemian."

Not that she ever laid down the law and demanded dismissals. "Madame de Gaulle," says a Gaullist who was a victim of her technique, "will never come out with a direct statement such as, 'Charles, so-and-so must go.' She would never dare. It's far subtler than that. She's an assiduous newspaper reader and pays close attention to the gossip columns. In the evenings, when she and the general are alone—apart from official receptions, they are alone most of the time—she will say, 'Charles, do listen to what the papers are saying about so-and-so.' She has infinite patience. Gradually, subconsciously, General de Gaulle will come to believe that so-and-so is a bad risk. And sooner or later he will go."

Understandably, de Gaulle's ministers are terrified of incurring her displeasure. Ministers' wives seldom appear at official functions with plunging necklines—Madame de Gaulle would not like them. She distrusts bachelor ministers and is constantly on the lookout for scandal involving them. Ministers' wives are seen quite frequently at the Elysée; Yvonne de Gaulle needs them to help out with her numerous charities to orphanages.

When she became first lady, Yvonne de Gaulle called on Paris dressmaker Jacques Heim for a wardrobe. She had never worn an *haute couture* dress in her life before. She told Heim that all she really needed were two black dresses—one to wear while the other was at the cleaners—and insisted that General de Gaulle should be consulted on each purchase (he in fact rejected several proposals because they were "too showy"). Of late, Madame de Gaulle chooses her own dresses, without consulting the general. But she is still, in other respects, a blindly loyal, subservient wife, and every day she decorates her husband's desk with a fresh rose.

They are a lonely couple. General de Gaulle is lonely by choice, because in his view it is the price of greatness. His wife's blind obedience is accepted as a matter of course: In his view, by serving him she is serving France. But Madame de Gaulle's life is sad and monotonous. She lacks her husband's inner resources; she despises the courtiers of the Elysée Palace, is distrustful of politicians; she seldom reads books or displays intellectual curiosity. "Outside her own family circle," says a prominent Gaullist, "she has no real friends. Most of the time she sits in her suite of rooms at the Elysée, knitting, reading the papers and waiting for General de Gaulle." THE END

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Milton Babbitt creates his weird compositions on this Synthesizer which, he says, "is no more inhuman than the piano."

Impatient with the limitations of violins and horns, composers are using tape recorders and computers to create a strange new music.

MUSIC FOR MACHINES

On the evening of October 28, 1952, in the midst of a concert of avant-garde music at New York's Museum of Modern Art, the musicians abruptly got up and walked off stage. Behind them they left a solitary loudspeaker. From places of concealment two middle-aged professors of music at Columbia University, Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky, fiddled with the knobs of a tape recorder. Suddenly a series of weird and jangling noises was let loose in the hall. One series ended, there was a pause, another began. These "compositions," entitled *Fantasy in Space* (by Luening) and *Sonic Contours* (by Ussachevsky), introduced into the United States a brave new sound: music composed for machines.

The response was not uniformly favorable ("quackery," "absurd trash" and "a cheap gimmick" were among the comments heard afterward), but the music critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, in an effusive review published the next day, declared triumphantly, "Music and the machine are now finally wed!"

In the 11 years since that concert the marriage appears to have prospered. Despite the carping of a few disgruntled critics, the audience for electronic music grows steadily larger. Renderings of it—performances would be the wrong word—have been presented under the auspices of at least 20 American orchestras, among them the New York Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the orchestras of Minneapolis, St. Louis, Louisville, Toledo and San Francisco. Leonard Bernstein has explained the electronic aesthetic in a series of television broadcasts; a Methodist church has commissioned an electronic score for a Sunday service.

On first hearing, electronic music seems an arbitrary collection of the ghastly noises associated with the last scene of an Alfred Hitchcock film. No melody, no harmony, no flutes or even violins; nothing but a succession of bleeps, rumbles, squeakings, clanks, whooshings, blops and bongs.

The nature of the art lies in the arranging of these nonmusical sounds into what the composers hope will be recognized as musical shapes. Most electronic composers think of themselves as both scientists and musicians who are experimenting with unknown sounds and working toward what the more visionary among them call "the music of the future." As yet they are few in number—about 30 or 40 in the United States—and still inclined to be easily

By Lewis H. Lapham

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Sumner Halsband tests some of the fishing lures he manufactures in East Greenwich, R.I.

"Life insurance can wait. My lure business can't."

"But a MONY man outlined a 10-year program that would build cash for emergencies. I liked that!"

Sumner Halsband talks it over with Lee Lebman

"'Life insurance is the last thing I want,' I told MONY man Lee Lebman. 'This fishing lure business I got into takes every nickel I have.'

"But Lee asked: 'What if you have some emergency? Or what happens if you die? Would your wife lose the business and everything?'

"So he worked out a 10-year MONY program that would build up cash values for emergencies, and protect my family. I was convinced.

"Now I know my wife can count on money to help keep the business going. I've even used my policies to secure loans for my company. And the youngsters are covered in this plan, too. It sure has taken a big load off my mind!

"I really liked the way Lee explained things. He gave us the whole story. You don't always find that.

"It's almost like having a partner, dealing with Lee Lebman and MONY."

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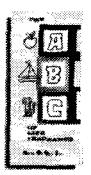

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intimidated by the elderly ladies who sometimes threaten them with umbrellas.

The Parnassus to which they look for reassurance and technical advice is the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center on Morningside Heights in New York. Endowed in 1959 with money from the Rockefeller Foundation, the center consists of three sound laboratories, an inexhaustible supply of magnetic tape and a wondrous machine—which can synthetically produce any sound on earth—known as the Olson-Belar Music Synthesizer. (Less elaborate studios have also been installed at Yale, Brandeis and the universities of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania.)

Luening and Ussachevsky, together with Milton Babbitt of Princeton University, direct the affairs of the center. Between them they have composed most of the electronic music so far available in this country. Each is a composer of established reputation who once wrote music for what Luening calls "the conventional instruments." Ussachevsky and Luening compose primarily for tape recorder; Babbitt for the Synthesizer

Musical composition for magnetic tape compares with the making of a mosaic. Single fragments of sound are first recorded on separate bits of tape. The sounds can be natural (rushing wind, the sea, buses colliding) or artificial (sine waves, square waves or "white noise" generated by oscillators). Once recorded, every sound can be modified or transformed by electronic filters or reverberators. Finally, the composer decides on the sequence in which the single sounds are spliced together.

"Not the sort of thing," Ussachevsky said, "that one goes away whistling."

Since their concert at the Museum of Modern Art, he and Luening have collaborated on numerous short pieces and two major works for tape recorder and orchestra (*Poem in Cycles and Bells* and *Rhapsodic Variations*) as well as incidental electronic music for films, television shows and plays (among them Orson Welles's 1956 production of *King Lear*.)

Like all electronic musicians they find machines more trustworthy than human performers. They can transcribe their ideas directly onto tape without having to rely on the intermediary intelligence or dexterity of a pianist, a conductor or a brass section.

"For machines," Ussachevsky said, "no rhythm is too complicated; no series of pitches too hard to manage. You simply splice the tape, and that's that."

Over the past 11 years Ussachevsky, who was born in Manchuria and still speaks with a marked Russian accent, has worked so much with oscillators and reverberators that he has come to understand those devices uncommonly well.

"Sometimes at two or three o'clock in the morning," he said thoughtfully, "one has moments, very precious moments, of sympathy with the machines . . . they respond like people."

Some composers even find themselves becoming quite protective toward their machines. The Olson-Belar Synthesizer, for example, could learn to imitate Louis Armstrong singing *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, or mimic the Philadelphia Orchestra playing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It has not been made to do so because Babbitt, the only composer who can operate it without the help of an engineer, considers such displays "childish and unserious."

The Synthesizer, which could electrocute anybody foolish enough to approach it carelessly, looks something like the control panel in an automated meat-packing plant. It occupies an entire room on the third floor of what was once a warehouse on West 125th Street. R.C.A. built it in 1957 (at a cost of $250,000) but, finding no commercial use for it, presented it to Columbia-Princeton.

Composition with the Synthesizer is fundamentally the same as with a tape recorder, except that the larger device combines the separate processes into one act. The composer simply plugs in the electrical circuits which set the desired amplitude, frequency duration, etc. (Electronic musicians do not speak of notes.)

"The machine is everything," Babbitt said. "It composes the music, rehearses it, copies the parts and then plays it . . . all at the same time. You just send the tape around to your friends."

As for the usual complaint that music for machines is inhuman and contrary to nature, Babbitt said, "The Synthesizer is merely an instrument, no more inhuman than the machine made of ivory, wood and strung wire that we call a piano. Surely it is not surprising that there is music written in the 20th century that cannot be played on instruments designed in the 18th and 19th centuries?"

Luening put the same argument even more bluntly.

"I used to ask myself," he said, "how can you compete with Mozart or Beethoven on their own harmonic terms? Obviously we needed a new language, new sound relationships."

Electronic music is but one of several new musical languages put forward during the last 50 years by composers seeking to go beyond the more traditional forms. It evolved partly from the logic of Arnold Schönberg, the Austrian composer and theorist who argued that the conventional scale should be replaced by a scale of twelve equal half tones. (Machines, clearly, are more precise than instruments in performing mathematically rigid sequences.) But the main pioneer was the French composer, Edgar Varèse, now in his 70's and living in Greenwich Village among a collection of gongs, Cubist paintings and Japanese drums. As long ago as 1917 he wrote:

"I dream of instruments obedient to my thought and which, with their contribution of a whole new range of unsuspected sounds, will lend themselves to the demands of my inner rhythms."

His dream became possible with the invention of magnetic tape during World War II. The early experiments in the medium, begun in Paris in the late 1940's, soon attracted an enthusiastic following in Europe, whence Luening and Ussachevsky imported the technique into the United States.

Not all avant-garde musicians are inspired by machines. Some, for example, prefer the so-called "music of chance," in which the composer indicates only the broad outlines of a composition—the density of the harmony, the approximate length of a vibrato, etc.—and allows the performer to play whatever specific notes happen to come into his head.

John Cage, the leading exponent of the style, once composed an electronic piece in a random manner thus, presumably, demonstrating the differences between his aesthetic and the aesthetic of Babbitt, Luening and Ussachevsky. The composition, entitled *Imaginary Landscape*, required 24 musicians and 12 radios. Acting upon instructions from Cage, who conducted a performance of the work at Columbia University in 1951, the musicians (two to each radio) switched the station-tuning knobs back and forth and turned the volume up or down. The cacophony thus produced (excerpts of news broadcasts, disc jockeys talking advertisements for beer, reports of b games, jazz tunes) obviously could occ only by the merest chance.

To the most fiercely mathematical composers, however, nothing equals a computer, which can eliminate not only performers but composers as well. A few computers have already been taught to improvise on a given theme and to compose entire string quartets.

Although such experiments have been conducted at M.I.T. and the University of Illinois, the most extensive work has been done at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Murray Hill, N.J. The computer in question is an I.B.M. 7090, an extremely versatile device that can also calculate the distance of the Andromeda nebula or the exact amount of the national debt as of four o'clock next Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. Max V. Mathews, the engineer who instructed the computer in the rudiments of music, believes in its eventual triumph. "So many modern compositions are fast becoming unplayable on any other instrument," he said recently.

He developed the system of "programming" the computer "for those peculiar sound waves that some people call music" as a result of experiments designed to improve telephones.

Unlike tape recorders and the Synthesizer, which generate a tone or noise that is then manipulated in a variety of ways, the computer generates a series of numbers describing the precise shape of a sound wave. The numbers—corresponding to frequencies, amplitudes and durations—are supplied to the computer c punched cards.

Following a similar system, the computer can also compose music. First, its memory cells are stored with the rules of composition in the style desired: baroque, classical, atonal, etc. It is then bombarded with a flurry of random notes—represented by a numerical series—which it accepts or rejects according to what it knows. The music so far composed in this manner, although indicating a certain technical competence, leaves something to be desired artistically.

In hopes of correcting this failure the Bell laboratories in 1961 engaged a composer named James Tenney to work with the 7090. Despite his ragged beard, which gives him the appearance of a 19th-century musician, Tenney, in a strict technological sense, is the most extreme avant-garde composer of them all. He no longer thinks of music as being expressive or unexpressive, only "interesting" or "not so interesting."

Sitting at lunch in the employees' cafeteria, an outlandish figure among the crowd of short-haired scientists, his pockets stuffed with the cards on which he has been figuring the equations of computer music, Tenney gave way to a brief moment of nostalgic doubt. "Sometimes," he said moodily, "I feel peculiarly isolated."

Less skeptical than Doctor Mathew about the future of music for conventional instruments, he conceded that a few musicians would continue to write for orchestras.

"It's all a matter of temperament," he said. "After all, some composers like to work with people." THE END

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BILL SCRANTON, A RELUCTANT CANDIDATE

BY JOHN BIRD

Pennsylvania's able young governor is now considered a strong contender in the G.O.P. race by nearly everybody except himself.

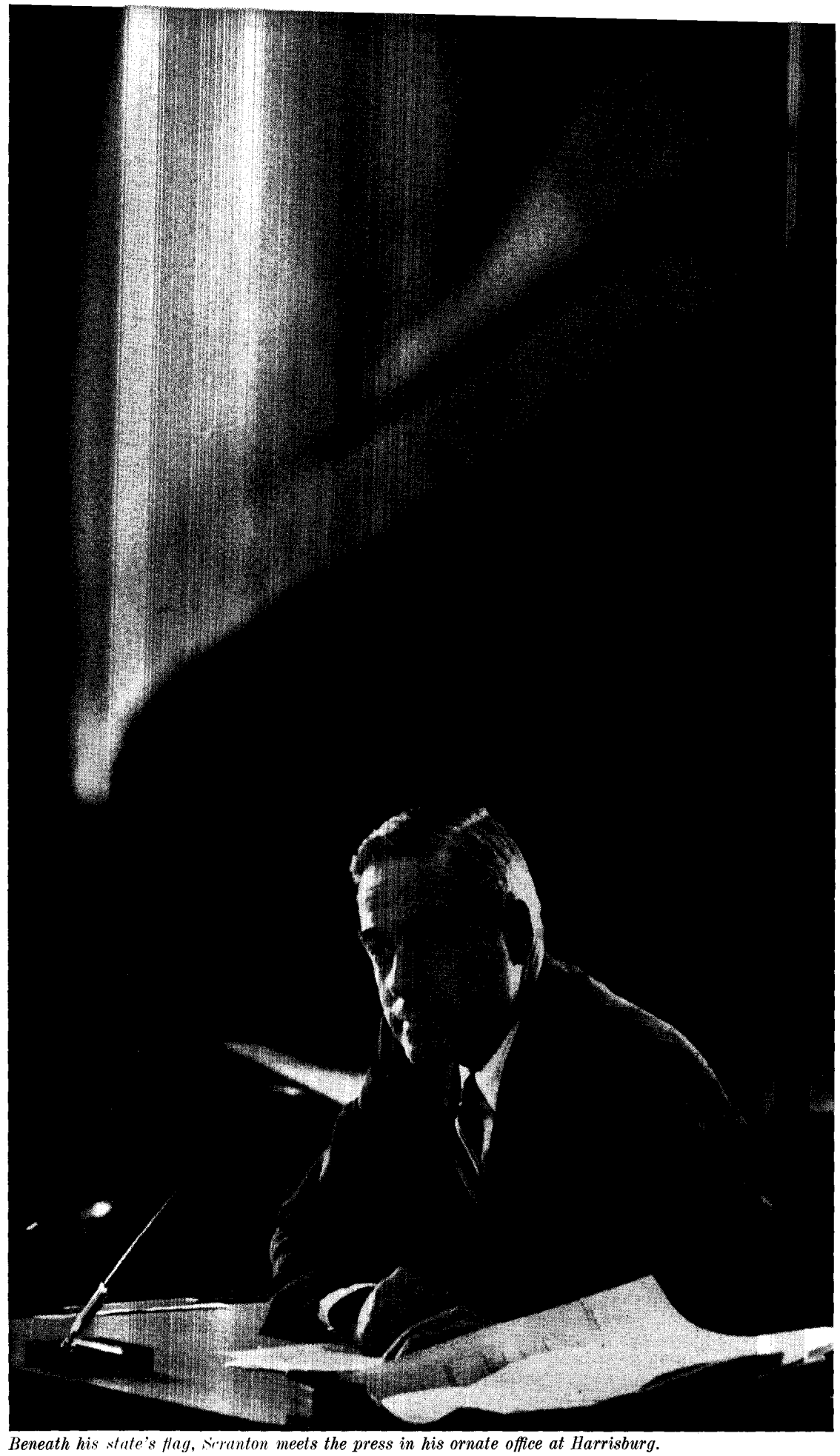
William Warren Scranton of Scranton, Pa., the rich, 46-year-old governor of his state, must be reflecting these days on the adage, "All things come to him who wait."

What is coming to Bill Scranton these days is a swelling stream of political scouts: Republican potentates, big businessmen, and national reporters, all of whom feel a sudden compulsion to take a close look at a man who just might be the G.O.P.'s presidential candidate next fall.

These scouts know that since the death of President Kennedy the Republican race is wide open again—as noted by Stewart Alsop on page 15 of this issue. The high-flying Goldwater boom has nose-dived. The Rockefeller comeback trail has proved to be a rough, uphill road. Nixon, a two-time loser, is a question mark. And Gov. George Romney, often mentioned as a dark horse, has stumbled badly, failing to push his program for fiscal reform through Michigan's Republican-controlled legislature. In this free-for-all situation it isn't surprising that Republican leaders have wanted to meet Scranton.

Greeting them in his ornate Italian Renaissance office in the capitol, the Pennsylvania governor rates well on conformation and manner. He is tall, slender and athletic and radiates an informal charm when he sticks out his hand, saying, "Hi, I'm Bill Scranton." His party credentials are impeccable; the Scrantons *always* have been Republicans, and Bill's mother, the late Mrs. E. Worthington Scranton, was long a G.O.P. national committeewoman, fondly known as "The Duchess" because of her regal manner.

The Scranton attribute which most interests the politicians, however, is his demonstrated campaigning skill and vote-getting ability. He has displayed a distinct knack for winning against long odds. In his maiden effort, running for Congress in 1960 in Pennsylvania's heavily Democratic 10th District, he whipped the incumbent—a Democrat and a Catholic—by 17,000 votes while John F. Kennedy was carrying the same district by 14,963. In 1962, although comparatively unknown throughout the state, he took on the well-known crusading former mayor of Philadelphia, Richardson Dilworth, in the race for governor. The Democrats had an edge of 160,000 in registration and controlled the state's 50,000 patronage jobs—but Scranton beat his opponent by 471,591 votes.



Beneath his state's flag, Scranton meets the press in his ornate office at Harrisburg.

Two obstacles confront those who believe that Scranton is the logical man for the Republicans in case of a convention deadlock. One is that as a relative newcomer Scranton isn't nationally known—but that, of course, could be remedied by a fast buildup. The other is his seeming reluctance to be considered a candidate.

Thus far Scranton has resisted all urgings, including repeated suggestions from Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, that he declare himself in the race. Scranton has consistently said that he has no presidential ambitions; that with rare exceptions a candidate must connive to get himself drafted, and *he* is not organizing any underground draft; and that, should others promote a synthetic draft, he would "stop it in its tracks."

But he does not slam the door. Recently, just before General Eisenhower set off for a winter vacation at Palm Springs, Calif., he and Scranton visited for seven hours in Eisenhower's private railroad car. The general again asked Bill to give "deep thought" to becoming a serious contender. Scranton says he told

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The governor, gesturing toward a clock on his desk, jokes with members of his staff about an album they gave him. They titled it "The First Year, From Here to Oblivion."

Ike that he still did not want to run, but, as he has said before, if there were a "real and honest" draft, he could not turn down a call to party service.

Meanwhile, he has warned other candidates to keep their hands off Pennsylvania delegates and has offered himself as the state's "favorite son" candidate, to hold the delegates together.

Such heel-dragging is a definite part of Scranton's political career. Until a few years ago he had never punched a doorbell to solicit a vote, and Pennsylvania Democrats recall bitterly that he claimed he didn't want to run—wouldn't run—for Congress in 1960 or for governor in 1962. His friends insist that this political diffidence springs from an innate modesty, but his opponents have a different theory. They strongly suspect that Scranton has evolved a shrewd strategy of playing hard to get, thus, in effect, enlisting powerful people to work in his behalf. "Scranton has perfected the technique of negative words and positive action," complains Otis B. Morse, state Democratic chairman. "Believe me, he's a phony—highly susceptible to drafts."

Wherever the truth may lie, there's no doubt that as governor of Pennsylvania Scranton tackled a political job which could easily have been a dead end. When he took office, the chances for making a record, at least in time to count on the national scene, seemed slim. Like a proud old dowager living on past glories, Pennsylvania had let new economic styles pass her by. The heavy industries which had built her wealth—coal, steel and railroads—had declined and decayed. Meanwhile, the state, fat, conservative and complacent, with "old" money and old ideas, did little to make herself attractive to new industry. In recent years Pennsylvania's chronic unemployment rate has been one of the highest in the nation, ranging between nine and 11 percent. Her teachers have been underpaid; less than a third of her high-school graduates go on to college. Her political atmosphere has been spoils-ridden.

At first glance Bill Scranton might seem more at home as a character in some John O'Hara novel of life in a Pennsylvania coal town than as a chief executive dedicated to updating his state. His background is Regional Aristocracy: the leading family in town, a mossy old fortune, the best schools, an inherited sense of *noblesse oblige*. Such a setting often produces stuffed shirts, but Scranton seems determined to avoid pomposity at all costs. When the press cameras point his way, he hams it up. He has been filmed paddling a canoe across the thick rug of his office, peering owlishly through the strands of a tennis racket, whooping it up while riding a burro, and tipping a gaily ribboned hat while giving a well-stacked movie actress the eye.

Even off-camera he is given to spontaneous capers. He seldom turns down an opportunity to demonstrate his skill in dancing the polka or the Charleston. One hot night last summer he returned late to the governor's country home, where his wife Mary was entertaining some guests. Instead of going into the house, Scranton strolled to the swimming pool, stripped, and dived in. He was getting nicely cooled when a guard started turning on floodlights, causing the governor to scramble for his clothes.

Despite such displays of animal spirits, the young governor is no playboy. As governor he has wasted no time in tackling Pennsylvania's industrial stagnation and political backwardness. He instituted a strict economy regime, abolishing almost 3,000 state jobs and halting such past pleasantries around state offices as hour-long coffee breaks and departmental picnics on taxpayers' time.

Jobs for the Old Guard

On a larger scale, by stick-and-carrot methods, Scranton pushed through his extensive program for improving the state's social and business climate. The legislature wasn't always enthusiastic, but he kept a firm grip on the razor-thin G.O.P. majority. Appeals for party unity and personal persuasion played a part, but so did cooperation with certain powerful Old Guard bosses, including dispensation of state appointments among the faithful.

"Our strategy is to find the irritants which have been keeping business out of Pennsylvania and to correct them," says the governor. The state's industrial-development program has been enlarged. Tax advantages have been granted for new or expanded industries. The archaic spoils system has been partly reformed by expanding Civil Service to cover 48,000 of the state's 80,000 posts. Whole packages of educational, health and welfare programs have been enacted. The strip mines which polluted the streams are being put under control.

Pennsylvania Democrats sourly claim that Scranton has pushed his program primarily to build a record that would look good in the presidential sweepstakes. Actually, whatever his private hopes for the future, his performance as governor is simply an extension of his private life and previous career as a lawyer, businessman and financier.

Bill's great-grandfather, Joseph Hand Scranton, came from Connecticut to the green hills of northeastern Pennsylvania in 1840 and, with two cousins, established an iron foundry around which grew the town of Scranton, now 112,000 population. The fortune of the Pennsylvania Scrantons proliferated from the making of rails for the railroads, coal mining, banking, and the development of gas and water systems for their city. Not long after Bill became governor, a reporter asked him point blank how much he was worth, and he replied matter-of-factly, "Oh, eight or nine million dollars."

When Bill was born on July 19, 1917, an only son with three older sisters, it seemed probable that he would grow into a spoiled brat. His father, Worthington, was a painfully shy introvert who wouldn't make even a simple speech. Bill's mother, Marion Margery Warren Scranton—"The Duchess"—was just the opposite: dominating, fond of the limelight and happiest when politicking. Even family prayers,

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An underdog who won in his only two political campaigns, Scranton has proved to have extraordinary ability as a vote-getter.

which she led, were likely to become speeches for her favorite causes.

Growing up in this female-dominated household wasn't easy on young Bill's psyche. "Even our horse was a mare," he says. He rebelled against the tidiness of the women's world at home by going to school in rumpled clothes and unshined shoes. Even in recent years associates have had to remind him when he needs a new suit, and he has been known to buy his clothes "off the pipe" at a bargain sale.

Also complicating young Bill's problems was his runty size as a boy. His parents, fearing he was going to be a midget, crammed him with health foods and put him through special stretching exercises. By the time he enrolled at Yale University, he had reached his present six feet two inches. He was, and still is, a slender, athletic man with a fondness for individual sports such as tennis, skiing, swimming and hiking. At Yale he was a good but not brilliant student and took part in school politics as a conservative. After graduation in 1939, he went on to Yale Law School, but withdrew in 1941 to enlist in the Army Air Forces. His interest in flying may have been stimulated by the fact that a tall, dark-haired Scranton girl named Mary Lowe Chamberlin was a private pilot. On July 3, 1942, Bill got his wings as a transport pilot, and three days later he and Mary were married. After the war he returned to Yale to complete work on his law degree. Then he settled down with his family in a comfortable but not fancy home in Dalton, a Scranton suburb.

His old hometown was in trouble. Once the proud "Anthracite Capital of the World," it was now in danger of becoming a ghost town. Bill pitched in to help, by taking part in programs to attract new industries to diversify and broaden the area's economy, under what became known as the Scranton Plan—named for the town, not the family. He proved to be an aggressive worker.

"Bill made me mad as hell at first," said Frank Hemelright, president of the Northeastern Pennsylvania National Bank and Trust Company and now one of Scranton's close friends. "Here he was, just out of law school, and he took after the banks. He said they weren't showing enough interest in the community—that they ought to help swing big industrial financing. When I cooled down, I realized he was right. Later the banks did get together on a development fund."

The Scranton Plan proved a community-saving success. To date it has yielded more than 50 highly diversified new industries, providing more than 20,000 jobs which didn't exist before.

Through these years Bill Scranton remained strictly aloof from the political scrabble, but he was nudged toward politics in 1959 when President Eisenhower asked him to take a job as special assistant to the Secretary of State. Bill held the post for a year, most of it working for Secretary Christian Herter, and says, "I loved it—a fascinating experience." His duties included preparation and handling of foreign meetings, such as that of the Inter-American States at Santiago, Chile; the NATO Ministerial Council meeting and the Western Big Four meeting, both in Paris. He also briefed the press on foreign-policy background—as some reporters put it, he was "the man in charge of official leaks." Later he handled office contacts with the White House.

There were some lighter moments too, as on the Sunday morning Scranton flew up to Camp David, where President Eisenhower was meeting with Premier Khrushchev. Bill expected to find the statesmen around a conference table discussing important issues. Instead, he ran into Khrushchev taking a stroll in the woods and, at their quarters, found all the assistant secretaries on the floor, reading the funny papers.

The fascination of Washington probably helped soften Scranton's resistance when Pennsylvania Republican leaders pressured him to run for Congress in 1960. To many people, it appeared that the Republicans were offering an amiable rich boy as a political sacrifice. The incumbent congressman, Stanley A. Prokop, was no ball of fire, but he was a Democrat, a Catholic and of Polish extraction in a district that was heavily Democratic and liberally sprinkled with Catholics and Poles. And he was on the ticket with John F. Kennedy.

Bill Scranton may have been a newcomer to the hustings, but he had been schooled in the mechanics of politics with his ABC's. When he was a small boy, The Duchess used to give him a map of the state and have him fill in registration figures which she read from the reports of county chairmen. Now he saw that he had to persuade a multitude of Democrats to split their ballots between Kennedy and himself. He also had to convince the voters that he was no snob. Only his campaign theme was easy: "Industrial development, more jobs, better pay."

Bill and Mary conducted the most intensive hand-shaking campaign in the district's history. At dinner meetings Mary always went to the kitchen to shake hands with the staff, asking their votes for "my husband, Bill."

A shrewd tactician

On the eve of the election, some of Scranton's advisers almost went into shock when he relinquished most of his radio and TV time to Kennedy. But Bill followed on the air immediately afterward, while a large Democratic audience was still tuned in. The Scranton strategy worked, and he beat Prokop handily.

As a congressman, Scranton's principal interest was the promotion of Pennsylvania industry. He was active in pushing the Areas Redevelopment Bill, went after defense contracts for his state and sought rapid federal tax write-offs on new plants in areas of unemployment. He was just getting well-warmed to the job when a group of prominent Pennsylvania Republicans called on him to run for governor in 1962, to prevent a disastrous split in the state's G.O.P. ranks.

Scranton wasn't easy to persuade, but his backers took him to Gettysburg to see General Eisenhower, and Ike did an inspired selling job, reportedly saying, "What it boils down to, Bill, is a four-letter word—duty." Scranton finally agreed to run, despite the fact that his chances of victory seemed slim. The Democratic nominee, Richardson Dilworth, was as blue-blooded as Scranton and had vastly greater political experience. As mayor of Philadelphia, Dilworth had spurred the once complacently corrupt city through an extensive political and physical renovation. During these years he became famous for his flaming temper, and for verbal slashing which had filleted many an opponent. Dilworth promised to mince Scranton, warning, "I don't think you can have a good campaign unless you can say something really nasty about the opposition."

The campaign was as gory as anticipated. Early in the race Scranton deliberately stirred up Dilworth's spleen by charging that the ex-mayor was "protecting corrupters"—referring to some recent payola that had turned up in Philadelphia's City Hall. (Dilworth had promptly fired the implicated employees but had opposed a grand-jury investigation.) Dilworth sizzled into personal attacks, calling Scranton "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "a pale Dick Nixon."

A few weeks before election day Dilworth challenged Scranton to a face-to-face debate in the latter's hometown—"a short distance from the Scranton family mansion." If Scranton didn't show up, Dilworth announced, he would debate an empty chair. Bill refused, saying he wasn't going to take part in "a yelling contest." But on the evening of the proposed debate, just as Dilworth was

At a rally in Scranton, Pa., during his campaign for governor in 1962, Scranton talks with his top backer, General Eisenhower.

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Pennsylvania Democrats suspect that Scranton's reluctance to declare himself a candidate is part of a shrewd strate

clearing his throat to go on the air, Bill Scranton walked into the studio carrying a large, brown-paper parcel. Saying, "Hello, Dick," he sat down in the empty chair. When it was his turn to speak, he said he had a present for his opponent—and slowly unwrapped a large bucket labeled WHITEWASH.

TV viewers could see Dilworth's eyes bulge at the bucket and hear his acid remarks about "gimmicks," but as the show was in black and white, they could not see his face purpling with rage. As the debate progressed the candidates traded their usual charges—that Dilworth was trying to cover up graft in Philadelphia, that Scranton was a puppet of the Republican bosses. But the victory that evening went to Scranton, who remained calm and collected, while his emotional opponent seemed unable to switch from his prepared text. And by election day the Pennsylvania voters were well enough acquainted with the young man from Scranton to send him to Harrisburg by a surprisingly impressive margin.

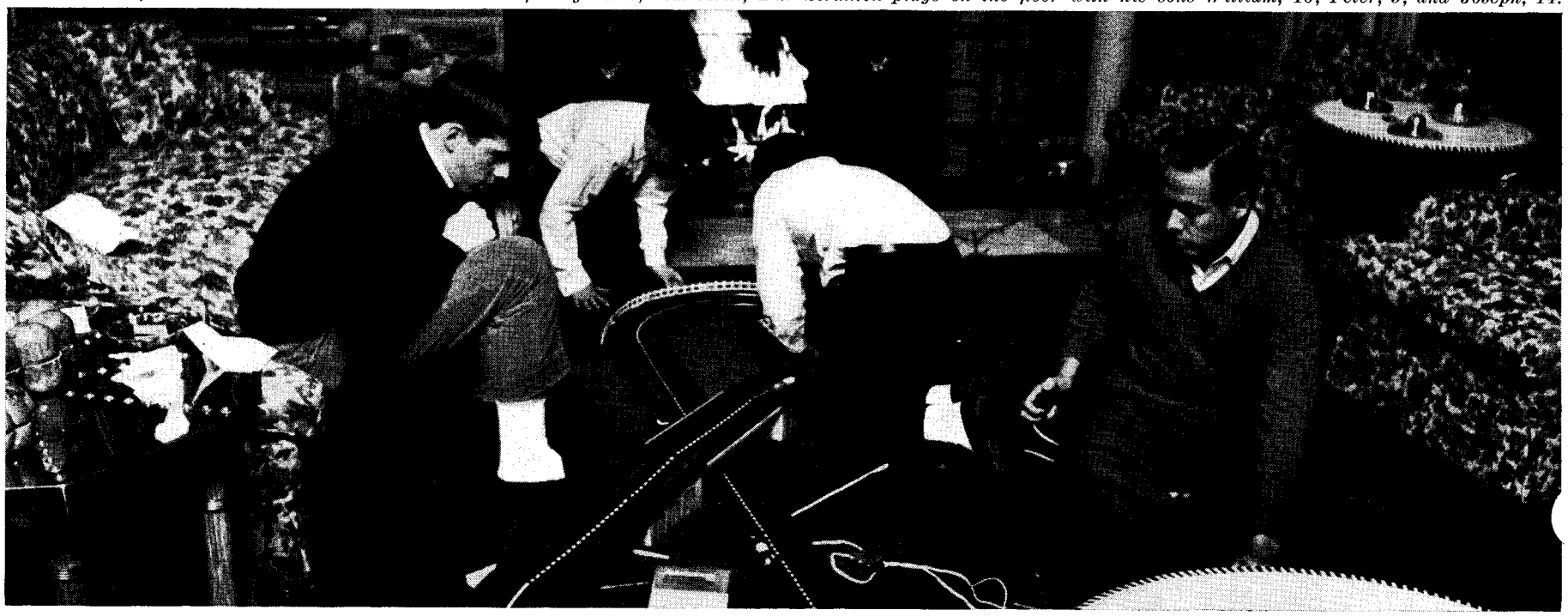
As governor, Scranton has moved fast. The main thrust of his administration has followed his basic belief that, if business thrives, many other problems will solve themselves. "Industry, not government, makes jobs," he says.

Along the line he has been accused of trimming some of his campaign promises. For example, he raised taxes. Scranton himself acknowledges that voters may have gained the impression that he wasn't going to do so—as they well might from such Scranton statements as, "I see no need to raise taxes. . . . If we did that we would defeat our attempts to solve our biggest problem, industrial development." Scranton passes the blame back to the Democrats, claiming that after he got into office, a purported $16 million surplus left by the previous administration actually turned out to be a potential deficit of $22 million. He convinced the Republicans in the legislature that to balance future budgets and push forward with a development program it was necessary to raise, not corporate taxes, but the general consumer sales tax. This was boosted to five pe cent, the highest rate in the nation.

"That made just about everybody mad at me," Scranton says ruefully.

Nevertheless, if Scranton's plan for Pennsylvania fails to produce results, it won't be for lack of machinery, organizations, appeals to state pride and general hoopla. In general, the plan provides financing and tax incentives for new or expanded industries, plus an ambitious promotion plan. In addition, a $262 million highway modernization program, biggest in the state's history, has been launched; teachers have been given their

At the start of a two-week Christmas vacation at the family home, Marworth, Bill Scranton plays on the floor with his sons William, 16, Peter, 9, and Joseph, 14.



Scranton, relaxing after a busy first year as governor, can look back on a record of solid achievement. Most of his program to revitalize Pennsylvania has already been enacted.

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win some powerful supporters.

first raise under state law in seven years; nd state aid has been provided for cities school districts to set up junior colleges or technical schools. All in all, Bill Scranton has been a busy man.

He manages, however, to give the impression of being completely relaxed even while juggling half a dozen facets of his job at once. At the end of the day he may be signing mail, talking to a visitor and checking with his staff on the next day's schedule. As the hands of the clock near six, he grabs an oversized briefcase and an armload of newspapers, and collects a couple of his staff to go home to dinner with him.

As the antiquated governor's mansion in Harrisburg had been torn down and has not yet been replaced, the Scrantons live in a sprawling summer home provided by the state at Indiantown Gap. During the 18-mile drive in a gray old-model Oldsmobile, the governor skims through a dozen or more papers and carries on a kidding conversation. ("If you guys would quit running me for President and stick to your jobs, we'd make more progress.") Inside his home he sheds his coat and tie, slips into a sweater and joins his wife and guests for cocktails.

When the Scranton youngsters are home from school, dinner is a family affair. Susan, 18, is taking nurse's training at the University of Pennsylvania; Bill, 16, and Joe, 14, are at their father's old prep school, Hotchkiss. Peter, 9, goes to Harrisburg Academy.

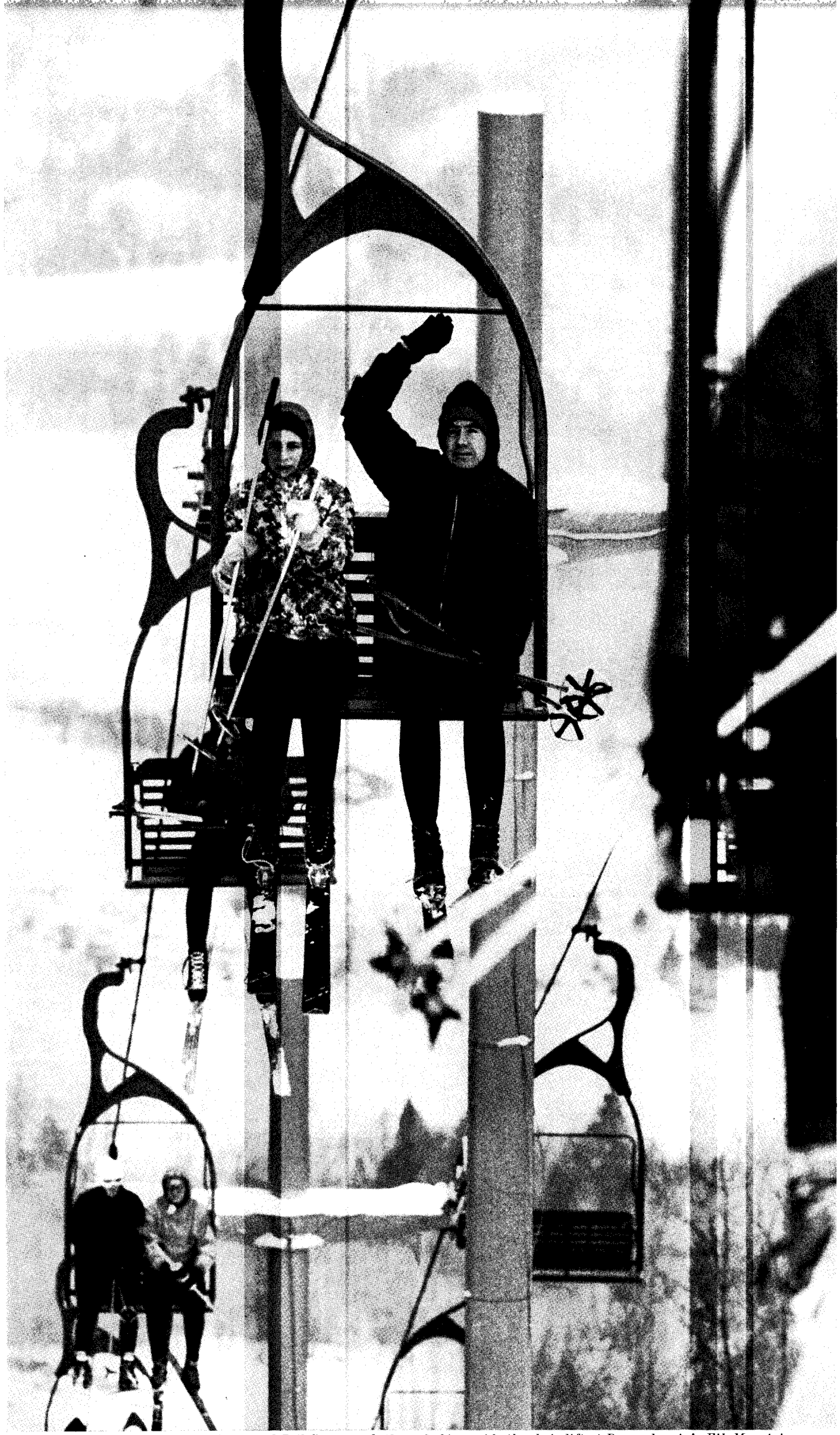
After dinner there's an hour or so of talk before the governor goes to his briefcase. Mary frowns when the presidential ubject comes up. "Campaigning was in," she says, "but two campaigns are enough."

One weekend when the Scrantons slipped away to Marworth, the elaborate estate Bill inherited from his mother, Mary jokingly pasted a big black-and-yellow GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT sticker on one of the doors. But a lot of people now think that Mary had better get ready for another campaign soon.

Whether Bill Scranton can be persuaded to run for the Republican nomination and what sort of campaign he would conduct if nominated, it is still too soon to tell.

In the past he was rather mildly critical of the Kennedy Administration's policies, particularly on spending. He regarded the late President as "an attractive personality," but felt that he had "jumped from crisis to crisis rather than working steadily on a program to *prevent* crises. None of the basic problems have been solved, and in the long run we must solve them—particularly the loss of gold—or we'll be in real trouble."

As yet, Scranton has not commented about the kind of shop President Johnson is running or the big issues which Johnson will have to face in the campaign. Ironically, Lyndon Johnson and Bill Scranton seem to see eye to eye on many issues—among them, economy in government, civil rights and economic development. Johnson would be unwise to take much comfort from this fact, however, if the two men should be opposing candidates this fall. Judging by Scranton's performance in past campaigns, he could be a hard man to beat. THE END



Bundled up against zero weather, Mary and Bill Scranton, both good skiers, ride the chair lift at Pennsylvania's Elk Mountain.

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DON'T OVERLOOK HENRY CABOT LODGE

The political year is upon us and a strange confusion prevails in the Republican camp. "There's a whole army of professionals who don't have a mount," a party official said recently. "It's as if Eddie Arcaro didn't have a horse the night before the Derby."

People talk about Goldwater, Nixon and Rockefeller. In this issue of *The Post* John Bird profiles Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania (p. 73), and Stewart Alsop (p. 15) concludes that the governor would be the logical choice of the Republicans. But many Republican professionals are deeply frustrated. Like Eddie Arcaro, they feel they don't have a mount. With Lyndon Johnson clearly established as the Democratic candidate, they believe they can win, but their optimism is tempered by the knowledge that they will win only if they can find the right horse to ride.

Before the old year ended, former President Eisenhower projected a new name into the Republican picture. Discussing his party's prospects with an old friend, Felix Belair Jr. of *The New York Times*, the former President paid tribute to Henry Cabot Lodge, who served as ambassador to the U.N. during his Administration and now is ambassador to South Vietnam. Lodge reported that he was being urged by a number of people to come back to the U.S. and run for President. General Eisenhower said he had told Lodge that if he was under pressure to run, he should come home and make himself available.

The story, as reported in *The Times*, created the impression that General Eisenhower was endorsing Lodge. The former President has the highest regard for Lodge, but he holds a number of potential nominees in high esteem and did not intend a specific endorsement.

Even if Lodge were to receive such a blessing, he could scarcely come home now. The military situation in South Vietnam is too precarious for him to leave his post. Lodge himself has opposed efforts to enter his name in the New Hampshire and District of Columbia primaries. But the situation in South Vietnam may change in the coming months, and it is beginning to appear more and more likely that the Republican nominee may not be chosen in the primaries. He may well be a compromise or deadlock choice, someone whom the party will turn to after the more obvious candidates have faded. Lodge is a name for Republicans to keep in mind in case such a situation develops.

Few men in either party are better qualified by experience. Lodge served in the Massachusetts legislature for four years before moving up to the U.S. Senate. He left his Senate seat during World War II, and his military experience is a key factor in his career. He went into the Army Reserve only a year after he was graduated from Harvard (1924), served in the Armored Force during the war, and is a major general in the reserve today.

When the war was over, Lodge went back to the Senate. He was chiefly responsible for persuading General Eisenhower to run for President in 1952, a decision that brought the Republican Party its first presidential victory in more than 20 years. But Lodge himself was defeated for the Senate that year by John F. Kennedy, and the newly elected President Eisenhower appointed him ambassador to the U.N. He was accorded cabinet status, taken into the councils of the Eisenhower Administration, and participated in the formulation of foreign policy.

As U.N. ambassador, Lodge achieved an international reputation. He discarded the cautious routine of waiting for instructions from the State Department before replying to Russian attacks. In its place he established a policy of refuting the Russians point by point on the spot. In his eight years at the U.N., the U.S. did not lose a major clash with the Russians in the Security Council or the General Assembly.

When reporters and party professionals fanned out across the country in the 1960 campaign, they discovered that the Republican who evoked the widest enthusiasm in many areas was the vice-presidential candidate, Henry Cabot Lodge. Through his TV appearances at the U.N. he had acquired a greater stature than even his closest supporters suspected. Currently Lodge is filling one of the cold war's most difficult assignments in the hot spot at Saigon. The *coup d'état* and the turbulent days that followed have added a new dimension to his cold-war experience.

Like most political candidates, Lodge has his liabilities. He has been defeated for the Senate and the vice-presidency. Many of his party's professionals, who enthusiastically supported his nomination in 1960, subsequently became disenchanted. They felt that Lodge ran a lackluster campaign and was little help to his running mate, Richard Nixon, who has an interesting article on the qualifications of the Vice President on page 6.

But Lodge is a modern, progressive Republican who sees the necessity for action to solve our country's domestic problems. His cold-war experience has given him a realistic grasp of the Communist threat. His military and political experience recommend him highly. Before the professionals saddle up and go riding off in all directions, they should give Lodge serious consideration.

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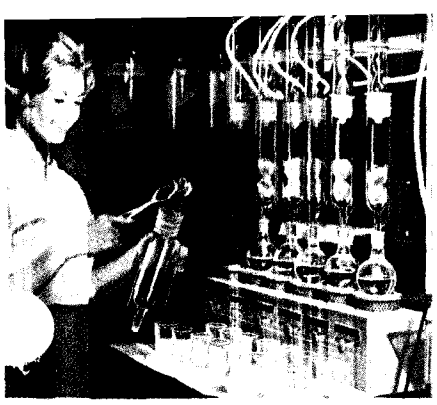
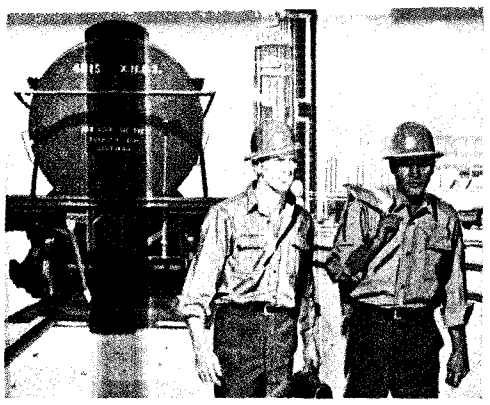
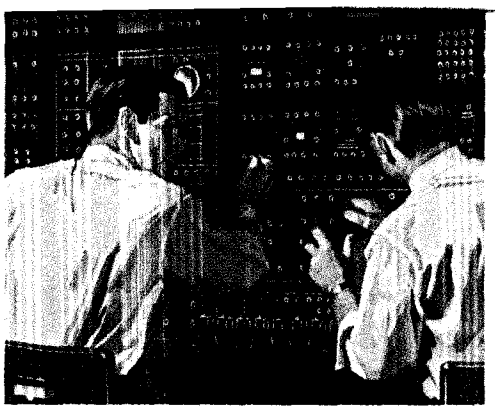

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